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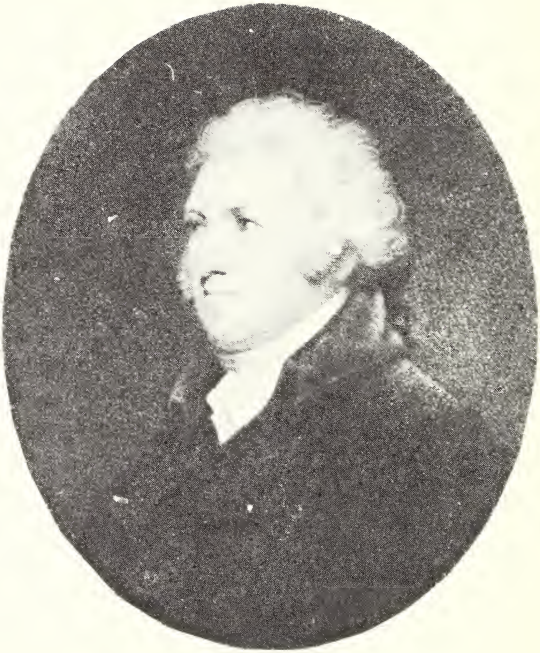
THE MISCELLANEOUS WORKS
OF DAVID HUMPHREYS



D. Humphreys

THE
MISCELLANEOUS WORKS
OF
DAVID HUMPHREYS

(1804)

A FACSIMILE REPRODUCTION

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

WILLIAM K. BOTTORFF

GAINESVILLE, FLORIDA
SCHOLARS' FACSIMILES & REPRINTS
1968

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INTRODUCTION

David Humphreys was a proud man who frequently praised himself in his writings. One of the most striking features of his *Miscellaneous Works* (1790; final revised edition 1804) is that many of the pieces that compose it revolve around his personality as a central subject. As Leon Howard remarks, "The volume was the most pretentious work yet issued by one of the Connecticut poets" (*The Connecticut Wits*, 1943, p. 255). One of the things it pretended was that David Humphreys was a very important man. Certainly he was not a great man, though he was familiar with great men. George Washington looked upon him as virtually a member of his family; Thomas Jefferson, then President, subscribed to his *Works*. And Humphreys was a true man of the American Enlightenment—though a conservative—with varied interests and talents, eager to contribute to the public weal, but able to balance his progressivism with a strong taste for tradition. He was the weakest poet among the four major Wits (Barlow, Dwight, Trumbull), and, in spite of his considerable accomplishments as exemplified in the *Works*, he is now largely ignored by anthologists, historians and critics.

As early as 1793, however, Humphreys was considered a major living American poet, as is evidenced by the position of prominence his poems received in the first general anthology of American verse, *American Poems, Selected and Original* (see my edition, SF&R, 1966). A few years later the editor of *American Poems*, Elihu Hubbard Smith, wrote "Anecdotes of Colonel Humphreys" (for English readers) which was reprinted in the *Monthly Magazine and American Review*, II (1800), 474. It is probably the fullest and fairest appraisal by a contemporary concerning Humphreys' reputation: "As a poet and a man of letters, if estimated by that ideal standard of excellence which every critic forms in his own mind, and which is lofty in proportion as his own conceptions are elevated and magnificent, Col. Humphreys will not occupy a station in the foremost rank; but, if in judging of his literary character, we compare him with the mass of his contemporaries, and consider the difficulties with which American genius had then, and even still has, to struggle, we shall not hesitate to assign him a respectable place among the poets of the present day. His poems, it is true, display none of that originality of thought which at once delights and astonishes; none of that fiery enthusiasm which hurries us beyond the bounds of sober recollection . . . but they are every where (at least the principal poems) correct and pleasing; the verse flows with an easy and becoming grace, and the sentiments, except when the writer aims at a sublimity to which he has no claims, are adapted to the occasion, and bespeak an amiable and manly temper and understanding.

"What first drew the attention of his countrymen towards Col. Humphreys, as a poet, was his 'Address to the Armies,' at a time when, like Camden, 'One hand the sword and one the pen employed.' Few publications, whatever may have been their subject or their merits, have gained, for their author, a more sudden and surprising reputation; and the popularity with which it was attended in America, followed it to Europe. The Marquis de Chastellux honoured it by performing the office of its translator into French; and the English journals boldly challenged the author as a native of Britain. But much of this applause must be attributed to the circumstances of time and place; and the reader of the present day will find no reason for this unusual success of a poem, which, though handsome and spirited, has no peculiar claim to the admiration of the critic."

Not until 1917 did a full-scale biography appear, Frank L. Humphreys' *Life and Times of David Humphreys, Soldier-Statesman-Poet, "Belov'd of Washington"* (New York, 2 vols.). The biographer's summary opinion is: "It would be presumptuous to claim for David Humphreys the first place among the poets of the Revolution, although he was more widely read than others. . . . there is in [Humphreys' poems] an enthusiasm and patriotic force which were lacking in others" (II, 313). In 1920 Henry A. Beers quipped, "Of all the wooden poetry of the Connecticut bards, David Humphreys's seems to me the woodenest" (*The Connecticut Wits and Other Essays,* New Haven, p. 23). Howard perhaps identifies a cause of the "woodenness": ". . . and someone may yet show that the revival of classical rhetoric, with its emphasis upon the 'means of persuasion' and its preference for the 'lively image' over generalized description, had a happier effect upon some other poet than it had upon David Humphreys" (op. cit., p. 4). Finally, Gordon E. Bigelow reasonably concludes: "David Humphreys, whose poems were popular in his own day, was driven to write many of them by the practical desire of gaining advancement. . . . This utilitarian motive was certainly one of the reasons why Humphreys' poems are among the most rhetorical of those produced in this age of rhetorical poetry" (*Rhetoric and American Poetry of the Early National Period,* Gainesville, 1960, p. 40).

Humphreys was always proudest of his patriotic verse; he was a fervent nationalist, somehow, as well as an anglophile. His poetic credo stressed "originality without rashness, and imitation without servility." "To make use of poetry," he proclaimed, "for strengthening patriotism, promoting virtue, and extending happiness, is to bring it back to its primitive exalted employments" (these concepts can be applied to his prose also). But he did write other kinds of verse, some samples of which are superior to the patriotic pieces. Two of the twelve sonnets in the *Works* have particular merit, "On Life" (V), and "On the Immortality of the Soul" (VIII). Here Humphreys submerges his ego to feel toward universal sentiments, greatly to the benefit of his craftsmanship.

His greater poetic forte, however, was comic and satirical verse. It was probably Humphreys who conceived the idea for the mock-epic which drew significant attention to the Wits, *The Anar-*

chaid (see my edition, SF&R, 1967), a part of which, "The Genius of America," appears in the *Works*. His "Burlesque Epithalamium" and "The Monkey Who Shaved Himself" are good examples of his sharp wit. And his "Ode to Laura" rises above the "ungraceful pomposity" attributed to it (Howard, op. cit., p. 118) if it is read as a mock-serious statement of a suitor's adoration of his mistress, with a satiric sting behind its flattery, the suitor taking the part of the bee (see my "A Lost Satire," *Early American Literature Newsletter*, II, ii).

The prose writings of this many-sided man reveal him and his time at least as fully as his poetry. The reader need only scan the Contents page titles to sense the ease with which Humphreys moved among topics as diverse as war and sheep breeding, defense and politics. But his best prose piece is his *Life of Putnam*, which saw some seven printings during Humphreys' lifetime. Though it also leads to an interesting digression, E. H. Smith's article, already cited, introduces the *Putnam* effectively: "Col. Humphreys's next publication, of any note, was his poem 'On the Happiness of America.' The success of this publication was moderate but respectable. It did not raise, but it did not diminish the reputation of the author. This was followed by his 'Essay on the Life of General Putnam,' in 1788, and by his tragedy, entitled 'The Widow of Malabar,' translated from the French, first played in May, and published in August, 1790. Neither of these advanced the literary character of their author. The first was thought deficient in that ease and grace which biographical narration is supposed peculiarly to demand; and the second shared the fate of many other dramatic efforts of natives of the United States; it was decently received, but soon fell into neglect." (The play referred to, since it was a translation and not his composition, Humphreys omitted from his *Works*. Another translation was included, however, the short poem "A Pastoral [or Song] from the French." Curiously, this piece seems to have crossed twice to America from England, whence it apparently went for Humphreys to find while in France: according to Henry S. Randall, in *The Life of Thomas Jefferson* [New York, 1858; I, 28], Jefferson had as a young man copied "an English Pastoral," the beginning of which—reproduced by Randall—is almost identical to Humphreys' "Song" of over twenty years later. Humphreys first published the poem in 1787, and retained it under his name in at least five other printings.)

Humphreys could not really have believed that his *Putnam* was "the first effort in Biography . . . made on this continent." As a matter of fact, it stands in a long line of Puritan New England exemplary biographies (most representative of which is Increase Mather's *Life and Death of Richard Mather*; facsimile reprint, Benjamin Franklin V and W. K. Bottorff, eds, Athens, Ohio, 1966). It is a secularized version of a visible saint's life for readers to admire and emulate that forms the early American heritage in biography, an interesting application of an old motif to patriotic purposes. "Humphreys," Leon Howard asserts, "to the detriment of his character as an accurate biographer, contributed more than any of his associates to the creation of an American patriotic mythology" (op. cit., p. 245). It may be true that Humphreys loses status as an embellisher of history, a forerunner of Parson Weems. But the biography is also an early American historical romance, and its author a herald of many mythmakers to follow. He anticipates such romantic novelists as Charles Brockden Brown and James Fenimore Cooper.

Two incidents supposedly from Putnam's life are notorious. In one Humphreys celebrates the archetypal Minute Man, as he has Putnam drop his plow in the field and rush off to revolution "without waiting to change his clothes." In the other a larger-than-life Putnam is seen "plunging down the steep precipice" that is his only desperate avenue of escape, "upon a full trot," a band of British dragoons afraid to follow though just "a sword's length" behind. Surely Cooper conceived no more exciting a moment, in *The Spy* (1821), or elsewhere. (Humphreys works a Revolutionary War spy into his tale too.) But in telling of Putnam's service with Rogers' Rangers in the Lake George and Ticonderoga regions, during the French and Indian Wars, Humphreys reaches for a brief few pages the kind of romantic excitement associated with such a book as *The Last of the Mohicans* (1826). This fast-moving, intriguing narrative portion of the biography abounds in "Cooperian" Indians, soldiers, captivities, bloodlettings and heroism. It is certainly the best part of this short book.

One other fabulous incident cannot fail to remind the reader of the famous cave scene in

Brown's *Edgar Huntly* (1799; and Humphreys' Indians closely foreshadow Brown's). The beast-in-the-cave motif and the descent into darkness are themselves reminiscent of mythology, and are at any rate highly romanticized. Three times Putnam descends into the cave to explore, to kill, and to retrieve the body of the killer-wolf. This act of daring in the face of the glowing eyes and snapping teeth of the vicious wolf was at least twice anthologized in the nineteenth century, in the Duyckincks' *Cyclopaedia of American Literature* (1856; I, 376-77), and in Stedman and Hutchinson's *Library of American Literature* (1889; III, 491-93). Like the entire biography, these episodes need to be reassessed.

Thus David Humphreys the romancer, the myth-maker, the "wooden" neoclassical poet, the Enlightenment gentleman. His *Works* do not compose an entirely dull chapter in the history of American letters, but form instead a document of considerable interest to Americanists who would know our heritage in detail. Their very "miscellaneous" nature allows them somehow to transcend his personality in spite of his egocentrism, and to rise for us at least to the status of useful documents.

WILLIAM K. BOTTORFF

Ohio University
Athens, Ohio

THE

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS

OF

DAVID HUMPHREYS,

Late Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States of America
to the Court of Madrid.

NEW-YORK:

PRINTED BY T. AND J. SWORDS,
NO. 160 PEARL-STREET.

1804.

District of Massachusetts, to wit:

Seal. BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the twenty-first Day of April, 1804, and in the twenty-eighth Year of the Independence of the United States of America, GILBERT and DEAN, of the said District, have deposited in this Office the Title of a Book, the Right whereof they claim as Proprietors, in the Words following, *to wit:* " The Miscellaneous Works of DAVID HUMPHREYS, late Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States of America to the Court of Madrid."

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, " An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies, during the Times therein mentioned;" and also to an Act, entitled, " An Act, supplementary to an Act, entitled, An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies, during the Times therein mentioned; and extending the Benefits thereof to the Arts of Designing, Engraving, and Etching Historical and other Prints."

N. GOODALE,
Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

A true Copy of Record.
(Attest) N. GOODALE, *Clerk.*

TO THE

DUKE DE ROCHEFOUCAULT,

With the Address to the Armies of America, and some shorter Productions.

MY LORD DUKE,

YOUR knowledge of the language in which these miscellanies are written, your protection of the fine arts, and your civilities to the Author, induce him to address this collection to your Lordship. It is consistent with the frankness of a free-born American to say, that your noble blood, and immense possessions, would be of little consideration with the Republicans, whose Constitutions of Government you have made familiar to your own nation, by translating them into French, if unsupported by your personal merit and amiable accomplishments.

The frequency of naval intercourse, and the extension of polite literature, seem greatly to approximate the distant parts of the globe—the Atlantic is no barrier for limiting fame. Your reputation has been long since extensively and advantageously known throughout the United States of America. That republican people cannot but admire so excellent a private character, so disinterested a patriot, and so able a defender of the rights of human nature. The voice of undebauched reason, which is thus raised at this vast distance from you, to bestow a tribute of applause on your virtues, is infinitely different from the venal voice of flattery. Nor should the conscious satisfaction which results from the review of a life spent in beneficent pursuits, prevent a virtuous man from being also pleased with the favourable opinion that is entertained of his conduct by such of his fellow-men as can have no possible sinister object to bias their judgments.

In presenting for your amusement the trifles which have been occasionally composed at my leisure hours, I assume nothing beyond the negative merit of not having ever written any thing unfavourable to the interests of freedom, humanity, and virtue. With sentiments of the highest consideration and respect,

I have the honour to be,
Your Grace's most obedient,
And most humble servant,
D. HUMPHREYS.

New-York, July 4, 1790.

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RECOMMENDATORY EXTRACTS.

Extract from Snowden's *Poem on the American War.*

"FROM rank to rank the hero mov'd along;
Here gallant Humphreys charm'd the list'ning throng;
Sweetly he sung, amid the clang of arms,
His numbers smooth, replete with winning charms;
In him there shone a great and godlike mind,
The Poet's wreath around the laurel twin'd!"

Extract from Barlow's *Vision of Columbus.*

"While Freedom's cause his patriot bosom warms,
In lore of nations skill'd, and brave in arms,
See Humphreys glorious from the field retire,
Sheathe the glad sword, and string the sounding lyre—
That lyre, which erst, in hours of dark despair,
Rous'd the sad realms to urge th' unfinish'd war:
O'er fallen friends, with all the strength of woe,
His heartfelt sighs in moving numbers flow.
His country's wrongs, her duties, dangers, praise,
Fire his full soul, and animate his lays.
Immortal Washington with joy shall own
So fond a fav'rite, and so great a son."

Extract from the Critical Review for June, 1785.

" The performance (i. e. the Address to the Armies of America) may, with some trifling exceptions, be justly styled a *good poem*, but not a very pleasing one to good Englishmen."

Extract from the Monthly Review for May, 1785.

The Reviewers, after mentioning the indulgence to which the Author of the Poem addressed to the Armies of America is entitled, on account of his having written it amidst the " hurly-burly" of military toils, proceed to observe: " Under every disadvantage, however, we perceive, in his conceptions, much of the true spirit of poetry; and there is a considerable degree of melody and harmony in his versification. He is a warm patriot; full of zeal for the prosperity of the American arms; and, consequently, to the English reader some of his expressions respecting the *British invasion* will seem to have fallen from a pen dipped in gall; but we must remember that he wrote, as well as fought, *in* America, and *for* America. He celebrates the principal events of the war, and has many descriptive glances at the *scenery*, which cannot but afford amusement to even his readers on this side of the Atlantic, however they may disapprove the cause which gave birth to the *Poem*."

Strictures on a Poem addressed to the American Armies.
From the Journal de Paris, May 7, 1786.

" A great many remarkable circumstances render this little performance worthy of the public attention. It was composed in America, in 1782, at the encampment of

General Washington, when the British still occupying New-York and Charleston, the great cause of American liberty was not then decided. The author is an American officer, writing in the midst of the tumult of a camp, and conciliating the occupations and duties of his profession, with that silence and meditation which every poetical composition demands. The translator is a French General Officer (M. le M. de CHASTELLUX) in whom the talents of a great military and literary character are acknowledged to be blended in a very extraordinary degree.

" The object of the work is to animate the citizens of America to the defence of their country. The march of the poet is easy and unaffected; his ideas are noble and just, his sentiments amiable; and his translator, animated with the same spirit, and endowed with the same talents, has not only transfused into our language the beauties of the original, but even added new ones to them.

" The translator himself announces, in his letter to Col. HUMPHREYS, that he has not piqued himself upon being literal, and that he has taken some liberties in his translation. But he is right in saying that this liberty does not go so far as independence; for that which he adds is so connected with the text itself, that it may be considered as a developement of his author's idea; and what he retrenches (being commonly foreign to our idiom and phraseology) would not have been preserved by the American author himself, if, more familiarised with our language, he had been pleased to translate his work into French. This liberty may be criticised; but we will say, in justification of the translator, that the author is very far from complaining of it.

" This little poem is scarcely susceptible of extracts: we will only cite the apostrophe to General WASHINGTON, when he comes to take command of the American army.

"O first of heroes, fav'rite of the skies,
To what dread toils thy country bade thee rise!
'Oh rais'd by heav'n to save th' invaded state!
(So spake the sage long since thy future fate)
'Twas thine to change the sweetest scenes of life
For public cares—to guide th' embattled strife;
Unnumber'd ills of ev'ry kind to dare,
The winter's blast, the summer's sultry air,
The lurking dagger, and the turbid storms
Of wasting war, with death in all his forms.
Nor aught could daunt. Unspeakably serene,
Thy conscious soul smil'd o'er the dreadful scene."

"The recital of the death of BROWN, who perished in an ambuscade of savages; of SCAMMEL, who was assassinated by a pistol-shot in the reins, at the moment after he had surrendered himself to a detachment of English; and that of Col. LAURENS, son to the famous LAURENS, President of Congress, will ever be read with sympathetic sorrow. The descriptions of the author are full of animation, his regrets of sensibility; and the translator has not rested below his model.

"The reader will, moreover, remark, with pleasure, the contrast which the author has had the art to introduce, in a skilful manner, between the two very distinct parts of his poem. In the first he paints the dangers which America experienced, and the calamities of war which desolated her for so long a period. In the last he collects only delightful ideas and pictures of happiness; he unfolds to America the auspicious effects of that liberty she had obtained, and the felicity she is about to enjoy. He invites his fellow citizens, for whom the task of glory is henceforth accomplished, to transport themselves upon the borders of the lakes, and upon the fertile banks of the Belle Riviere,* a river most worthy of its name. He represents to them all the beauties which nature hath lavished upon those happy regions, as a recompense to make them forget, on the bosom of rural felicity, the toils which they have endured for their country.

---

* The name by which the Ohio is known in French.

"In fine, he predicts the future prosperity of this nascent empire, which rises upon a plan dictated by wisdom, and which will for ever remain the asylum of happiness and liberty."

Translation of the Introductory Letter prefixed by the Marquis de CHASTELLUX *to the French Edition of this Poem.*

"I WAS with you, my dear Colonel, when, after a glorious campaign, you composed in silence those elegant verses, wherein you have displayed the whole extent of your genius, in only wishing to express your patriotic sentiments. You made a mystery of the matter to me—and your modesty has exposed you to commit an unpardonable fault against the alliance that you have so nobly celebrated; since the European nation which has had the first fruits of your poem is precisely the English: but it is proper to acknowledge, on the present, as well as on many other occasions, this nation has proved that its enmity does not extend to merit and talents. All the public papers which are printed in London have made your praises resound, and those very papers have first disclosed your secret. It is true, I have seen some of them, the authors of which appeared to be vexed that a composition in which the English are not treated with ceremony should obtain the honours of public readings and public applauses;* and who wished to despoil you of your most illustrious title, that of being an American, by making you to be born in, I know not what district of, England. However that may be, it is certain that France had reason to complain. Of no avail will it be for you to say that your work is written in English: do you not know how much that language is in vogue among us, and how much we are disposed to translate it? I will not disguise any thing. It has happened that your friend, your companion in arms, came to seize possession, at your apartments, of a beautiful copy of your poem, printed at London with all the accuracy and magnificence which they always bestow on every important work. It has, moreover, fallen to his lot to avail himself of your absence* for making it known to his countrymen. For making it known! that is saying too much; but at least to give some idea to those who are not sufficiently acquainted with the English language to read it with facility. I have caused the text to be printed with the translation. This is a very generous proceeding, with which, I contend, you ought to be mightily satisfied. Every reader who may be in a condition to compare one with the other, will often cry out, " He has not known how to render all the energy, all the beauty of the original;" and that is exactly what I desire. There is not a pretty woman who does not pardon her painter for not making her as handsome as she really is, whenever she is placed by the side of her portrait; then not a comparison but what proves to her advantage; and comparison is of all praises the most flattering, because it is the most perceptible, the most precise. My object will, therefore, be entirely completed, since all the criticisms which I shall merit will turn to your glory. Being a translator in prose, and a translator who does not pique himself upon being literal, I should have much to fear from my author, if that author was not Col. Humphreys, whom I wish in every point to make my model. He loves liberty too much to be offended at what I have taken on this occasion: this liberty shall not go quite to independence. This is all I promise in assuring him that I will always be more faithful to that friendship he has accorded me, than to the text of which I took possession."

---

* The Morning Herald, and other English papers, made mention of the lecture of the poem in question, made in public, apparently in clubs or other places, where people enter by ticket.

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* This letter was addressed to Colonel HUMPHREYS while he was in England.

Le Marquis de Chastellux.

ADDRESS

TO THE

ARMIES

OF THE

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

PREFACE.

PERHAPS the following little poem may be considered with the more indulgence by the public after it shall be known, that it was actually written at a period* when the army was in the field, and the author so far engaged in the duties of his profession, as to have but little leisure for subjects of literature or amusement. And it will not be necessary to demonstrate to those who have the least knowledge of a military life, how unfavourable such a state is to poetical contemplation. This, it is presumed, may pertinently be urged in excuse for the slighter errors and inaccuracies of the performance: and the design must, in some measure, atone for any of a different complexion.

To inspire our countrymen, now in arms, or who may hereafter be called into the field, with perseverance and fortitude, through every species of difficulty and danger, to continue their exertions for the defence of their country, and the preservation of its liberties, is the object of this address.

For this purpose it was imagined no considerations could be more effectual than the recollection of the past, and the anticipation of the future. For where is the man to be found, who, after all that has been done and suffered—after such a profusion of blood and treasure has been expended, and such important advantages have been obtained—would basely relinquish and leave unfinished the illustrious task of rearing an empire, which, from its situation and circumstances, must surpass all that have ever existed, in magnitude, felicity, and duration?

---

* While the American army was encamped at Peek's-Kill, and the enemy occupied the heights of New-York and Charleston.

Although the author entertains the most sanguine expectations of the gratitude and liberality with which the continent will reward those who have literally borne the heat and burden of the day of war, he has not insisted on those pecuniary or slighter considerations; but has attempted to turn the attention to the future grandeur, happiness and glory of the country for which we are now contending. The kinds already granted to the army, first suggested the idea of a military settlement on the Ohio, or some of those western regions, whose beauties can never be sufficiently displayed, much less exaggerated by description. The mild temperature and serenity of the air, the salubrity of the climate, the fertility of the soil, the luxuriance of its products, the extent of territory, and the amazing inland navigation which those boundless lakes and immeasurable rivers will open, cannot fail, one day, to render that garden of the world equal to the representation given of it in the conclusion of the poem. The possession of such a country (rescued from the hand of invasion), in a perfect state of freedom and security, will be a glorious compensation for all our toils and sufferings, and a monument of the most unparalleled bravery and patriotism to the remotest posterity. Stimulated with the love of glory, allured by these delightful prospects, and animated with the pleasing hope of the speedy fruition of those rapturous scenes, there are thousands who have drawn the sword, with a resolution never to sheathe it until a happy period shall be put to the contest. For himself, the writer declares, that, having already devoted whatsoever talents and abilities nature has conferred upon him to the service of his country, no efforts that can be made with his voice, his pen, or his sword, shall ever be wanting to confirm its LIBERTIES and INDEPENDENCE.

ARGUMENT.

The armies which are addressed designated, and the subject proposed—Great-Britain commences hostility against her Colonies—the Colonies arm—contrast of the two armies—battle of Bunker's-Hill—a Commander in Chief appointed to the American armies—his character—augmentation of the American forces—reinforcements to those of Britain—peculiarly affecting circumstances which attended the deaths of Brown, Scammel and Laurens—eulogium of the American troops—anticipation that their meritorious services and sufferings will be consigned to immortality—apostrophe to Britain on the cruelty practised upon prisoners, and its effects in exciting such indignation in the Americans as will tend to the emancipation of their country—view of the successes of the American arms at Trenton, Princeton, Saratoga, Stony-Point, in the Southern States, and at York-Town—tribute of gratitude to the French King and nation—still the Americans are to rely on their own resources for the establishment of independence—apostrophe to independence—Britain obliged to relinquish her ideas of conquest—dawn of peace—invocation to peace—address to the armies on the happiness to be expected from it—invitation for them to settle in the western country—its beauties and advantages described—enjoyments resulting from the friendship of those who were in arms together—character of Americans in different ages—improvements of every kind in America—prayer to the Supreme Being that its felicity may become complete and perpetual.

ADDRESS TO THE ARMIES
OF THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Jam fides, et pax, et honor, pudorque
Priscus, et neglecta redire virtus
Audet; apparetque beata pleno
Copia cornu.
HOR.

Incipient magni procedere menses.
VIRG.

YE martial bands! Columbia's fairest pride!
To toils inur'd, in dangers often try'd—
Ye gallant youths! whose breasts for glory burn,
Each selfish aim and meaner passion spurn:
Ye who, unmov'd, in the dread hour have stood,
And smil'd, undaunted, in the field of blood—
Who greatly dar'd, at Freedom's rapt'rous call,
With her to triumph, or with her to fall—
Now brighter days in prospect swift ascend;
Ye sons of fame, the hallow'd theme attend;
The past review; the future scene explore,
And Heav'n's high King with grateful hearts adore!

What time proud Albion, thund'ring o'er the waves,
Frown'd on her sons, and bade them turn to slaves—
When, lost to honour, virtue, glory, shame,
When nought remain'd of Britain but the name—
The parent state—a parent now no more—
Let loose the hirelings of despotic power,
Urg'd to keen vengeance their relentless ire,
And hop'd submission from their sword and fire.

As when dark clouds, from Andes' tow'ring head,
Roll down the skies, and round th' horizon spread,
With thunders fraught, the black'ning tempest sails,
And bursts tremend'ous o'er Peruvian vales:
So broke the storm, on Concord's fatal plain;
There fell our brothers, by fierce ruffians slain—
Inglorious deed! to wild despair then driv'n,
We, suppliant, made our great appeal to heav'n.
Then the shrill trumpet echo'd from afar,
And sudden blaz'd the wasting flame of war;
From State to State, swift flew the dire alarms,
And ardent youths, impetuous, rush'd to arms:
"To arms" the matrons and the virgins sung,
To arms, their sires, their husbands, brothers sprung.
No dull delay—where'er the sound was heard,
Where the red standards in the air appear'd,
Where, through vast realms, the cannon swell'd its roar,
Between th' Acadian and Floridian shore.

Now join'd the crowd, from their far distant farms,
In rustic guise, and unadorn'd in arms:
Not like their foes, in tinsel trappings gay,
And burnish'd arms that glitter'd on the day;
Who now advanc'd, where Charlestown rear'd its height,
In martial pomp, and claim'd the awful sight;
And proudly deem'd, with one decisive blow,
To hurl destruction on the routed foe.
Not so—just heav'n had fix'd the great decree,
And bade the sons of freemen still be free;
Bade all their souls with patriot ardour burn,
And taught the coward fear of death to spurn;
The threats of vengeance and of war to brave,
To purchase freedom, or a glorious grave.
Long rag'd the contest on th' embattled field;
Nor those would fly, nor these would tamely yield—
Till Warren fell, in all the boast of arms,
The pride of genius and unrivall'd charms,
His country's hope!—full soon the gloom was spread:
Oppress'd with numbers, and their leader dead,
Slow from the field the sullen troops retir'd;
Behind, the hostile flame to heav'n aspir'd.

Th' imperious Britons, on the well-fought ground,
No cause for joy or wanton triumph found,

But saw with grief their dreams of conquest vain,
Felt the deep wounds, and mourn'd their vet'rans slain.

Nor less our woes. Now darkness gather'd round;
The thunder rumbled, and the tempest frown'd;
When lo! to guide us through the storm of war,
Beam'd the bright splendour of Virginia's star.
O first of heroes, fav'rite of the skies,
To what dread toils thy country bade thee rise!
" Oh rais'd by heav'n to save th' invaded state!"*
(So spake the sage long since thy future fate)
'Twas thine to change the sweetest scenes of life
For public cares—to guide th' embattled strife;
Unnumber'd ills of ev'ry kind to dare,
The winter's blast, the summer's sultry air,
The lurking dagger, and the turbid storms
Of wasting war, with death in all his forms.
Nor aught could daunt. Unspeakably serene,
Thy conscious soul smil'd o'er the dreadful scene.

The foe then trembled at the well known name;
And raptur'd thousands to his standard came.
His martial skill our rising armies form'd;
His patriot zeal their gen'rous bosoms warm'd:
His voice inspir'd, his godlike presence led.
The Britons saw, and from his presence fled.
Soon reinforc'd from Albion's crowded shore,
New legions came, new plains were drench'd in gore;
And scarce Columbia's arm the fight sustains,
While her best blood gush'd from a thousand veins.
Then thine, O Brown! that purpled wide the ground,
Pursued the knife through many a ghastly wound.
Ah hapless friend! permit the tender tear
To flow e'en now, for none flow'd on thy bier,
Where cold and mangled, under northern skies,
To famish'd wolves a prey thy body lies;
Which erst so fair and tall in youthful grace,
Strength in thy nerves, and beauty in thy face,
Stood like a tow'r, till struck by the swift ball;
Then what avail'd (to award th' untimely fall)

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* This alludes to expressions made use of by president Davies, in a sermon preached at Hanover, in Virginia, during the war of 1755.

The force of limbs, the mind so well inform'd,
The taste refin'd, the breast with friendship warm'd,
(That friendship which our earliest years begun)
Or what the laurels that thy sword had won,
When the dark bands from thee, expiring, tore
Thy long hair mingled with the spouting gore?
Nor less, brave Scammel, frown'd thine angry fate,
(May deathless shame that British deed await!)
On York's fam'd field, amid the first alarms,
Ere yet fair vict'ry crown'd the allied arms,
Fell chance betray'd thee to the hostile band,
The hapless victim of th' assassin hand!
Lo! while I tell the execrable deed,
Fresh in his side the dark wound seems to bleed;
That small red current still for vengeance cries,
And asks, " Why sleeps the thunder in the skies?"
On him, ye heav'ns, let all your vengeance fall,
On the curst wretch who wing'd th' insidious ball.
But thou, blest shade, be sooth'd! be this thy praise,
Ripe were thy virtues, though too few thy days!
Be this thy fame, through life of all approv'd,
To die lamented, honour'd, and belov'd.

And see, far south, where yonder hearse appears,
An army mourning, and a land in tears!
There Laurens, passing to an early tomb,
Looks like a flow'r just with'ring in its bloom.
Thy father's pride, the glory of our host!
Thy country's sorrow, late thy country's boast!
O Laurens! gen'rous youth! twice hadst thou bled;
Could not the ball with devious aim have sped?
And must thy friends, now peace appears so near,
Weep the third stroke that cuts a life so dear;
That blots the prospect of our rising morn,
And leaves thy country, as thy sire, forlorn?
Companions lov'd! long as the life-blood flows,
Or vital warmth in this fond bosom glows,
While there I cherish your remembrance dear,
Oft will I drop the tributary tear.

But what avails to trace the fate of war
Through fields of blood, and point each glorious scar?
Why should the strain your former woes recall,
The tears that wept a friend or brother's fall,

When by your side first in th' advent'rous strife,
He dauntless rush'd, too prodigal of life?
Enough of merit has each honour'd name,
To shine, untarnish'd, on the rolls of fame;
To stand th' example of each distant age,
And add new lustre to th' historic page:
For soon their deeds, illustrious, shall be shown
In breathing bronze, or animated stone,
Or where the canvass, starting into life,
Revives the glories of the crimson strife.

Ye sons of genius, who the pencil hold,
Whose master strokes, beyond description bold,
Of other years and climes the hist'ry trace,
Can ye for this neglect your kindred race?
Columbia calls—her parent voice demands
More grateful off'rings from your filial hands.
And soon some bard shall tempt the untry'd themes,
Sing how we dar'd, in Fortune's worst extremes;
What cruel wrongs th' indignant patriot bore,
What various ills your feeling bosoms tore,
What boding terrors gloom'd the threat'ning hour,
When British legions, arm'd with death-like pow'r,
Bade desolation mark their crimson'd way,
And lur'd the savage to his destin'd prey;
When fierce Germania her battalions pour'd,
And Rapine's sons, with wasting fire and sword,
Spread death around: where'er your eyes ye turn'd,
Fled were the peasants, and the village burn'd.
How did your hearts for others' suff'rings melt!
What tort'ring pangs your bleeding country felt!
What! when you fled before superior force,
Each succour lost, and perish'd each resource!
When nature, fainting from the want of food,
On the white snow your steps were mark'd in blood!
When through your tatter'd garbs you met the wind,
Despair before, and ruin frown'd behind!
When nought was seen around, but prospects drear,
Th' insulting foe hung dreadful on your rear,
And boastful ween'd, that day to close the scene,
And quench your name, as though it ne'er had been.

Why, Britain, rag'd thine insolence and scorn?
Why burst thy vengeance on the wretch forlorn?

The cheerless captive, to slow death consign'd,
Chill'd with keen frost, in prison glooms confin'd;
Of hope bereft, by thy vile minions curst,
With hunger famish'd, and consum'd with thirst,
Without one friend—when death's last horror stung,
Roll'd the wild eye, and gnaw'd the anguish'd tongue.

Why, Britain, in thine arrogance and pride,
Didst thou heav'n's violated laws deride,
Mock human mis'ry with contemptuous sneers,
And fill thy cup of guilt with orphans' tears?
The widow's wailing, and the wretch's groan,
Rise in remembrance to th' eternal throne,
While the red flame, through the broad concave driv'n,
Calls down the vengeance of insulted heav'n.
And didst thou think, by cruelty refin'd,
To damp the ardour of the heav'n-born mind,
With haughty threats to force the daring train
To bow, unnerv'd, in slav'ry's galling chain;
Make countless freemen—then no longer free,
Shrink at thy frown, and bend the servile knee?
And couldst thou dream? then wake, dissolve thy charms,
Rous'd by their wrongs, see desp'rate hosts in arms!
No fear dismays, nor danger's voice appals,
While kindred blood for sacred vengeance calls:
Their swords shall triumph o'er thy vaunted force,
And curb the conqu'ror in his headlong course.

What spoils of war, thy sons, Columbia, claim'd!
What trophies rose, where thy red ensigns flam'd!
Where the great chief, o'er Del'ware's icy wave,
Led the small band, in danger doubly brave;
On high designs, and ere the dawning hour,
Germania's vet'ran's own'd the victor's pow'r;
Or on the muse's plain, where round thy tomb,
O gallant Mercer! deathless laurels bloom;
Or where, anon, in northern fields renown'd,
The tide of slaughter stain'd the sanguine ground;
When the bold freemen, gath'ring from afar,
Foil'd the proud foe, and crush'd the savage war:
On that brave band their country's plaudit waits,
And consecrates to fame the name of Gates.
Nor less the valour of the impetuous shock,
Which seiz'd the glorious prize on Hudson's rock,

Where Wayne, e'en while he felt the whizzing ball,
Pluck'd the proud standard from the vanquish'd wall.
Now turn your eyes, where southern realms are seen,
From ruin rescu'd, by th' immortal Greene:
See toils of death, where many a hero bleeds,
Till rapid vict'ry, to defeat, succeeds.
On num'rous plains, whose streams, unknown to song,
Till this great æra, roll'd obscure along,
Their names shall now, to fame familiar grown,
Outlast the pile of monumental stone.
Or see on fair Virginia's strand arise,
The column pointing to the fav'ring skies;
Inscrib'd with deeds the fed'rate arms have done,
And grav'd with trophies from Britannia won:
Here stand the conqu'ring bands; the vanquish'd throng
Through the long lines in silence move along:
The stars and lilies, here in laurels drest,
And there, dark shrouds the banner'd pride invest:
These twice twelve banners once in pomp unfurl'd,
Spread death and terror round the southern world:
In various colours from the staff unroll'd,
The lion frown'd, the eagle flam'd in gold;
Hibernia's harp, reluctant, here was hung,
And Scotia's thistle there spontaneous sprung:
These twice twelve flags no more shall be display'd,
Save in the dome where warlike spoils are laid:
Since, where the fathers in high council meet,
This hand has plac'd them prostrate at their feet.

So beam the glories of the victor band!
And such the dawning hope that cheers our land!
Since Gallia's sire, intent on cares of state,
Sublimely good, magnanimously great!
Protector of the rights of human kind,
Weigh'd the dread contest in his royal mind,
And bade his fleets o'er the broad ocean fly,
To succour realms beneath another sky!
Since his blest troops, in happiest toils allied,
Have fought, have bled, have conquer'd by your side:
The mingled stream, in the same trench that flow'd,
Cements the nations by their heroes' blood.

Yet still, Columbians, see what choice remains,
Ignoble bondage and inglorious chains,

Or all the joys which liberty can give,
For which you dare to die, or wish to live.
On the drawn sword your country's fate depends:
Your wives, your children, parents, brothers, friends,
With all the tender charities of life,
Hang on the issue of the arduous strife.

To bolder deeds, and vict'ry's fierce delights,
Your country calls, and heav'n itself invites.
Charm'd by their potent voice, let virtue's flame,
The sense of honour, and the fear of shame,
The thirst of praise, and freedom's envied cause,
The smiles of heroes, and the world's applause,
Impel each breast, in glory's dread career,
Firm as your rock-rais'd hills, to persevere.

Now the sixth year of independence smiles,
The glorious meed of all our warlike toils;
Auspicious pow'r, with thy broad flag unfurl'd,
Shed thy stern influence on our western world!
With thy congenial flame our hearts inspire,
With manly patience and heroic fire,
The rudest shock of fortune's storm to bear:
Each ill to suffer; every death to dare;
To rush undaunted in th' advent'rous van,
And meet the Britons, man oppos'd to man;
With surer aim repel their barb'rous rage;
Shield the poor orphan, and the white-hair'd sage;
Defend the matron, and the virgin's charms,
And vindicate our sacred rights with arms.
This the great genius of our land requires,
This the blest shades of our illustrious sires,
This the brave sons of future years demand,
Cheers the faint heart, and nerves the feeble hand;
This sacred hope, that points beyond the span
Which bounds this transitory life of man,
Where glory lures us with her bright renown,
The hero's triumph, and the patriot's crown;
The fair reward to suff'ring virtue giv'n,
Pure robes of bliss, and starry thrones in heav'n.

Chang'd are the scenes; now fairer prospects rise,
And brighter suns begin to gild our skies.

Th' exhausted foe, his last poor effort try'd,
Sees nought remain, save impotence and pride:
His golden dreams of fancied conquest o'er,
(And Gallia thund'ring round his native shore,
Iberia aiding with Potosi's mines,
While brave Batavia in the conflict joins)
Reluctant turns, and, deep involv'd in woes,
In other climes prepares for other foes.

Anon, the horrid sounds of war shall cease,
And all the western world be hush'd in peace:
The martial clarion shall be heard no more,
Nor the loud cannon's desolating roar:
No more our heroes pour the purple flood,
No corse be seen with garments roll'd in blood;
No shivering wretch shall roam without a shed;
No pining orphans raise their cry for bread;
No tender mother shriek at dreams of woe,
Start from her sleep, and see the midnight foe;
The lovely virgin, and the hoary sire,
No more behold the village flame aspire,
While the base spoiler, from a father's arms,
Plucks the fair flower, and riots on its charms.

E'en now, from half the threaten'd horrors freed,
See from our shores the less'ning sails recede:
See the red flags, that to the wind unfurl'd,
Wav'd in proud triumph round the vanquish'd world,
Inglorious fly; and see their haggard crew,
Despair, rage, shame, and infamy pursue.

Hail, heav'n-born Peace! thy grateful blessings pour
On this glad land, and round the peopled shore:
Thine are the joys that gild the happy scene,
Propitious days, and festive nights serene;
With thee gay Pleasure frolics o'er the plain,
And smiling Plenty leads thy prosp'rous train.

Then oh, my friends! the task of glory done.
Th' immortal prize by your bold efforts won;
Your country's saviours, by her voice confess'd,
While unborn ages rise and call you blest—
Then let us go where happier climes invite,
To midland seas, and regions of delight;

With all that's ours, together let us rise,
Seek brighter plains and more indulgent skies;
Where fair Ohio rolls his amber tide,
And nature blossoms in her virgin pride;
Where all that beauty's hand can form to please,
Shall crown the toils of war with rural ease.
The shady coverts and the sunny hills,
The gentle lapse of ever-murm'ring rills,
The soft repose amid the noon-tide bow'rs,
The evening walk among the blushing flow'rs,
The fragrant groves that yield a sweet perfume,
And vernal glories in perpetual bloom,
Await you there; and heav'n shall bless the toil,
Your own the produce, as your own the soil.

No tyrant lord shall grasp a thousand farms,
Curse the mild clime, and spoil its fairest charms:
No blast severe your ripening fields deform,
No vollied hail-stones, and no driving storm:
No raging murrain on your cattle seize,
And nature sicken with the dire disease.
But golden years, anew, begin their reigns,
And cloudless sunshine gild salubrious plains.
Herbs, fruits and flow'rs shall clothe th' uncultur'd field,
Nectareous juice the vine and orchard yield;
Rich dulcet creams the copious goblets fill,
Delicious honey from the trees distil;
The garden smile, spontaneous harvests spring,
The vallies warble, and the woodlands ring.

Along the meads, or near the shady groves,
There sport the flocks, there feed the fatt'ning droves;
There strays the steed, through bloomy vales afar,
Who erst mov'd lofty in the ranks of war.

There, free from envy, cank'ring care and strife,
Flow the calm pleasures of domestic life:
There mutual friendship soothes each placid breast,
Blest in themselves, and in each other blest.
From house to house the social glee extends,
For friends in war, in piece are doubly friends:
Their children taught to emulate their sires,
Catch the warm glow, and feel the kindred fires,

Till by degrees the mingling joys improve,
Grow with their years, and ripen into love:
Nor long the blushing pair in secret sigh,
And drink sweet poison from the love-sick eye;
Blest be their lot, when in his eager arms
Th' enamour'd youth folds the fair virgin's charms;
On her ripe lip imprints the burning kiss,
And seals with hallow'd rites the nuptial bliss.
Then festal sports the ev'ning hours prolong,
The mazy dance, and the sweet warbling song:
Then each endearment wakes the ravish'd sense
To pure delights, and raptures most intense:
And the pleas'd parent tells his list'ning son,
What wond'rous deeds, by him, in youth, were done.
No sights of woe, no tort'ring fears annoy
The sweet sensations of the heart-felt joy:
Nor shall the savages of murd'rous soul,
In painted bands dark to the combat roll,
With midnight orgies, by the gloomy shade,
On the pale victim point the reeking blade;
Or cause the hamlet, lull'd in deep repose,
No more to wake, or wake to ceaseless woes:
For your strong arm the guarded land secures,
And freedom, glory, happiness, are yours!

So shall you flourish in unfading prime,
Each age refining through the reign of time;
A nobler off'spring crown the fond embrace,
A band of heroes, and a patriot race:
Not by soft Luxury's too dainty food,
Their minds contaminated with their blood:
But like the heirs our great forefathers bred,
By freedom nurtur'd, and by temp'rance fed;
Healthful and strong, they turn'd the virgin soil,
The untam'd forest bow'd beneath their toil:
At early dawn they sought the mountain chace,
Or rous'd the Indian from his lurking place;
Curb'd the mad fury of those barb'rous men,
Or dragg'd the wild beast struggling from his den:
To all the vigour of that pristine race,
New charms are added, and superior grace.

Then cities rise, and spiry towns increase,
With gilded domes, and every art of peace.

Then Cultivation shall extend his pow'r,
Rear the green blade, and nurse the tender flow'r;
Make the fair villa in full splendours smile,
And robe with verdure all the genial soil.
Then shall rich Commerce court the fav'ring gales,
And wond'ring wilds admire the passing sails;
Where the bold ships the stormy Huron brave,
Where wild Ontario rolls the whit'ning wave,
Where fair Ohio his pure current pours,
And Mississippi laves th' extended shores.

Then oh, blest land! with genius unconfin'd,
With polish'd manners, and th' illumin'd mind,
Thy future race on daring wing shall soar,
Each science trace, and all the arts explore;
Till bright religion, beck'ning to the skies,
Shall bid thy sons to endless glories rise.

As round thy clime celestial joy extends,
Thy beauties ripen, and thy pomp ascends;
Farther and farther still, thy blessings roll,
To southern oceans and the northern pole;
Where now the thorn, or tangled thicket grows,
The wilderness shall blossom as the rose;
Unbounded deserts unknown charms assume,
Like Salem flourish, and like Eden bloom.

And oh, may heav'n! when all our toils are past,
Crown with such happiness our days at last:
So rise our sons, like our great sires of old,
In Freedom's cause, unconquerably bold;
With spotless faith, and morals pure, their name
Spread through the world, and gain immortal fame.

And thou Supreme! whose hand sustains this ball,
Before whose nod the nations rise and fall,
Propitious smile, and shed diviner charms
On this blest land, the queen of arts and arms;
Make the great empire rise on Wisdom's plan,
The seat of bliss, and last retreat of man.

A

POEM

ON THE

HAPPINESS OF AMERICA.

ADDRESSED TO THE CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES.

TENTH EDITION.

Extract from the COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE *for October*, 1786.

REMARKS

ON THE

HAPPINESS OF AMERICA:

A POEM.

A LOVE of liberty, a spirit of enterprize, fortitude in difficulties, and a military turn of mind, are conspicuous traits in the American character. Those dispositions, if properly directed, will tend to the aggrandizement and prosperity of our infant republican empire.

America stands high, also, in literary reputation: and so great is the spirit which now prevails in the United States, for the promotion of useful learning, and advancement of science, that, aided by the native genius of our people, we may reasonably expect to arrive at the highest degree of eminence in these respects. Nor have we cause to draw less favourable expectations from the specimens that have been already exhibited, of the natural taste and propensity of our countrymen for the liberal and polite arts.

Among the patriots, statesmen, heroes, philosophers, and artists of this country, we find names that would do honour to any age or nation. What a glorious constellation is formed by an assemblage of those worthies, whom America has the honour of enrolling among her sons!

Amidst the favourite pursuits of our countrymen, the Muses have had their votaries; nor have those coy maids been unsuccessfully courted. Their genius seems much delighted with our sylvan scenes. The face of nature, throughout the United States, exhibits the *sublime and beautiful*, in the most exalted degree. In almost every part of this country, we are surrounded with objects calculated to inspire the most elevated conceptions of the imagination. Our mountains, vallies, plains, and rivers, are formed upon a great scale; the extent of the country itself is great; and the whole is rendered magnificently beautiful, by the creating hand of the Almighty Architect! And if we contemplate the eminently dignified part that has been recently acted on the vast national stage, with the scenes of magnanimity, wisdom, and patriotic virtue, which our gallant countrymen have exhibited thereon, we must allow, that nothing can afford more noble themes for our native bards.

Among the literary productions of American genius, " A Poem on the Happiness of America, addressed to the Citizens of the United States," by Colonel Humphreys, claims a superior station. The beauties of this piece do great honour to the author, and discover that he possesses a truly patriotic soul, as well as a mind animated with genuine poetic fire.

As this elegant piece, by some unaccountable circumstance, has not yet made its appearance in the shops of our booksellers, we beg leave to present the public with a few quotations from it; reminding them, at the same time, of the imperfect idea of its merit that mutilated parts of the piece must be supposed to convey.

As it is probable that a new edition of this Poem will speedily be published, the public will then have the gratification of reading it entire.

PREFACE

TO THE

NINTH EDITION OF THE POEM

ON THE

HAPPINESS OF AMERICA.

THIS Poem having passed through eight editions in little more than four years, without having been accompanied with any introduction or preface, the writer hopes he shall escape every uncandid imputation, in offering, with this edition, his acknowledgments for the flattering reception it has met with from the public, together with some of the motives which originally engaged him in this performance.

The writer is happy that he has chosen a subject more interesting than almost any other to the feelings of his countrymen, and that the topics introduced in its discussion have not proved unsatisfactory to those for whose entertainment the work was designed. To these causes, rather than to its intrinsic value as a composition, he attributes the distinguished regard with which it has been honoured.

The United States of America, when first assuming their place as a nation among the nations of the earth, presented a momentous and awful spectacle to mankind; for the political welfare of the species seemed, in some sort, involved in the event. The theatre was vast, the plot new, the parts important, and the conduct of the action for a long time so doubtful, as to produce distressing apprehensions respecting its termination. The Americans, whose exertions and sufferings had been rewarded by the acquisition of Independence, were, however, at the end of the war, surrounded with threatening prospects. In these circumstances the writer endeavoured to show his countrymen the superior advantages for happiness which they possessed; to dissipate their gloomy apprehensions, by the exhibition of consolatory anticipations; and to make them think favourably of their own situation when compared with that of other nations. Many circumstances conspired to give facility to the execution of the task he had imposed on himself. The ideas were principally suggested by the peculiarity of our condition. We began our political career, in a great measure, free from the prejudice, and favoured with the knowledge of former ages and other nations. The amiable innocence and simplicity of manners which resulted from the present state of society in America, offered a curious subject for philosophical contemplation. Our minds, imperceptibly impressed with the novelty, beauty, or sublimity of surrounding objects, gave energy to the language which expressed our sensations. While the shades of changing nature, which diversified the scenery through all the intermediate stages of settlement and population, from the rude grandeur of a wilderness to the pleasant landscapes of cultivation, afforded an extensive field for variegated description. To an assemblage of such magnificent images, so proper for poetry, were added, a multitude of incidents derived from the delights of agricultural life, the blessings of enlightened society, and the progress of human improvements. The author, by thus availing himself of circumstances, was enabled to gratify an early and decided propensity for contemplating the beauties of creation, especially under that point of view in which they are most conspicuously beneficial to his fellow men.

Since this Poem was written, by the establishment of a general government, and the concurrence of fortunate events, scenes of happienss have been realized in this country, which were considered by some altogether chimerical. And the prospects which are now expanding before our view, seem peculiarly calculated to excite us to greater exertions, not only for promoting the national prosperity, but even for producing such examples in civil policy, as will tend essentially to the amelioration of the human lot.

ARGUMENT.

The characters to whom the poem is addressed, and the subject of it—peace—dissolution of the army—General Washington's farewell advice and retirement—apostrophe to him—the happiness of the Americans considered as a free and agricultural people—articles which contribute to their felicity during the different seasons—winter's amusements, which produce a digression concerning the late war and the author—the pleasures which succeeded the horrors of war—invocation to connubial love—description of the female sex and character, marriage and domestic life in America—the present state of society there—the face of the country at and since the period of its discovery—the pleasant prospects exhibited by the progress of agriculture and population—eulogy of agriculture—address to Congress—the genius of the western world invoked to accelerate our improvements—a treaty of commerce proposed with Great-Britain—superior advantages for a marine—America called upon to employ her sons on discoveries in the carrying trade, fishing, whaling and commerce.

A POEM

ON THE

HAPPINESS OF AMERICA.

OH happy people, ye to whom is giv'n
A land enrich'd with sweetest dews of heav'n!
Ye, who possess Columbia's virgin prime,
In harvests blest of ev'ry soil and clime!
Ye happy mortals, whom propitious fate
Reserv'd for actors on a stage so great!
Sons worthy sires of venerable name,
Heirs of their virtue and immortal fame,
Heirs of their rights still better understood,
Declar'd in thunder, and confirm'd in blood:
Ye chosen race, your happiness I sing,
With all the joys the cherub peace can bring,
When your tall fleets shall lift their starry pride,
And sail triumphant o'er the bill'wy tide.

The song begins where all our bliss began,
What time th' Almighty check'd the wrath of man,
Distill'd, in bleeding wounds, the balm of peace,
And bade the rage of mortal discord cease.
Then foes, grown friends, from toils of slaughter breath'd,
Then war-worn troops their blood-stain'd weapons sheath'd:
Then our great Chief to Vernon's shades withdrew,
And thus, to parting hosts, pronounc'd adieu:

" Farewell to public care, to public life:
" Now peace invites me from the deathful strife.
" And oh my country, may'st thou ne'er forget
" Thy bands victorious, and thy honest debt!
" If aught which proves to me thy freedom dear,
" Gives me a claim to speak, thy sons shall hear:
" On them I call—Compatriots dear and brave,
" Deep in your breasts these warning truths engrave:

" To guard your sacred rights—be just! be wise!
" Thence flow your blessings, there your glory lies.
" Beware the feuds whence civil war proceeds;
" Fly mean suspicions; spurn inglorious deeds;
" Shun fell corruption's pestilential breath,
" To states the cause, and harbinger of death.
" Fly dissipation, in whose vortex whirl'd,
" Sink the proud nations of the elder world.
" Avoid the hidden snares that pleasure spreads,
" To seize and chain you, in her silken threads;
" Let not the lust of gold nor pow'r enthral;
" Nor list the wild ambition's frantic call.
" Stop, stop your ears to discord's curst alarms,
" Which, rousing, drive a mad'ning world to arms:
" But learn, from others' woes, sweet peace to prize,
" To know your bliss, and where your treasure lies—
" Within the compass of your little farms,
" Lodg'd in your breasts, or folded in your arms:
" Blest in your clime, beyond all nations blest,
" Whom oceans guard, and boundless wilds invest.

" Nor yet neglect the native force which grows,
" Your shield from insult, and your wall from foes;
" But early train your youth, by mimic fights,
" To stand the guardians of their country's rights.

" By honour rul'd, with honesty your guide,
" Be that your bulwark, and be this your pride;
" Increase the fed'ral ties; support the laws;
" Guard public faith; revere religion's cause.
" Thus rise to greatness—by experience find,
" Who live the best, are greatest of mankind.

" And ye, my faithful friends, (for thus I name
" My fellow lab'rers in the field of fame)
" Ye, who for freedom nobly shed your blood,
" Dy'd ev'ry plain, and purpled ev'ry flood,
" Where havock heap'd of arms, and men the wreck,
" From Georgia's stream to walls of proud Quebec;
" To these stern toils the peaceful scene succeeds,
" The eyes of nations watch your future deeds:
" Go act, as citizens, in life's retreat,
" Your parts as well, and make your fame complete:

" 'Tis our's for ever, from this hour to part,
" Accept th' effusions of a grateful heart!
" Where'er you go, may milder fates pursue,
" Receive my warmest thanks, my last adieu!"

The HERO spoke—an awful pause ensu'd:
Each eye was red, each face with tears bedew'd;
As if the pulse of life suspended stood,
An unknown horror chill'd the curdling blood:
Their arms were lock'd; their cheeks irriguous met,
By thy soft trickling dews, affection! wet.
Words past all utt'rance mock'd the idle tongue,
While petrified in final gaze they clung.

The bands retiring, sought their ancient farms,
With laurels crown'd—receiv'd with open arms.
Now citizens, they form'd no sep'rate class,
But spread, commixing, through the gen'ral mass:
Congenial metals, thus, by chymic flame,
Dissolve, assimilate, and grow the same.

Swords turn'd to shares, and war to rural toil,
The men who sav'd, now cultivate the soil.
In no heroic age, since time began,
Appear'd so great the majesty of man.

His task complete, before the sires august
The hero stood, and render'd up his trust.
But who shall dare describe that act supreme,
And fire his numbers with the glowing theme?
Who sing, though aided with immortal pow'rs,
The towns in raptures, and the roads in flow'rs,
Where'er he pass'd? What monarch ever knew
Such acclamations, bursts of joy so true?
What scenes I saw! how oft, surpris'd I felt,
Through streaming eyes, my heart, dilated, melt!
Scenes that no words, no colours can display,
No sculptur'd marble, and no living lay:
Yet shall these scenes impress my mem'ry still,
Nor less the festal hours of Vernon's hill;
Nor that sad moment when 'twas mine to part,
As the last heart string severs from the heart.

"Adieu," I cried, "to Vernon's shades, adieu!
"The vessel waits—I see the beck'ning crew—
"Me now to foreign climes new duties guide,
"O'er the vast desert of th' Atlantic tide.
"'Tis thine, blest sage, while distant thunders roll,
"Unmov'd thy calm serenity of soul,
"'Tis thine, whose triumphs bade the combat cease,
"To prove how glorious are the works of peace;
"To lure rich commerce* up thy native bay;
"Make freighted barks beyond the mountains stray;
"Make inland seas through op'ning channels glide;
"Monongahela wed Potowmac's tide:
"New states, exulting, see the flitting sails
"Waft joy and plenty round the peopled vales."

All former empires rose, the work of guilt,
On conquest, blood, or usurpation built:
But we, taught wisdom by their woes and crimes,
Fraught with their lore, and born to better times;
Our constitutions form'd on freedom's base,
Which all the blessings of all lands embrace;
Embrace humanity's extended cause,
A world our empire, for a world our laws.

Thrice happy race! how blest were freedom's heirs,
Blest if they knew what happiness is theirs,
Blest if they knew to them alone 'tis given,
To know no sov'reign but the law and heav'n!
That law for them, and Albion's realms alone,
On sacred justice elevates her throne,
Regards the poor, the fatherless protects,
The widow shields, the proud oppressor checks!
Blest if they knew, beneath umbrageous trees,
To prize the joys of innocence and ease,
Of peace, of health, of temp'rance, toil, and rest,
And the calm sunshine of the conscious breast.
For them, the spring his annual task resumes,
Invests in verdure, and adorns in blooms
Earth's parent lap, and all her wanton bow'rs,
In foliage fair, with aromatic flow'rs.

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* General Washington is actually occupied in opening the falls of Potowmack and James' Rivers, the noble object of which is to extend the navigation through the interior parts of America. Posterity will judge whether this is not one of the great works of peace, worthy the consistency and dignity of his character.

Their fanning wings the zephyrs gently play,
And winnow blossoms from each floating spray:
In bursting buds the embryo fruits appear,
The hope and glory of the rip'ning year!
The mead that courts the scythe, the pastur'd vale,
And garden'd lawn, their breathing sweets exhale;
On balmy winds a cloud of fragrance moves,
And floats the odours of a thousand groves.
For them, young summer sheds a brighter day,
Matures the germe with his prolific ray;
With prospects cheers, demands more stubborn toil,
And pays their efforts from the grateful soil.
The lofty maize its ears luxuriant yields;
The yellow harvests gild the laughing fields,
Extend o'er all th' interminable plain,
And wave in grandeur like the boundless main.
For them, the flock o'er green savannas feeds:
For them, high prancing, bound the playful steeds:
For them, the heifers graze sequester'd dales,
Or pour white nectar in the brimming pails:
To them, what time the hoary frosts draw near,
Ripe autumn brings the labours of the year.
To nature's sons, how fair th' autumnal ev'n,
The fading landscape, and impurpl'd heav'n,
As from their fields they take their homeward way,
And turn to catch the sun's departing ray!
What streaming splendours up the skies are roll'd,
Whose colours beggar Tyrian dyes and gold!
Till night's dun curtains, wide o'er all display'd,
Shroud shad'wy shapes in melancholy shade.

Then doubling clouds the wintry skies deform;
And, wrapt in vapour, comes the roaring storm,
With snows surcharg'd, from tops of mountains sails,
Loads leafless trees, and fills the whiten'd vales.
Then desolation strips the faded plains;
Then tyrant death o'er vegetation reigns:
The birds of heav'n to other climes repair,
And deep'ning glooms invade the turbid air.
Nor then, unjoyous, winter's rigours come,
But find them happy and content with home;
Their gran'ries fill'd—the task of culture past—
Warm at their fire, they hear the howling blast,

With patt'ring rain and snow, or driving sleet,
Rave idly loud, and at their window beat:
Safe from its rage, regardless of its roar,
In vain the tempest rattles at the door—
The tame brute shelter'd, and the feather'd brood
From them, more provident, demand their food.
'Tis then the time from hoarding cribs to feed
The ox laborious, and the noble steed:
'Tis then the time to tend the bleating fold,
To strow with litter, and to fence from cold.

The cattle fed—the fuel pil'd within—
At setting day the blissful hours begin:
'Tis then, sole owner of his little cot,
The farmer feels his independent lot;
Hears with the crackling blaze that lights the wall,
The voice of gladness and of nature call,
Beholds his children play, their mother smile,
And tastes with them the fruit of summer's toil.

From stormy heav'n's the mantling clouds unroll'd,
The sky is bright, the air serenely cold.
The keen north-west, that heaps the drifted snows,
For months entire o'er frozen regions blows:
Man braves his blast, his gelid breath inhales,
And feels more vig'rous as the frost prevails.
Th' obstructed path, beneath the frequent tread,
Yields a smooth crystal to the flying steed.
'Tis then full oft, in arts of love array'd,
The am'rous stripling courts his future bride;
And oft, beneath the broad moon's paler day,
The village pairs ascend the rapid sleigh;
With jocund sounds impel th' enliven'd steed—
Say ye, who know their joys, the lulling speed,
At ev'ry bridge the tributary kiss;
Can courtly balls exceed their rustic bliss?

But diff'rent ages diff'rent joys inspire,
Where friendly circles crowd the social fire:
For there the neighbours, gath'ring round the hearth,
Indulge in tales, news, politics, and mirth;
Nor need we fear th' exhausted fund should fail,
While garrulous old age prolongs the tale,

There some old warrior, grown a village sage,
Whose locks are whiten'd with the frosts of age,
While life's low burning lamp renews its light,
With tales heroic shall beguile the night;
Shall tell of battles fought, of feats achiev'd,
And suff'rings ne'er by human heart conceiv'd;
Shall tell th' adventures of his early life,
And bring to view the fields of mortal strife;
What time the matin trump to battle sings,
And on his steed the horseman swiftly springs,
While down the line the drum, with thund'ring sound,
Wakes the bold soldier, slumb'ring on the ground;
Alarm'd he starts; then sudden joins his band,
Who, rang'd beneath the well-known banner, stand:
Then ensigns wave, and signal flags unfurl'd,
Bid one great soul pervade a moving world;
Then martial music's all-inspiring breath,
With dulcet symphonies, leads on to death;
Lights in each breast the living beam of fame,
Kindles the spark, and fans the kindled flame:
Then meets the stedfast eye, the splendid charms
Of prancing steeds, of plumed troops and arms:
Reflected sun-beams, dazzling, gild afar
The pride, the pomp, and circumstance of war;
Then thick as hail-stones, from an angry sky,
In vollied show'rs, the bolts of vengeance fly;
Unnumber'd deaths, promiscuous, ride the air,
While, swift descending, with a frightful glare,
The big bomb bursts; the fragments scatter'd round,
Beat down whole bands, and pulverize the ground.
Then joins the closer fight on Hudson's banks;
Troops strive with troops; ranks, bending, press on ranks;
O'er slipp'ry plains the struggling legions reel;
Then livid lead and Bayonne's glittering steel,
With dark-red wounds their mangled bosoms bore;
While furious coursers, snorting foam and gore,
Bear wild their riders o'er the carnag'd plain,
And, falling, roll them headlong on the slain.
To ranks consum'd, another rank succeeds;
Fresh victims fall; afresh the battle bleeds;
And nought of blood can staunch the open'd sluice,
Till night, o'ershad'wing, brings a grateful truce.
Thus will the vet'ran tell the tale of wars,
Disclose his breast, to count his glorious scars;

In mute amazement hold the list'ning swains;
Make freezing horror creep through all their veins;
Or oft, at freedom's name, their souls inspire
With patriot ardour and heroic fire.

I too, perhaps, should heav'n prolong my date,
The oft-repeated tale shall oft relate;
Shall tell the feelings in the first alarms,
Of some bold enterprize th' unequall'd charms;
Shall tell from whom I learnt the martial art,
With what high chiefs I play'd my early part;
With Parsons first, whose eye, with piercing ken,
Reads through their hearts the characters of men;
Then how I aided, in the foll'wing scene,
Death-daring Putnam—then immortal Greene—
Then how great Washington my youth approv'd,
In rank preferr'd, and as a parent lov'd,
(For each fine feeling in his bosom blends
The first of heroes, sages, patriots, friends)
With him what hours on warlike plans I spent,
Beneath the shadow of th' imperial tent;
With him how oft I went the nightly round,
Through moving hosts, or slept on tented ground;
From him how oft (nor far below the first
In high behests and confidential trust)
From him how oft I bore the dread commands,
Which destin'd for the fight the eager bands:
With him how oft I pass'd th' eventful day,
Rode by his side, as down the long array
His awful voice the columns taught to form,
To point the thunders, and to pour the storm.
But, thanks to heav'n! those days of blood are o'er,
The trumpet's clangour, the loud cannon's roar:
No more advance the long extended lines,
Front form'd to front—no more the battle joins
With rushing shock—th' unsufferable sound
Rends not the skies—nor blood distains the ground—
Nor spread through peaceful villages afar,
The crimson flames of desolating war.
No more this hand, since happier days succeed,
Waves the bright blade, or reins the fiery steed.
No more for martial fame this bosom burns,
Now white-rob'd peace to bless a world returns;

Now fost'ring freedom all her bliss bestows,
Unnumber'd blessings for unnumber'd woes.

Revolving seasons thus by turns invite
To rural joys and conjugal delight—
Oh, thou sweet passion, whose blest charm connects
In heav'n's own ties, the strong and feebler sex!
Shed thy soft empire o'er the willing mind,
Exhalt, adorn, and purify mankind!
All nature feels thy pow'r. The vocal grove
With air-borne melody awakes to love;
To love the boldest tenants of the sky,
To love the little birds, extatic fly;
To love submit the monsters of the main,
And ev'ry beast that haunts the desert plain:
But man alone the brightest flame inspires,
A spark enkindled from celestial fires.
Hail, hallow'd wedlock! purest, happiest state,
Thy untry'd raptures let my song relate:
Give me, ere long, thy mysteries to prove,
And taste, as well as sing, the sweets of love!

Ye blooming daughters of the western world,
Whose graceful locks by artless hands are curl'd,
Whose limbs of symmetry, and snowy breast,
Allure to love, in simple neatness drest;
Beneath the veil of modesty, who hide
The boast of nature, and of virgin pride—
(For beauty needs no meretricious art
To find a passage to the op'ning heart)
Oh, make your charms ev'n in my song admir'd,
My song immortal by your charms inspir'd.

Though lavish nature sheds each various grace,
That forms the figure, or that decks the face—
Though health, with innocence, and glee the while,
Dance in their eye, and wanton in their smile—
Though mid the lily's white, unfolds the rose,
As on their cheek the bud of beauty blows,
Spontaneous blossom of the transient flush,
Which glows and reddens to a scarlet blush;
What time the maid, unread in flames and darts,
First feels of love the palpitating starts,

Feels from the heart life's quicken'd currents glide,
Her bosom heaving with the bounding tide—
Though sweet their lips, their features more than fair—
Though curls luxuriant of untortur'd hair
Grow long, and add unutterable charms,
While ev'ry look enraptures and alarms;
Yet something still, beyond th' exterior form,
With goodness fraught, with animation warm,
Inspires their actions, dignifies their mien,
Gilds ev'ry hour, and beautifies each scene.
'Tis those perfections of superior kind,
The moral beauties which adorn the mind;
'Tis those enchanting sounds mellifluous hung,
In words of truth and kindness, on their tongue,
'Tis delicacy gives their charms new worth,
And calls the loveliness of beauty forth:
'Tis the mild influence beaming from their eyes,
Like vernal sun-beams round cœrulian skies;
Bright emanations of the spotless soul,
Which warm, and cheer, and vivify the whole!

Here the fair sex an equal honour claims,
Wakes chaste desire, nor burns with lawless flames:
No eastern manners here consign the charms
Of beauteous slaves to some loath'd master's arms:
No lovely maid in wedlock e'er was sold
By parents base, for mercenary gold;
Nor forc'd the hard alternative to try,
To live dishonour'd, or with hunger die.
Here, uncontroul'd, and foll'wing nature's voice,
The happy lovers make th' unchanging choice;
While mutual passions in their bosoms glow,
While soft confessions in their kisses flow,
While their free hands in plighted faith are giv'n,
Their vows, accordant, reach approving heav'n.

Nor here the wedded fair in splendour vie
To shine the idols of the public eye;
Nor place their happiness, like Europe's dames,
In balls and masquerades, in plays and games;
Each home-felt bliss exchang'd for foreign sports,
A round of pleasures, or th' intrigues of courts;
Nor seek of government to guide the plan,
And wrest his bold prerogatives from man.

What though not form'd in affectation's school,
Nor taught the wanton eye to roll by rule,
Nor how to prompt the glance, the frown, the smile,
Or practice all the little arts of guile—
What though not taught the use of female arms,
Nor cloth'd in panoply of conqu'ring charms,
Like some fine garnish'd heads—th' exterior fair,
In paints, cosmetics, powder, borrow'd hair:
Yet theirs are pleasures of a diff'rent kind,
Delights at home, more useful, more refin'd;
Theirs are th' attentions, theirs the smiles that please,
With hospitable cares and modest ease:
Their youthful taste, improv'd by finer arts,
Their minds embellish'd, and refin'd their hearts—
'Tis theirs to act, in still sequester'd life,
The glorious parts of parent, friend, and wife:
What nameless grace, what unknown charm is theirs,
To soothe their partners, and divide their cares,
Calm raging pain, delay the parting breath,
And light a smile on the wan cheek of death!

No feudal ties the rising genius mar,
Compel to servile toils or drag to war;
But free each youth, his fav'rite course pursues,
The plough paternal, or the sylvan muse;
For here exists, once more, th' Arcadian scene,
Those simple manners, and that golden mean:
Here holds society its middle stage,
Between too rude and too refin'd an age:
Far from that age, when not a gleam of light
The dismal darkness cheer'd of Gothic night,
From brutal rudeness of that savage state—
As from refinements which o'erwhelm the great,
Those dissipations which their bliss annoy,
And blast and poison each domestic joy.

What though for us, the pageantry of kings,
Crowns, thrones, and sceptres, are superfluous things;
What though we lack the gaudy pomp that waits
On eastern monarchs, or despotic states;
Yet well we spare what realms despotic feel,
Oppression's scourge, and persecution's wheel.

What though no splendid spoils of other times
Invite the curious to these western climes;
No virtuoso, with fantastic aim,
Here hunts the shadow of departed fame:
No piles of rubbish his attention call,
Nor mystic obelisk, or storied wall:
No ruin'd statues claim the long research:
No sliding columns and no crumbling arch;
Inscriptions, half effac'd, and falsely read,
Or cumbrous relics of th' unletter'd dead:
Yet here I rove untrodden scenes among,
Catch inspiration for my rising song;
See nature's grandeur awfully unfold,
And, wrapt in thought, her works sublime behold!
For here vast wilds, which human foot ne'er trod,
Are mark'd with footsteps of a present God:
His forming hand, on nature's broadest scale,
O'er mountains, mountains pil'd, and scoop'd the vale;
Made sea-like streams in deeper channels run,
And roll'd through brighter heav'ns his genial sun.
In vain of day, that rolling lucid eye
Look'd down in mildness from the smiling sky;
In vain, the germe of vegetation lay,
And pin'd in shades, secluded from the day;
In vain, this theatre for man so fair,
Spread all its charms for beasts or birds of air;
Or savage tribes, who, wand'ring through the wood,
From beasts and birds obtain'd precarious food:
Till great Columbus rose, and, led by heav'n,
Call'd worlds to view, beneath the skirts of ev'n.

Now other scenes in these blest climes prevail:
The sounds of population fill the gale:
The dreary wastes, by mighty toils reclaim'd,
Deep marshes drain'd, wild woods and thickets tam'd:
Now fair Columbia, child of heav'n, is seen
In flow'r of youth, and robes of lovely green,
Than virgin fairer, on her bridal morn,
Whom all the graces, all the loves adorn.

Here planters find a ceaseless source of charms
In clearing fields, and adding farms to farms:
'Tis independence prompts their daily toil,
And calls forth beauties from the desert soil:

What untry'd pleasure fills each raptur'd sense,
When sturdy toil, through darken'd wilds immense,
First pours the day-beams on the op'ning glade,
And glebes embrown'd with everlasting shade!
Here equal fortunes, ease, the ground their own,
Augment their numbers with increase unknown.
Here hamlets grow. Here Europe's pilgrims come,
From vassall'd woes to find a quiet home.
The eye no view of waning cities meets,
Of mould'ring domes, of narrow, fetid streets;
Of grey-hair'd wretches, who ne'er own'd a shed,
And beggars dying for the want of bread:
But oft, in transport, round th' horizon roves,
O'er mountains, vallies, towns, and stately groves;
Then dwells, best pleas'd, on cultivated plains,
Steeds, flocks, and herds, commix'd with lab'ring swains.

Hail, agriculture! by whose parent aid
The deep foundations of our states are laid;
The seeds of greatness by thy hand are sown;
These shall mature with thee and time alone;
But still conduct us on thy sober plan,
Great source of wealth, and earliest friend of man.

Ye rev'rend fathers! props of freedom's cause,
Who rear'd an empire by your sapient laws,
With blest example give this lesson weight,
" That toil and virtue make a nation great!"
Then shall your names reach earth's remotest clime,
Rise high as heav'n, and brave the rage of time—
His list'ning sons the sire shall oft remind,
What parent sages first in Congress join'd:
The faithful Hancock grac'd that early scene,
Great Washington appear'd in godlike mien,
Jay, Laurens, Clinton, skill'd in ruling men,
And he who, earlier, held the farmer's pen.
'Twas Lee, illustrious, at the father's head,
The daring way to independence led.
The self-taught Sherman urg'd his reasons clear,
And all the Livingstons to freedom dear:
What countless names in fair procession throng,
With Rutledge, Johnson, Nash, demand the song!
And chiefly ye, of human kind the friends,
On whose high task my humbler toil attends:

Ye who, uniting realms in leagues of peace,
The sum of human happiness increase!
Adams, the sage, a patriot from his youth,
Whose deeds are honour, and whose voice is truth;
Undying Franklin, on the hill of fame,
Who bids the thunders spread his awful name;
And Jefferson, whose mind with space extends,
Each science woos, all knowledge comprehends,
Whose patriot deeds and elevated views
Demand the tribute of a loftier muse:
Though Randolph, Hosmer, Hanson sleep in death,
Still these great patriots draw the vital breath:
And can a nation fail in peace to thrive,
Where such strong talents, such high worth survive?
Rous'd at the thought, by vast ideas fir'd,
His breast enraptur'd, and his tongue inspir'd,
Another bard,* in conscious genius bold,
Sings the new world now happier than the old.

Thou Spirit of the West, assert our fame,
In other bards awake the dormant flame!
Bid vivid colours into being start,
Men grow immortal by the plastic art!
Bid columns swell, stupendous arches bend,
Proud cities rise, and spires sublime ascend!
Bid music's pow'r the pangs of woe assuage!
With nobler views inspire th' enlighten'd age!
In freedom's voice pour all thy bolder charms,
Till reason supersede the force of arms,
Till peaceful streamers in each gale shall play,
From orient morning to descending day.
In mortal breasts shall hate immortal last!
Albion! Columbia! soon forget the past!
In friendly intercourse your int'rests blend!
From common sires your gallant sons descend;
From free-born sires in toils of empire brave—
'Tis yours to heal the mutual wounds ye gave;
Let those be friends whom kindred blood allies,
With language, laws', religion's holiest ties!
Yes, mighty Albion! scorning low intrigues,
With young Columbia form commercial leagues:

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* Mr. Barlow, author of the Vision of Columbus.

So shall mankind, through endless years, admire
More potent realms than Carthage leagu'd with Tyre.

Where lives the nation, fraught with such resource,
Such vast materials for a naval force?
Where grow so rife, the iron, masts, and spars,
The hemp, the timber, and the daring tars?
Where gallant youths, inur'd to heat and cold,
Through every zone, more hardy, strong, and bold?
Let other climes of other produce boast;
Let gold, let diamonds, grow on India's coast:
Let flaming suns from arid plains exhale
The spicy odours of Arabia's gale:
Let fragant shrubs, that bloom in regions calm,
Perfumes expiring, bleed ambrosial balm:
Let olives flourish in Hesperia's soil,
Ananas ripen in each tropic isle:
Let Gallia gladden in her clust'ring vines;
Let Spain exult in her Peruvian mines:
Let plains of Barb'ry boast the generous steed,
Far-fam'd for beauty, strength, and matchless speed:
But men, Columbia, be thy fairer growth,
Men of firm nerves, who spurn at fear and sloth;
Men of high courage, like their sires of old,
In labour patient, as in dangers bold!

Then wake, Columbia! daughter of the skies,
Awake to glory, and to greatness rise!
Arise and spread thy virgin charms abroad,
Thou last, thou fairest offspring of a God;
Extend thy view where future blessings lie,
And ope new prospects for th' enraptur'd eye!
See a new æra on this globe begun,
And circling years in brighter orbits run;
See the fair dawn of universal peace,
When hell-born discord through the world shall cease!
Commence the task assign'd by heaven's decree,
From pirate rage to vindicate the sea!

Bid thy live oaks, in southern climes that grow,
And pines, that shade the northern mountain's brow,
In mighty pomp descending on the main,
With sails expanded, sweep the watery plain:

Thy rising stars in unknown skies display,
And bound thy labours with the walks of day.

Bid from the shore a philanthropic band,
The torch of science glowing in their hand,
O'er trackless waves extend their daring toils,
To find and bless a thousand peopled isles;
Not lur'd to blood by domination's lust,
The pride of conquest, or of gold the thirst;
Not arm'd by impious zeal with burning brands,
To scatter flames and ruin round their strands;
Bid them to wilder'd men new lights impart,
Heav'n's noblest gifts, with every useful art.

Bid thy young sons, whom toil for glory forms,
New skill acquiring, learn to brave the storms,
To ev'ry region thy glad harvest bear—
Where happy nations breathe a milder air;
Or where the natives feel the scorching ray,
And pant and faint beneath a flood of day;
Or through those seas where mounts of ice arise,
Th' eternal growth of hyperborean skies,
Where feeble rayless suns obliquely roll,
Or one long night invests the frozen pole.

Then bid thy northern train, who draw the line,
In ocean's caverns find a richer mine
Than fam'd Potosi's or Golconda's ore,
Or all the treasures of the Asian shore.
Bid them with hooks delusive ply the flood,
And feed whole kingdoms with the finny brood.

And bid thy youths, whose brawny limbs are strung
For bolder toils, pursue those toils unsung—
Pursue through foreign seas, with vent'rous sail,
The dreadful combat of th' enormous whale:
Lo, where he comes, the foaming billows rise!
See spouted torrents cloud the misty skies;
See in the skiff the bold harpooner stand,
The murd'ring iron in his skilful hand:
From him alone th' attentive youths await
A joyful vict'ry, or a mournful fate:
His meas'ring eye the distance now explores,
His voice now checks, and now impels the oars:

The panting crew a solemn silence keep,
Stillness and horror hover o'er the deep:
Now nigh he kens a vulnerable part,
And hurls with deadly aim the barbed dart;
The wounded monster, plunging through th' abyss,
Makes uncoil'd cords in boiling waters hiss;
And oft the boat, drawn headlong down the wave,
Leads trembling seamen to their wat'ry grave;
And oft, when rising, on his back upborne,
Is dash'd on high, in countless pieces torn.
But now afar see ocean's monarch rise,
O'er troubled billows see how fast he flies,
And drags the feeble skiff along the flood,
Lash'd into foam, and colour'd red with blood!
At length subsides the elemental strife,
His rage exhausted with his ebbing life;
As tow'rs a rock on some sky-circled plain,
So looms his carcase o'er the dusky main.
Elate, the victors urge the added toil,
Extract the bone, and fill their ship with oil.

Fraught with the germe of wealth, our seamen roam
To foreign marts, and bring new treasures home;
From either Ind' and Europe's happier shore,
Th' assembled produce crowds the merchant's store:
From east to west the fruits and spices sweet,
On our full boards in rich profusion meet;
Canary isles their luscious vintage join;
In crystal goblets flows the amber wine;
European artists send their midnight toil
For crude materials of our virgin soil;
For us, in tissue of the silken loom,
The lilacs blush, the damask roses bloom;
For us in distant mines the metals grow,
Prolific source of pleasure, care, and woe!
Ne'er may our sons for heaps of useless wealth,
Exchange the joys of freedom, peace, or health,
But make e'en riches to their weal conduce,
And prize their splendour by their public use!

A

POEM

ON THE

FUTURE GLORY

OF THE

UNITED STATES

OF

AMERICA.

ADVERTISEMENT.

AMERICA, after having been concealed for so many ages from the rest of the world, was probably discovered, in the maturity of time, to become the theatre for displaying the illustrious designs of Providence, in its dispensations to the human race. These States arose from the condition of colonies to that of an independent nation, at an epocha, and under circumstances singularly favourable for improvement. Previous to our revolution, though refinements and luxuries had made but little progress, useful education had been cultivated with care, valuable inventions had been multiplied, and arts and sciences were in a flourishing state. In giving a scope to the exertion of their faculties, the inhabitants of the United States had, perhaps, fewer obstacles to impede their proficiency than the people of any other country. There existed among them no privileged orders, no predominant religion, no discouragement to industry, and no exclusion from office. Wide was the field that was opened before them for the range of the human mind. They possessed the advantage of having in view the whole history of mankind, to warn them against the dangers, and to save them from the calamities to which other nations had been exposed. The examples of the wise, the brave, and the good were not wanting to awaken their emulation. They had an opportunity of profiting in every thing, by the experience of all who had preceded them.

Since the conclusion of our revolutionary war, the extraordinary prosperity* of the United States has surpassed the most sanguine expectation. If the past is to furnish any criterion for forming a judgment of the future, we are undoubtedly destined, as a nation, to advance with large and rapid strides towards the summit of national aggrandisement. Fully persuaded of the magnitude of the blessings which await us there, the writer wishes to impress the same conviction on the minds of his fellow citizens. Because, he thinks, a confidence in the future felicity and glory of their country will operate usefully in nourishing principles and producing actions sublime and splendid as their destinies. He doubts not then that he shall be pardoned by his countrymen for thus venturing to explore for them the *field of futurity;* and he hopes the critics will not be offended by the excursion, when they recollect that it has ever been reputed *poetic ground;* for they cannot but remember the poet and the prophet have been considered so intimately blended together, that a common name (at least in one language) was expressive of both. To facts we can appeal for proof, that our most flattering anticipations have been realised at an earlier period than we had fixed. The subsequent table of comparative advancement in numbers and resources, will, it may fairly be expected, shelter us in future from such ridicule as one British review attempted heretofore to throw on American writers for their propensity to poetical predictions.

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* See the annexed Table.

When the author composed the description of the process of industry in creating a navy, not one armed vessel belonged to the government, or any individual in the United States. It will be seen from the schedule to which reference has been made, what a number of vessels of war (exclusive of armed merchantmen) the little intervening time has produced. From thence the uncommon capacity of a country possessed of such resources, with such exertion for building, aptitude for navigating, and enterprize for employing its navigation, may be readily calculated. Nor less important data have we for calculating the great changes indicative of activity, energy, and perseverance, which must succeed upon the land.

There are now several independent States (which have been admitted as members of the union) established in those very western regions, which the author, in a poem written during the course of our revolution, predicted would be speedily settled under the most happy auspices, and where, at the time when the prediction was published, there existed not one single white inhabitant. The contemplation of such numerous and unparalleled instances of prosperity cannot fail to furnish our citizens with increasing motives of praise and adoration to the Omnipotent, who has thus distinguished them by his mercies. And such instances ought not less to silence the scoffs of those foreigners who affected to believe that nothing but degradation and misery would result from our independence. If they still entertain similar sentiments, let them examine the documents which attest the rapid growth of our population and improvement. Or, if it be practicable, let them take a nearer view of the sources of our augmenting wealth and strength. Whoever shall live a few years longer, may doubtless behold, on that continent, still greater progress in whatever can adorn or console human nature. Who can hesitate to believe we are now competent to the defence of our country in every conceivable crisis? Should the United States be attacked, the writer is firmly persuaded that he would see himself associated with nearly one million of his countrymen in arms, determined to maintain their rights, or perish in the attempt.

T A B L E

Of the Increase of Population, Improvement of Lands, Revenue, &c. &c. of the United States, from 1774 to 1799 inclusive.

Years.	Population.	Improved Lands, part of 640 millions of Acres.	Militia.	NAVY.		Seamen.	Exports. Dollars.	Tonnage. Merchant Vessels.	Receipts, Revenues, &c.	Public Debt.
				Ves.	Guns.					
1774	2,486,000	20,860,000	421,300			15,000	6,100,000	198,000		By authentic documents it appears that the true amount of our national debt, on the first of January, 1791, was 74,185 596 dollars 82 cents; and on the first of Jan. 1800, 70,212,718 dollars 16 cents. By which it is demonstrated that our debt has been diminished 3,972,878 dollars 66 cents, notwithstanding all the embarrassments to which our principal source of revenue has been exposed, and the expensive preparations for defence.
1784	3,250,000	21,500,000	541,666			18,000	10,150,000	250,000		
1790	3,930,000	30,000,000	654,000			25,000	16,000,000	486,890		
1791	4,047,900	31,000,000	677,650			28,000	18,399,202	502,698	4,771,342	
1792	4,169,337	32,000,000	694,889			30,090	21,005,568	567,698	8,772,458	
1793	4,294,417	33,500,000	715,736			33,060	26,011,788	627,570	6,450,195	
1794	4,423,249	34,000,000	737,208			39,900	33,043,725	628,617	9,439,855	
1795	4,555,946	34,550,000	759,324			45,000	47,855,556	747,964	9,515,758	
1796	4,692,624	35,100,000	782,104			51,500	67,064,097	831,900	8,740,529	
1797	4,833,402	35,600,000	805,567	3	124	60,200	51,294,710	876,921	8,758,780	
1798	4,978,404	36,100,000	829,734	13	360	62,300	61,327,411	898,329	10,161,097	
1799	5,127,756	36,300,000	854,626	42	950	63,500	78,665,522	920,000	12,777,487	

ARGUMENT.

Address to my soul to explore the future fortunes of the United States, which are destined to experience many trials and adversities in our progress to national felicity and glory—our commerce interrupted by the Algerines—sensation produced by it in the Americans—invocation for powers of expression to excite them to revenge—a view of the miseries of the prisoners, which terminates in an anathema on the perpetrators of such cruelties—friends of the captives and ruined merchants, how affected—exhortation to arm unless an equitable peace can be obtained—apostrophe to the tributary powers—resolution to be taken by us—our resources hinted, from a glance at the last war—Great-Britain and Algiers contrasted—prayer to the Supreme Being—an army raised—a navy formed—naval combat with the corsairs—their defeat—their woe—utter destruction of their country—return and rejoicings of the victors—when depredations shall be committed by the piratical privateers of other nations, the American Government is to assume an attitude of defence—in the mean time is exhibited a view of our danger from anarchy—establishment of a more efficient government—true liberty extended through the west—improvement in fortifications, highways, and inland navigation—the new city of Washington built for the permanent residence of the Federal Government—our country an asylum for the oppressed of all nations—Columbia congratulated on her natural and moral blessings, which are the harbingers of freedom to other countries—wars which must first arise, together with the horrors of the French Pentarchy*—this epocha succeeded by a prospect of peace, and the amelioration of the human condition, until the consummation of all things.*

A POEM

ON THE

FUTURE GLORY

OF THE

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

RISE now, my soul! intelligence refin'd!
Ethereal efflux of th' eternal mind!
Rise, in immortal youth and vigour fresh,
Expand thy vision unobscur'd by flesh;
On rapture's plume, with boundless flight, explore
Our prospect opening and our bliss in store!
What though our state, in untried prime, appears
A freighted vessel on the flood of years;
Though unknown perils, tempests, foes and shelves
Surround, and factions rise amidst ourselves;
Though worlds combin'd, or adverse fates annoy,
What but disunion can our bliss destroy?
Though many a dubious day and dismal scene,
Ere our probation cease, must intervene;
Beyond these glooms what brighter days appear,
Where dawns on mortals heav'n's millennial year!
In western wilds what scenes of grandeur rise,
As unborn ages crowd upon my eyes!
A better æra claims its destin'd birth,
And heav'n descending dwells with man on earth.

While our brave youth through various seas afar,
In toils of peace inure their nerves for war,
See what dark prospect interrupts our joy!
What arm presumptuous dares our trade annoy?
Great God! the rovers who infest thy waves
Have seiz'd our ships, and made our freemen slaves:
And hark! the cries of that disastrous band
Float o'er the main, and reach Columbia's strand—

The wild alarm from ocean spreads around,
And circling echoes propagate the sound,
From smooth Saluda, fed with silver rills,
Up the Blue-Ridge, o'er Alleghanean hills,
To where Niagara tremendous roars,
As o'er white-sheeted rocks his torrent pours;
(The dreadful cataract whole regions shakes
Of boundless woods, and congregated lakes!)
To farthest Kennebeck, adown whose tide
The future ships, unfashion'd, monstrous glide,
On whose rough banks, where stood the savage den,
The axe is heard, and busy hum of men—
But hark! their labours and their accents cease,
A warning voice has interdicted peace;
Has spread through cities, gain'd remotest farms,
And fir'd th' indignant States with new alarms:
The sickly flame in ev'ry bosom burns,
Like gloomy torches in sepulchral urns.

Why sleep'st thou, Barlow, child of genius? why
See'st thou, blest Dwight, our land in sadness lie?
And where is Trumbull, earliest boast of fame?
'Tis yours, ye bards, to wake the smother'd flame—
To you, my dearest friends! the task belongs
To rouse your country with heroic songs;
For me, though glowing with conceptions warm,
I find no equal words to give them form:
Pent in my breast, the madd'ning tempest raves,
Like prison'd fires in Ætna's burning caves;
For me why will no thund'ring numbers roll?
Why, niggard language, dost thou balk my soul?
Come thou sweet feeling of another's woe,
That mak'st the heart to melt, the eye to flow!
Deep-stinging sensibility of wrong,
Aid indignation, and inspire my song!
Teach me curst slav'ry's cruel woes to paint,
Beneath whose weight our captur'd freemen faint!
Teach me in shades of Stygian night to trace,
In characters of hell, the pirate race!
Teach me, prophetic, to disclose their doom—
A new-born nation trampling on their tomb!

What mortal terrors all my senses seize,
Possess my heart, and life's warm current freeze?

Why grow my eyes with thick suffusions dim?
What visionary forms before me swim?
Where am I? Heav'ns! what mean these dol'rous cries?
And what these horrid scenes that round me rise?
Heard ye the groans, those messengers of pain?
Heard ye the clanking of the captive's chain?
Heard ye your free-born sons their fate deplore,
Pale in their chains and lab'ring at the oar?
Saw ye the dungeon, in whose blackest cell,
That house of woe, your friends, your children dwell?
Or saw ye those, who dread the tort'ring hour,
Crush'd by the rigours of a tyrant's pow'r?
Saw ye the shrinking slave, th' uplifted lash,
The frowning butcher, and the redd'ning gash?
Saw ye the fresh blood where it bubbling broke,
From purple scars, beneath the grinding stroke?
Saw ye the naked limbs writh'd to and fro,
In wild contortions of convulsing woe?
Felt ye the blood, with pangs alternate roll'd,
Thrill through your veins and freeze with death-like cold,
Or fire, as down the tear of pity stole,
Your manly breasts, and harrow up the soul!

Some guardian pow'r in mercy intervene,
Hide from my dizzy eyes the cruel scene!
Oh, stop the shricks that tear my tortur'd ear!
Ye visions, vanish! dungeons, disappear!
Ye fetters, burst! ye monsters fierce, avaunt!
Infernal furies on those monsters haunt!
Pursue the foot-steps of that miscreant crew,
Pursue in flames, with hell-born rage pursue!
Shed such dire curses as all utt'rance mock,
Whose plagues astonish and whose horrors shock!
Great maledictions of eternal wrath,
Which, like heav'n's vial'd vengeance, singe and scathe,
Transfix with scorpion stings the callous heart,
Make blood-shot eye-balls from their sockets start!
For balm, pour brimstone in their wounded soul;
Then ope, perdition! and ingulf them whole!

How long will heav'n restrain its bursting ire,
Nor rain blue tempests of devouring fire?
How long shall widows weep their sons in vain,
The prop of years, in slav'ry's iron chain?

How long the love-sick maid, unheeded, rove
The sounding shore, and call her absent love;
With wasting fears and sighs his lot bewail,
And seem to see him in each coming sail?
How long the merchant turn his failing eyes,
In desperation, on the seas and skies,
And ask his captur'd ships, his ravish'd goods,
With frantic ravings, of the heav'ns and floods?

How long, Columbians dear! will ye complain
Of wrongs unpunish'd on the midland main?
In timid sloth shall injur'd brav'ry sleep?
Awake! awake! avengers of the deep!
Revenge! revenge! the voice of nature cries;
Awake to glory, and to vengeance rise!
To arms! to arms! ye bold, indignant bands!
'Tis Heav'n inspires, 'tis God himself commands:
Save human nature from such deadly harms,
By force of reason, or by force of arms.

Oh ye great pow'rs, who passports basely crave
From Afric's lords, to sail the midland wave—
Great fallen pow'rs, whose gems and golden bribes
Buy paltry passports from these savage tribes!
Ye, whose fine purples, silks, and stuffs of gold,
(An annual tribute) their dark limbs infold—
Ye, whose mean policy for them equips,
To plague mankind, the predatory ships—
Why will ye buy your infamy so dear?
Is it self-int'rest, or a dastard fear?
Is it because you meanly think to gain
A richer commerce on the th' infested main?
Is it because you meanly wish to see
Your rivals chain'd, yourselves ignobly free?
Who gave commission to these monsters fierce
To hold in chains the humbled universe?
Would God, would nature, would their conqu'ring swords,
Without your meanness, make them ocean's lords?
What! do ye fear? nor dare their pow'r provoke?
Would not that bubble burst beneath your stroke?
And shall the weak remains of barb'rous rage,
Insulting, triumph o'er th' enlighten'd age?
Do ye not feel confusion, horror, shame,
To bear a hateful, tributary name?

Will ye not aid to wipe the foul disgrace,
And break the fetters from the human race?

Then, though unaided by these mighty pow'rs,
Ours be the toil; the danger, glory ours:
Then, oh my friends! by heav'n ordain'd to free
From tyrant rage, the long-infested sea—
Then let us firm, though solitary, stand,
The sword and olive-branch in either hand:
An equal peace propose with reason's voice,
Or rush to arms, if arms should be their choice.

Stung by their crimes, can aught your vengeance stay?
Can terror daunt you? or can death dismay?
The soul enrag'd, can threats, can tortures tame,
Or the dank dungeon quench th' ethereal flame?
Have ye not once to heav'n's dread throne appeal'd,
And has not heav'n your independence seal'd?
What was the pow'r ye dar'd that time engage,
And brave the terrors of its hostile rage?
Was it not Britain, great in warlike toils,
The first of nations, as the queen of isles?
Britain, whose fleets, that rul'd the briny surge,
Made navies tremble to its utmost verge;
Whose single arm held half the world at odds,
Great nurse of sages, bards and demi-gods!
But what are these, whose threat'nings round you burst?
Of men the dregs, the feeblest, vilest, worst:
These are the pirates from the Barb'ry strand,
Audacious miscreants, fierce, yet feeble band!
Who, impious, dare (no provocation giv'n)
Insult the rights of man—the laws of heav'n!

Wilt thou not rise, oh God, to plead our cause,
Assert thine honour, and defend thy laws!
Wilt thou not bend the highest heav'ns to hear
The pris'ner's cry, and stop the falling tear!
Wilt thou not strike the guilty race with dread,
On impious realms thy tenfold fury shed!
Oh thou Most High, be innocence thy care,
Oh, make thy red right arm of vengeance bare!
Resume, in wrath, the thunders thou hast hurl'd
To blight the tenants of the nether world!

Thou God of hosts, our stedfast councils guide,
Lead forth our arms, and crush the sons of pride!

And could that gallant race, of glorious name,
Whose infant deeds, immortaliz'd by fame,
Fix'd freedom's reign beyond the western waves,
Consent their sons and brothers shall be slaves?
But not for this—in Albion's angry hour
Ye dar'd the vengeance of unfeeling pow'r;
In many a field repell'd the stronger foe,
And rose to greatness from the depth of woe:
But not for this—the flame of freedom ran
From breast to breast, and man electriz'd man;
Your senate walls, with patriot thunders rung,
And "*death or independence*" fir'd each tongue.

But hark, the trump through every region blown,
Sounds from cold Lawrence to the burning zone;
Thy cause, humanity! that swells its breath,
Wakes in each bosom cool contempt of death.
By rumbling drums from distant regions call'd,
Men, scorning pirate rage, start unappall'd:
With eye-balls flaming, cheeks of crimson flush,
From rice-green fields and fir-clad mountains rush
High-mettled youths—unus'd to sights of slain,
Of hostile navies, or the stormy main,
Enrag'd, they leave unfinish'd furrows far,
To dare the deep, and toil in fields of war.
From dreams of peace the sleeping vet'rans wake,
Their rattling arms, with grasp indignant, shake;
Those arms, their pride, their country's gift,* what day
To independence they had op'd the way;
Frowning wide ruin, terrible they rise,
Like battling thunders bursting from the skies.
From Erie's inland vales, unnam'd in song,
In native fierceness pour the hunter throng:
Beneath their rapid march realms roll behind;
Their uncomb'd locks loose floating on the wind:
Coarse their worn garbs—they place their only pride
In the dread rifle, oft in battle tried:
With aim unbalk'd, whose leaden vengeance sings,
Sure as the dart the king of terror flings.

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* At the conclusion of the war, Congress gave to the soldiers of the continental army the arms with which they had defended their country.

So erst, brave Morgan, thy bold hunters sped—
Such light-arm'd youths the gallant Fayette led—
Ere Steuben brought the Prussian lore from far,
Or Knox created all the stores of war.
Through tented fields impetuous ardour spreads—
Rous'd by the trump the coursers rear their heads,
Snuff in the tainted gale the nitrous grain,
Responsive neigh, and prance the wide champaign.

Now glowing feelings kindle nobler rage,
And rouse in freedom's cause the fearless age,
With martial heat each colder bosom warm,
String the tough nerve and brace the brawny arm.
Now preparation forms the gleaming blade,
In moulds capacious pond'rous deaths are made.
In crowded docks th' incessant labour glows—
The tool resounds—the wond'rous structure grows—
Let not th' uplifted arm its toil relax!
Give me the music echoing to the axe;
Chim'd with the caulker's stroke that stops each chink,
While beat in time the hammer'd anvils clink;
As oft the boatswain's call with piping shrill,
And sailors' simple song the pauses fill.
Give me to see the pitchy blazes curl,
The ropes dark rise and canvass white unfurl.
Prop'd on the stocks stupendous war-ships stand,
Raise their huge bulks and darken all the strand;
Till tow'ring fleets, from diff'rent harbours join'd,
Float on the pinions of the fav'ring wind;
Tall groves of masts, like mountain forests, rise,
Wav'd high in air the starry streamer flies:
To prosp'rous gales the canvass wide unfurl'd,
Bears the rous'd vengeance round the wat'ry world.
See ocean whitens with innum'rous sails—
Be still, ye storms! breathe soft, ye friendly gales!
See where Columbia's mighty squadron runs
To climes illum'd by other stars and suns;
Gains the deep strait; ascends the midland wave,
Of ancient fleets th' unfathomable grave!
When freedom's ardent chiefs, with eager eye,
Dim through the mist the corsair force descry;
Whose sails slow rising skirt the distant heav'n,
Like shad'wy vapours of ascending ev'n—

Here shine Columbia's constellated stars,
There growing moons, that guide Barbaric wars.
Th' obstructions clear'd—obliquely on the gales—
With open ports—half furl'd the flapping sails—
Near and more near, athwart the bill'wy tide,
In terrors arm'd, the floating bulwarks glide;
Tier pil'd o'er tier the sleeping thunder lies,
Anon to rend the shudd'ring main and skies.

Ere yet they shut the narrow space between,
Begins the prelude of a bloodier scene—
With sudden touch deep-throated engines roar,
Pierce heav'n's blue vault and dash the waves to shore;
Then madd'ning billows mock the fearful sound,
While o'er their surface globes of iron bound;
Unknown concussions rolling o'er their heads,
Far fly the monsters round their coral beds.

The battle closes—fiercer fights begin—
And hollow hulls reverberate the din:
The green waves blacken as the tempest lours,
Chain-bolts and langrage rain in dreadful show'rs;
Ship dash'd on ship upheaves the flashing flood,
The black sides wrapt in flame, the decks in blood:
From both the lines now smoke, now flames aspire,
Now clouds they roll, now gleam a ridge of fire:
On hostile prows Columbia's heroes stand,
Conqu'ring 'mid death, or dying sword in hand;
Promiscuous cries, with shouts confus'dly drown'd
In the wild uproar, swell the dol'rous sound:
And naught distinct is heard, and naught is seen
Where wreaths of vapour hov'ring intervene;
Save when black grains expand imprison'd air,
The thunder wake and shoot a livid glare;
Then ghastly forms are seen by transient gleams,
The dead and wounded drench'd in purple streams.

Now helmless ships in devious routes are driv'n,
The cordage torn, the masts to atoms riv'n:
Now where they glow with curling waves of fire,
In one explosion total crews expire.
Here barks relinquis'd, burnt to ocean's brink,
Half veil'd in crimson clouds, begin to sink.

With men submerg'd, there frailer fragments float;
Here yawning gulfs absord th' o'erloaded boat:
There red-hot balls, that graze the waters, hiss,
And plunge the gallies down the dread abyss.
Here shatter'd limbs, there garments dipt in blood,
With mingling crimson stain the foughten flood;
While Afric's pirates, shrinking from the day,
By terror urg'd, drag wounded hulks away.

As when two adverse storms, impetuous driv'n
From east and west, sail up the azure heav'n,
In flaming fields of day together run,
Explode their fires and blot with night the sun—
The eastern cloud, its flames expir'd at last,
Flies from the light'ning of the western blast:
So fled the corsair line the blighting stroke
Of freedom's thunder—so their battle broke—
As if by heav'n's own arm subdu'd at length,
Their courage chill'd, and wither'd all their strength.

Oh, then let vict'ry stimulate the chace,
To free from shameful chains the human race;
To drive these pirates from th' insulted waves,
To ope their dungeons to despairing slaves;
To snatch from impious hands, and break the rod
Which erst defac'd the likeness of a God:
Then seize th' occasion, call the furious gales,
Crack bending oars, stretch wide inflated sails;
On rapid wings of wind the tempest bear,
Make death's deep tubes with lurid lightnings glare;
Like evanescent mists dispel their hosts,
And with destruction's besom sweep their coasts!

Woe to proud Algiers; to your princes woe!
Your pride is perish'd with your youths laid low—
Woe to ye people! woe, distress, and fears!
Your hour is come to drink the cup of tears:
A ghastly paleness gathers on your cheeks,
While mem'ry haunts your ears with captive shrieks;
Then stifled conscience wak'ning dares to cry,
" Think on your crimson crimes, despair and die!"—
Then ruin comes, with fire, and sword, and blood,
And men shall ask, " where once your cities stood?"

'Tis done—behold th' uncheery prospects rise,
Unwonted glooms the silent coasts surprize;
The heav'ns with sable clouds are overcast,
And death-like sounds ride on the hollow blast:
The rank grass rustling to the passing gale;
Ev'n now of men the cheerful voices fail:
No busy marts appear, no crowded ports,
No rural dances, and no splendid courts;
In halls, so late with feasts and music crown'd,
No revels sport, nor mirthful cymbals sound.
Fastidious pomp! how are thy pageants fled!
How sleep the haughty in their lowly bed!
Their cultur'd fields to desolation turn'd,
The buildings levell'd and th' enclosures burn'd.
Where the fair garden bloom'd, the thorn succeeds,
'Mid noxious brambles and envenom'd weeds.
O'er fallow plains no vagrant flocks are seen,
To print with tracks or crop the dewy green.
The Plague, where thousands felt his mortal stings,
In vacant air his shafts promiscuous flings;
There walks in darkness, thirsting still for gore,
And raves, unsated, round the desert shore—
The sandy waste, th' immeasurable heath,
Alone are prowl'd by animals of death.
Here tawny lions guard their gory den;
There birds of prey usurp the haunts of men;
Through dreary wilds a mournful echo calls,
From mould'ring tow'rs and desolated walls.
Where the wan light through broken windows gleams,
The fox looks out, the boding raven screams;
While trembling travellers in wild amaze,
On wrecks of state and piles of ruin gaze.

The direful signs which mark the day of doom
Shall scarcely scatter such portentous gloom—
When, rock'd the ground, convuls'd each roaring flood,
The stars shall fall, the sun be turn'd to blood,
The globe itself dissolve in fluid fire,
Time be no more, and man's whole race expire.

Thus hath thy hand, great God! through ev'ry age,
When ripe for ruin, pour'd on man thy rage:
So didst thou erst on Babylon let fall
The plagues thy hand inscrib'd upon the wall;

So didst thou give Sidonia's sons for food,
To cow'ring eagles, drunk with human blood;
Seal in thy wrath imperial Salem's doom,
And sweep her millions to a common tomb.

But let us turn from objects that disgust,
The ghosts of empires and of men accurst:
Turn we from sights that pain the feeling breast,
To where new nations populate the west:
For there, anon, shall new auroras rise,
And, streaming, brighten up th' Atlantic skies;
Back on the solar path, with living ray,
Heav'n's own pure splendours pour a tide of day.

And, lo! successful from heroic toils,
With glory cover'd and enrich'd with spoils;
With garlands waving o'er these spoils of war,
The pomp preceded by th' imperial star;
'Mid shouts of joy from liberated slaves,
In triumph ride th' avengers of the waves.
And see, they gain Columbia's happy strand,
Where anxious crowds in expectation stand.
See raptur'd thousands hail the kindred race,
And court the heroes to their fond embrace:
In fond embraces strain'd the captive clings,
And feels and looks unutterable things.
See there the widow finds her long-lost son,
See in each others' arms the lovers run;
With joy tumultuous their swol'n bosoms glow,
And one short moment pays for years of woe!
While grateful sports and festal songs proclaim,
Their joys domestic, and their distant fame.

Soon shall our sails, in commerce unconfin'd,
Whiten each sea and swell in every wind.
Then should far other pirates rove the main,
To plunder urg'd by sateless lust of gain;
Rise, fathers of our councils! trade protect,
Make warring pow'rs our neutral rights respect;
To vengeance rous'd by many a corsair-crime,
Resume in wrath an attitude sublime;
And make, as far as heav'n's dread thunder rolls,
Our naval thunder shake the sea-girt poles.

Now see what deeds the coming days await,
Ere heav'n shall seal the finish'd book of fate.
Full soon the sons of anarchy will urge
The sister-states to dissolution's verge;
Rending the feeble ties with frantic hand,
No hope of safety for our suff'ring land;
Till Washington, with fed'ral patriots rise,
And draw more close th' indissoluble ties;
To constituted pow'rs new strength afford,
Nor war, nor feuds, nor time shall break the triple cord.*

Far in the west shall freedom's flag be rear'd,
There freedom make her holy voice be heard;
No anarchists enjoy their pop'lar dreams,
Agrarian laws! disorganizing schemes!
No proud aristocrats imperious lour,
Or cringing minions court a despot's pow'r.

Then see strong bulwarks towns Atlantic guard,
O'er wastes, late trackless, wide high-ways prepar'd;
Canals protract th' interminable tide,
While loaded barks through levell'd mountains glide;
To nameless wilds new charms by culture giv'n,
And a new city rise the type of heav'n.

On broad Potowmac's bank then spring to birth,
Thou seat of empire and delight of earth!
Of WASHINGTON *assume the glorious name,*
Immortal pledge of union and of fame!
Hail site sublime! unconscious of thy doom,
Thou future city burst the shapeless gloom,
From long oblivion wake—unrivall'd rise—
And spread thy destin'd beauties to the skies!
Through rows of goodly trees with umbrage fair,
And streams, whose freshness cools the summer air;
From where the Tiber's tide thy margin laves,
To where Potowmac rolls his sea-like waves,
I see thy spacious streets their walks extend,
The domes rise beauteous and the arches bend—
I see thy portals proud, adorn'd with art,
Where thronging nations enter and depart—

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* Alluding to the legislative, executive and judicial powers. A three-fold cord is not easily broken.

Where lifts the CAPITOL its golden spires,
I see Columbia's delegated sires
Intent on high debate—awful!—serene!—
Nor Greece nor Rome beheld an equal scene.
Where the first magistrate of freemen dwells,
In simple state the *noble pile* excels.
Nor less those *courts* a deep attention draw,
Where rest enshrin'd, as oracles of law,
The judges of the land—thence right shall reign,
Nor they the sword of justice bear in vain.
There stands thy fountain, science! early plann'd
To pour a flood of blessings round the land—
Since him who tastes thy salutary wave,
No force or fraud can make in mind a slave.

To our new empire, lo! what crowds repair,
Walk in its light and in its blessings share;
For there th' oppress'd a place of refuge find,
The last asylum for distrest mankind.

Columbia, hail! exult thou happy state!
Large in thy limits, in thy produce great;
The harvests thine that rise by countless rills.
And thine the cattle on ten thousand hills.

Rejoice, Columbia! fair in charms of youth,
Firm in thy trust—th' eternal rock of truth—
Shrink not from trials, nor to suff'rings yield,
The Lord, thy God, will guard thee with his shield—
Of thy high destinies the call attend,
That bids thy *sway* with time and nature end;
Thy splendours grow with each increasing year,
And distant nations guide in freedom's great career.

Forerunners of this period wars shall rise,
And scenes of horror new beneath the skies—
A monster-pow'r usurp the mighty void
Of thrones subverted and of states destroy'd:
The fruitful parent of unnumber'd woes,
Nor less destructive to his friends than foes;
With grasp fraternal when he stops the breath,
Gloomy as night and terrible as death!
No beast more fell, with rage and vengeance swell'd,
Th' Apocalypse in Patmos' isle beheld.

With half a thousand feet he treads down kings,
And strives to soar with five times fifty wings;
Five heads the monster rears with serpent eyes,
And opes his mouths with boasts and blasphemies:
Where'er he moves he blasts the conquer'd land,
And deals destruction with unsparing hand;
Surrounding monarchs paralys'd with awe,
Crouch the weak knee, receive th' unrighteous law:
While Rome's high pontiff from his sev'n hills hurl'd,
In consternation leaves the papal world.

To save Columbia from that monster-pow'r,
Behold how heav'n prepares a shelt'ring tow'r!
As some hoar mound of adamantine rock,
Of mingling elements resists the shock;
What time the storm of angry heav'n is hurl'd,
One sweeping deluge on the wasted world:
So fix'd firm Adams stands—a flint his face—
'Mid floods of wrath a shelter for our race.

Then see, like reptiles in their native dung,
New broods of monsters from the monster sprung;
Voracious revel in their sire's decay,
Suck his heart's blood, and perish[*] with their prey!

From disappointed hope, the baffled plan,
That promis'd bliss with liberty to man;
From tyrant force too strong to be withstood,
Corruption, terror, ruin, fire and blood;
A Pow'r shall rise to bid the Discord cease,
And join all nations in the leagues of Peace.

To cure the pangs that nerve-torne nations feel,
A bleeding world with better balm to heal;
Come, emanation from the King of Kings,
Religion! come, with healing on thy wings!
O'er wilds of western waves ascend our strand,
Send forth thy saving virtues round our land!
Remit thy influence mild through every clime!
Wide as existence, durable as time,

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[*] This prediction was written and seen by a number of the author's friends long before the first deportation and changes of the French Directory.

Make earth's far corners feel thy sacred flame,
And man adore th' UNUTTERABLE NAME!

Then happier days, by hallow'd bards foretold,
Shall far surpass the fabled age of gold;
The human mind its noblest pow'rs display,
And knowledge, rising to meridian day,
Shine like the lib'ral sun; th' illumin'd youths
By fair discussion find immortal truths.

Why turns th' horizon red? the dawn is near:
Infants of light, ye harbingers appear;
With ten-fold brightness gild the happier age,
And light the actors o'er a broader stage!
This drama closing—ere th' approaching end,
See heav'n's perennial year to earth descend.
Then wake, Columbians! fav'rites of the skies,
Awake to glory, and to rapture rise!
Behold the dawn of your ascending fame
Illume the nations with a purer flame;
Progressive splendours spread o'er ev'ry clime!
Then wrapt in visions of unfolding time,
Pierce midnight clouds that hide his dark abyss,
And see, in embryo, scenes of future bliss!
See days, and months, and years, there roll in night,
While age succeeding age ascends to light;
Till your blest offspring, countless as the stars,
In open ocean quench the torch of wars:
With God-like aim, in one firm union bind
The common good and int'rest of mankind;
Unbar the gates of commerce for their race,
And build the gen'ral peace on freedom's broadest base.

REMARKS

ON THE WAR BETWEEN THE

UNITED STATES

AND

TRIPOLI.

REMARKS, &c.

It is not unknown to many of the citizens of the United States, that the inadmissable demands and unprovoked aggressions of the Bashaw of Tripoli have forced us into a war. From the menaces of the Emperor of Morocco, a few months ago, notwithstanding any temporary accommodation which has since taken place, it is probable that he will, at no very distant day, be added to the number of our enemies. Nor would it be surprising that the other two powers of Barbary should ultimately make a common cause against us. Should we be provoked by their piracies, what will remain for us but to prosecute, on a larger scale, the plan of defence which has at length been adopted?

The policy of protecting our commerce by a national marine has ever been considered by me as a necessary part of the system on which our public prosperity essentially depends. If any of my writings, in an official or private capacity, in poetry or prose, have tended to promote its adoption, I shall receive a complete compensation for all the tedious correspondences, dangerous voyages, and troublesome negociations, in which I was for many years engaged, in consequence of the real and apprehended hostilities and depredations of some of the states of Barbary. While I was charged with full powers to negociate with all of them, I never ceased to give it as my opinion to my government, that the employment of a sufficient marine force would be the cheapest and most effectual mode of procuring and maintaining peace. For a long time the want of resources, and afterwards the destination of our few armed vessels to cover our navigation from other spoliations, prevented our executive from affording the much needed protection to our Mediterranean trade.

To avoid introducing any thing irrelevant, I shall omit to mention many particulars concerning my ministry, during the protracted and distressing period in which a considerable number of our countrymen were detained in slavery at Algiers. Such of them as are still living will, I am confident, bear testimony to the zeal with which I attempted to promote the public cause, and, at the same time, to put a period to their individual suffering. I assume no claim to merit for thus doing what was not immediately within the limits of my duty as a minister at a particular court; but I may, perhaps, be permitted to indulge the gratification which is derived from a consciousness of having cheerfully, faithfully, and disinterestedly executed that trust. If the inconveniences of many voyages, and especially the perils of a winter passage across the western ocean, and of being driven repeatedly from the American coast, after having been long at sea, in a leaky ship, with a debilitated crew, contributed to hasten the release of our brave countrymen, not from ideal and figurative, but real and galling chains, it was enough. At last the day of their redemption arrived. Treaties of amity were finally concluded with all the Barbary states, by agents under my direction. New outrages were, however, again meditated by one of them, as thus announced in my communications[*] to the Secretary of State. "This letter is particularly intended to transmit to government the circular letter received this day from our Consul at Tripoli, announcing the imminent danger of an immediate rupture with that regency. While I refer this communication to your attention, I cannot but anticipate, from the various representations heretofore made by our Consuls in Barbary, that adequate measures will already have been taken to avert the blow." On another occasion[†] these words were used: "I think I cannot display too much eagerness in communicating to you, by different conveyances, the news this moment received by me from Algiers. I hasten then to transmit copies of Consul O'Brien's letters to the 6th instant, which came to me through the department of the first minister of State of his Catholic Majesty. From the last of these letters you will learn that the Bey of Tripoli, having refused the mediation of Algiers, the presents sent from thence, and the bills of Consul Cathcart, was determined upon war against the United States, and was sending his cruizers to sea accordingly. It is devoutly to be wished that he may soon have reason to repent this wicked and rash proceeding at his leisure. As it is a considerable time since Consul Cathcart (whom I consider a very faithful and vigilant public officer) took the wise precaution of giving extensive advice of the great probability of this event, I cannot but hope that our unarmed merchant vessels will not be exposed to the hazard of falling into the possession of these pirates, but that they will rather be retained in port (however inconvenient or expensive it may be) until they can be protected by armed vessels of the United States adequate to the purpose.

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[*] See the letter dated Madrid, February 6, 1801.

[†] Letter to the Secretary of State, dated Madrid, April 14, 1801.

"On the policy of repelling force by force, and of blocking the ports of this aggressor, I can add little to the motives which I have already had the honour to offer. I may, however, just be allowed to say, that the circumstances seem more than at any former time to reduce us to the alternative of having a few frigates and light armed vessels in the Mediterranean, or of relinquishing our trade in it. To be at war with one of the Barbary powers subjects our commerce to nearly the same risk as to be at war with all of them. To chastise that haughty, but contemptible power which now dares first to insult us by its aggression, would serve not only as a salutary example to the other piratical states, but it would produce an almost incalculable effect in elevating our national character in the estimation of all Europe. National character and public opinion are far from being unimportant objects, and more particularly as they respect a rising people. The manliness of this conduct of nobly defending our commerce from piracy, so different from that which has been pursued by all the civilized nations towards these barbarians, would raise the reputation of our nascent marine in our own judgment, at the same time that it would strike with astonishment those who, for a succession of ages, have submitted to the most humiliating indignities wantonly inflicted on them by a handful of banditti; and you may rest assured that it would form, as it were, a new æra in the naval history of mankind."

Not long afterwards I continued my official correspondence* in conveying to the Secretary of State the subsequent information: "I have this day received advice from the Consul of the United States at Genoa, to the following effect: 'I have now further to inform, that by advice given to Commodore Tornquist, from the Swedish Consul, at Tunis, of the 24th March, communicated to Consul Appleton, at Leghorn, *the Bashaw of Tripoli did actually declare war against the United States of America* on the 26th of February; and several privateers sailed from Tripoli early in March, to cruize against the Americans.'

"I trust a squadron will ere this be in the Streights, to show these barbarians what the Americans are, and can do. Interim, I think it incumbent on me to embargo all Americans in this port, to prevent our fellow citizens from falling into captivity, unless the vessels are strongly armed, and in every way able to repel the attacks of those ruffians." I proceed to say—"I have also this day received a letter from Consul Willis, at Barcelona, under date of the 2d instant, informing me that there are twenty-two American vessels detained in that port, on account of the danger apprehended from the corsairs of Tripoli. He had before written to me that he should recommend to the masters of American vessels to remain in port until they could be protected by a convoy. The government will perceive the choice of evils to which our citizens concerned in trade to the Mediterranean are reduced, and will doubtless occupy its attention on the means of averting them."

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* In a letter dated Madrid, May 8, 1801.

The agreeable intelligence of the arrival of a few of our national frigates, with one armed schooner, to protect the trade in the Mediterranean, and the reflections occasioned by it, were thus expressed*—"Since the date of my last dispatch to you, I have received a letter from Commodore Dale, dated in Gibraltar Bay, the 2d instant, giving an account of the arrival of the squadron under his command; of his having found there the High Admiral of Tripoli, with one ship and one brig; and of his own design to sail for Algiers the next day, leaving one of his frigates to watch the motions of *those vessels of Tripoli.* Nothing could have been more opportune for the protection of our commerce, than the arrival of this force, to prevent *them* from proceeding into the western ocean, where, in a few days cruize between Cadiz and Lisbon, they might, in all human probability, have produced the most disastrous consequences, by capturing the property of our merchants to an amazing amount, and making slaves of a great number of our citizens.

"By the same courier who brought the before mentioned letter from Commodore Dale, I received a packet from Consul O'Brien, expedited from Algiers the 24th of last month, containing also a letter for yourself, which will be transmitted herewith. Notwithstanding he mentions the report that some of our merchant vessels had been taken by the corsairs of Tripoli, yet, from the circumstance of his having received no recent communications from the other Barbary states, from that of there having been no information of such a disaster sent to me by any of our Consuls in Italy or Spain, and, above all, from the very early knowledge of the danger which had been spread in every port of the Mediterranean, so that our seafaring citizens could not have been ignorant of it, I cannot but hope the report is unfounded. Fortunate, indeed, will it be for us, if our Mediterranean *trade* should escape the threatened peril, with only the damage it must suffer from having been interrupted for a short period; as I flatter myself that whatever might have been the idea at the time of the sailing of Commodore Dale's squadron from America, that

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* In the letter to the Secretary of State, dated Madrid, July 27, 1801.

trade will never again be left in the same exposed situation. Knowing, as I do, that the great and increasing value of *it*, in all points of estimation, is fully appreciated by government, I shall only remark that the Dutch, in common with most of the belligerent powers, having lost their carrying trade, the Danes and Swedes having had their activity paralysed by the stroke lately given by England to their navigation, and the Hanseatic towns and Prussians having no vessels in the Mediterranean, on account of their being at war with the Barbary States, no occasion could be more favourable than the present for the encouragement of the American spirit of industry and enterprize in that quarter."

The unexpected appearance of a squadron from the new world in the Mediterranean, and the consequent decided measures of declaring the port of Tripoli blockaded, and, as far as possible, carrying that declaration into effect, astonished the regencies of Barbary at our promptitude and boldness. The intelligence of these proceedings was not only received with approbation and applause by the nations of Europe, but operated powerfully in placing the character of the United States in a more advantageous point of view than it had ever before been contemplated. The progress of our little marine in protecting our commerce, was thus communicated* to the American Secretary of State.

" From Tunis and Leghorn I learn Commodore Dale had published a notification, purporting ' that the Bashaw of Tripoli having declared war against the United States, the port of Tripoli was blockaded by an armed force of the said States, and that all vessels attempting to enter the same would be treated according to the laws of nations.' This is the first instance (within my recollection, during my residence in Europe) of any of the ports of the Barbary powers being put in a state of blockade, notwithstanding their multiplied piratical aggressions against the Christian nations. I cannot but flatter myself it will produce the happiest consequences, by being a commencement of the verification of the prediction which I made in print more than fifteen years ago, when not a single armed vessel, public or private, was owned in the United States, that the time would come when the United States would be the authors of the system for exterminating the piracies, for so long a time committed with impunity by the Barbary powers." In the postscript to the same communication, it was added—" I have received letters from the Captains of the frigates of the United States the Philadelphia and Essex, by the last post from Malaga; and I find by other accounts, that they sailed from thence on the 12th instant, to join Commodore Dale before Tripoli. The declaration of the blockade of that port by an American naval force has made no inconsiderable sensation in Europe.

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* In a letter dated Madrid, September 10, 1801.

" Captain Baron, of the Philadelphia, will doubtless have informed the Secretary of the Navy, that, in consequence of his vigilance in watching the two armed vessels of Tripoli at Gibraltar, the High Admiral has been obliged to dismantle and abandon those vessels.

" The Consul of the United States at Gibraltar writes to me that the timely arrival of the squadron under the orders of Commodore Dale, has prevented at least twenty-five merchant ships, belonging to citizens of the United States, with rich cargoes, from falling into the possession of those pirates. I forward to you herewith, a letter from Capt. O'Brien to me, dated at Algiers the 5th of this month, in which he gives a report of an action between the American schooner Enterprize and a corsair of Tripoli." The gallant conduct of Capt. Sterrit and his ship's company in that engagement is too well known, and has been too highly honoured by government to require repetition or commendation on this occasion.

While these transactions were performing, while it was doubtful whether the King of Sweden would ratify the treaty which had been negociated by his agent with the Bashaw of Tripoli, and while his Majesty's marine could lend us no assistance (at that moment) by its co-operation, I offered the Chevalier Adlerberg, then Swedish Charge des Affaires at Madrid, to engage the American squadron in the Mediterranean to furnish all possible protection to the commerce of that nation, in case of the renewal of hostilities. These overtures were gratefully accepted, and afterwards happily reciprocated, and became the basis of making joint cause, and affording mutual convoy, as is actually the case.

It will not be improper, in this place, to say, the ancient maritime nations of Europe have looked with admiration on our hardy and successful commencement of a systematic defence of our navigation against piratical attacks. And the friends of humanity, of all denominations, will undoubtedly be gratified by being informed, that the three great naval powers most interested in the trade of the Mediterranean, viz. England, France, and Spain, have given frequent and unequivocal proofs of their friendly dispositions towards the United States, in the course of their attempts to carry into execution the before-mentioned plan of protecting their navigation by an armed force.

Although it will be perceived that the dissertation in prose, "on the necessity of maintaining a navy in the United States," which follows, was composed previous to the general peace in Europe, and before any of our national vessels had been sent to the Mediterranean; yet it is deemed expedient to have it printed precisely as it was written. For it is sincerely to be desired, that no change of circumstances may lightly produce a change in the measures which have been so properly employed to vindicate our rights as a nation, and to bring those pirates to reason.

It must be taken into the calculation of every man who is acquainted with human nature, that variety of sentiments will always be found in free nations. But in whatever manner the different parties in the United States may differ in opinion on other questions, it is to be hoped and expected, that perfect harmony will prevail on this subject; and that every real friend to our public felicity and national honour will concur in encouraging the hearts, and strengthening the hands of those who may be instruments of Providence in rescuing us from the infamy to which so many nations have, for so long a period, submitted.

Since my writing the preceding, the public papers have given us to understand, that our Executive has received an official account of the capture of the brig Franklin, of Philadelphia, by a corsair of Tripoli. Americans of the United States, your fellow citizens are in fetters! Can there be but one feeling? Where are the gallant remnants of the race who fought for freedom? Where the glorious heirs of their patriotism? Will there never be a truce between political parties? Or must it for ever be the fate of free States, that the soft voice of union should be drowned in the hoarse clamour of discord? No. Let every friend of blessed humanity and sacred freedom entertain a better hope and confidence.

New-Haven, Nov. 1, 1802.

THOUGHTS

ON THE NECESSITY OF MAINTAINING

A NAVY

IN THE

UNITED STATES

OF

AMERICA.

ADDRESSED TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

THOUGHTS, &c.

THE wealth and resources of a nation flow from an uninterrupted and lucrative commerce, as naturally as streams from an abundant and never-failing fountain. The persevering policy by which England has acquired incalculable riches, and risen to unrivalled greatness on the ocean, by means of a protected commerce, is so well known as scarcely to require illustration or comment. It is true, its insular situation, and some accidental circumstances have contributed, in a certain degree, to draw, if the allusion may be allowed, the universal trade of mankind into that overflowing vortex. The false policy of France in particular, during the greater part of her eventful revolution, in organising a system of vexation and plunder, faithfully carried into execution by her privateers, has served to enrich her rival in a manner before unknown, and in the same proportion that it has tended to impoverish the neutral nations, by diminishing their *navigation*, while *that* of all the powers engaged in the war against England has been reduced still nearer to nothing. But it is not necessary, on this occasion, to discuss the subject of the rise, progress, decline or present state of the commerce of the once great maritime powers of Europe. Our nation's *interest* has a more immediate claim upon our attention; and it is intended to attempt to demonstrate that *this interest* would be essentially promoted by a NAVY.

Notwithstanding the heavy losses which we have sustained from the ravages committed on our property at sea during the present European war, our progress in improvements of almost every sort, since the adoption of our general government, warrants the conclusion, that many years will not elapse before the United States must be classed among the powers of the earth which are the most distinguished for national importance as well as for public felicity. How far these blessings are connected with, and may be hastened by our highly favourable situation for trade, remains to be ascertained. We may begin with inquiring whether our people do not appear to possess as much activity and enterprize, united with as strong talents for exercising this profession with profit to themselves and benefit to the community, as the inhabitants of any country in the world? And next we may ask, what other country affords greater physical advantages for commerce than the United States? What other quarter of the globe furnishes an equal abundance of waters, in its innumerable rivers and vast lakes, for inland navigation? In what nation, not superior in population to ours, has interior navigation been so rapidly and so extensively improved, by removing obstructions or opening canals? At the close of our revolutionary war, it was imagined by the best informed men in America, that several centuries must pass away before the navigation of our principal rivers could be opened through the mountains, in such a manner as to traverse the immeasurable regions of the midland country. Gen. Washington, considering the magnitude of the undertaking, the scarcity of money, and the want of hands, was almost of the same opinion. But that benefactor of the new world knew that nothing is impossible to industry, aided by the strength of patriotism, and conducted by the perseverance of system. He thought that no evil could result from making the experiment even in our own time, and that if it failed of success in one age, it would succeed in another. The work was undertaken and accomplished by him, ere we, as a nation (to use the figure of a renowned orator), had changed the grizzle of infancy into the bone of manhood. The MAN who recommended the scheme, planned the work, and undertook the superintendence of its execution, lived long enough to see the navigation of the Potowmac completed. This successful example gave rise to many other undertakings of a similar nature, which have likewise been attended with success. Such a commencement justly astonishes mankind. Nor less do the improvements for facilitating land-carriage, by the construction of excellent roads and commodious bridges, exceed every thing of the kind which the world has ever witnessed in a country so lately settled. Such communications are now opened by land and by water through every part of the country, that the market is in a manner carried to every man's door: insomuch that commerce not only causes our sea-ports and cities to flourish, but it diffuses, in its vivifying course, competence and comfort to the remotest scenes of rural life. Without a market, what would give a value to the surplus of the farmer's produce beyond what was wanted for the mere subsistence of his family? Without a market, what would soon be seen but that apathy, negligence and sloth, which degrade the listless peasants in some countries, almost to the level with the improvident brutes? A ready market is to an agricultural people what the genial sun is to a prolific soil. By both the cold clods are warmed into vegetation, industry is encouraged and rewarded, and the deadly chills of poverty are driven far from the cheerful dwellings of men. Behold the edifying spectacle of the mutual benefits conferred on civil societies, in the friendly interchange of the fruits of human industry, by means of a commercial intercourse of one nation with another! Wheresoever commerce is prosecuted, the farmer, the artificer and the sailor are mutually employed and benefited by labouring for each other. In the lately uncultivated deserts of America, the labour of a single farmer now obtains sufficient produce from the earth to feed several artificers in the workshops of Europe, or several seamen on board the vessels occupied in bartering their different commodities. For it is in this way that the farmer receives, in exchange for the crude fruits of his labours, all the conveniences and even many of the delicacies of polished life. And he has still an advantage over the mechanic and mariner, by adding the profit of his land to that of his labour. Nor is his advantage terminated with the moment, for "his incomes exceed his outgoes," and he hoards up for the decline of his days, and for the establishment of his posterity at ease after his death, no contemptible portion of those precious metals which are the representatives of property in all the civilized countries of the world.

That we may the more readily comprehend the probable extent of our future carrying-trade, it will not be indiscreet to take into consideration the following circumstances. Since much less grain is now raised, and much more bread now consumed in many countries than heretofore, it would not be surprizing that the United States should become, at no very remote period, in a great measure the granary for those countries. Encouragement for carrying our own produce to market, in our own vessels, is then an object of increasing magnitude. The wise provision in our Constitution for preventing any impost being laid on exports, incontestably proves what encouragement to industry, and what wealth to individuals, were expected to result from the removal of every possible impediment to our exportation. And, happily for us, that expectation has not been disappointed; but the increase has far surpassed every calculation.

Nor, in a public point of view, is commerce of less consequence to the community. No truth is more clear than that commerce, by means of duties and tonnages, is the chief source of revenue for the United States. It furnishes us with the major part of the money necessary for supporting our government and for defending our country. Protect it, and, in return, it will continue to protect you. Does there exist a man who requires to be informed, that unless the safety of our navigation can be insured, our commerce must run the risk of being ruined; and that, if our commerce should be ruined, one of the principal sources of national industry and public revenue would, at the same moment, cease to exist? In effect, without a navy we must, at least for a time, relinquish the exercise of our right of carrying our own produce to market; or we must patiently submit to every species of injury, insult, and outrage.

It is not then a subject of wonder, that every intelligent government and nation should bestow much attention in discovering and making use of the best measures for extending and protecting their navigation and commerce. The French government has lately said, " the French people wills a navy, and wills it with energy." It is evident the American people wishes for one, since the voice of the government, which must be in consonance with that of its constituents, has pronounced the expediency of such an establishment. At length it has permitted our merchants to arm their vessels for their own defence; and after adopting a system for further defending our commerce by a national marine, and providing materials and places for ship-building, the work has been commenced, and several armed vessels have already been constructed. As riches shall increase, and exigences require, the means of augmenting our fleets will be more obvious and more within our reach. The extent to which the establishment ought to be carried, in the first instance, appears to be the only question with Congress, and will doubtless be decided upon a full and impartial consideration of local circumstances, present population, increasing numbers, actual revenues, growing resources, and foreign relations, in connection with the use to which it is immediately to be applied: For, on the one side, we should not be so selfish as to confine our political views to the present age alone; nor, on the other, is it a duty incumbent upon us, to attempt to bear a burden beyond our strength, or to contract an unnecessary debt, for the sake of posterity. Protection is our avowed object, and malevolence dares not accuse us of having any secret or ulterior design. It is our true interest to cultivate the arts of peace, and to improve the means for public and individual felicity, which heaven has so liberally granted to us. We have given too many proofs of an acquaintance with this our true interest, to be charged with being actuated by motives of mere ambition and aggrandisement. Although we are inoffensive to others, yet we ought not to be heedless of happiness for ourselves. To foresee at a distance disastrous events, which are inevitable in themselves, and to take precautions in time for averting the evils which would otherwise have followed, are alike indicative of wisdom in governments as in individuals.

The system of a fair neutrality, adopted by the United States at the beginning of the present European war, notwithstanding it was subject to the obloquy of some persons at the moment, yet it will probably be the topic of applause as long as the history of this important period shall be known to posterity. The embarrassing circumstances which attended our neutrality, while each of the belligerent powers endeavoured alternatively to force us into the war, prevented our government from devising any plan for the protection of our trade so soon as could have been desired. But this delay did not originate from want of foresight or from want of patriotism. It was occasioned by a laudable delicacy in principle, carried perhaps too far in practice, to avoid furnishing even a shadow of pretext to any of the belligerent powers for precipitating us into hostility. If we are obnoxious to any reproach, it is for having manifested too much patience in suffering wrongs, and too much slowness in arming for the vindication of our rights. But we now experience the advantage of this conduct, in finding more unanimity at home, from a conviction in all classes of people, that we could not have supinely endured those spoliations any longer without having been reduced to the last degree of national degradation; as well as from an opinion spread abroad, that our long forbearance was by no means the effect of fear, and that the measures to which we were finally constrained to resort for the protection of our trade, have been crowned with uncommon success. The resort to these measures has likewise discovered resources almost unknown to ourselves, and entirely unexpected by the rest of mankind. In fine, the firm and dignified position which our government assumed, in refusing to comply with the demand of the late French government for purchasing a shameful peace with money, and in displaying the resolution of repelling by force of arms every future aggression from any nation whatsoever, have justly elevated our national character in the judgment of the world. And the more especially, because these events took place at the very time when several once respectable powers had prostrated themselves, in mean submission, at the feet of the Directory.

Taking it for granted, that the good policy of permitting our merchants to arm their private vessels for their own defence, and of sending to sea a number of public armed vessels to co-operate in compelling a due respect for our flag, is now generally acknowledged; it may not, however, be improper to offer a few further reflections on the expediency of prosecuting the same system. When a reasonable and enlightened people, like the citizens of the United States, perceive the wisdom and advantage of any important public measure, there can be no doubt they will exert themselves to the utmost of their abilities to carry it into execution. No querulous inquiry, in regard to the expense, would then be made, with an intention of defeating or retarding the oporation of the measure. As for example; in the present case it would rather be inquired, how far the property taken from us by the French armed vessels, in addition to that taken from us by the armed vessels of other nations during this abominable war, would have sufficed for providing a maritime force for the protection of our trade? Whether we are not still in danger of suffering similar or greater losses, if we shall decline to furnish the means for defraying the expenses of prosecuting the defensive system? And, finally, whether the opinion once strongly impressed on the different maritime powers of Europe, that we are determined, at every hazard, to defend our property when lawfully navigated on the ocean, will not more than probably prevent us from being plunged into war by any of them? If the observation, in its general application, be true, " that to be prepared for war is the way to prevent it," certainly it cannot be less applicable to ourselves on the present occasion, since the rapid increase of our population, resources and political importance are not unknown to any of the naval nations of Europe. Most of them having valuable colonies in our neighbourhood, and some of them carrying on a rich commerce, which must pass, as it were, before our doors, would naturally feel no small apprehension, that in case of their attacking us, both colonies and commerce might be liable to severe retaliation. But should all these considerations prove insufficient for removing the objection which some few persons may still make to the expense, it must be remembered that, if we are desirous of continuing a trade with other countries, in which we are to be the carriers of our own produce, or, in other words, if we are determined (as it is presumed we are) to afford the greatest practicable encouragement to our agriculture, by giving a facility to the exportation of our own produce, no option is left for us—the system of defence is indispensably necessary. In an adherence to this system the interests of the merchant and the farmer are equally concerned. And with it are connected the continuance of industry, the increase of revenue, and, in general, the prosperity of the state.

In order that the facility of maintaining a marine establishment, adequate to all the purposes of protection, without over-burdening ourselves with the expenses, may be the more easily perceived, it will be well to consider that our principal fiscal resources may be appropriated to this service without detriment to any other. We have frequently occasion to congratulate ourselves upon being separated from the other quarters of the globe by the ocean: the difficulty of crossing the Atlantic with a sufficient force would make it appear little short of madness in any nation of Europe to meditate the conquest of our country. Our local situation, cutting us off by water from all the other parts of the world, happily exempts us from the burden of maintaining large standing armies in time of peace. A well-organized militia, and a few regular regiments,* will always be sufficient for our ordinary defence upon the land. Powerful standing armies, in time of peace, have often and justly excited patriotic jealousies. But the most jealous republicans cannot apprehend any danger to the public liberty from the establishment and maintenance of a navy. A defence on the water is therefore our most natural, most necessary, and most efficacious defence. And the chief expenditure for the national protection being confined to this single object, it is rationally to be presumed that, after a little time, no extraordinary exertion will be necessary for furnishing ample supplies for this service. To prevent it from ever becoming burdensome, we ought, as far as the circumstances will allow, to begin and persevere in an œconomical administration of the department. The Romans had a saying, "that it is right to learn from an enemy." In naval œconomy we received useful instruction from England during our revolutionary war. And in peace shall we be less proud of profiting by English experience? No other nation is now so capable of giving lessons in maritime affairs, for no other nation has had such opportunities of acquiring practical knowledge for maintaining and conducting naval armaments. The victories gained by the English fleets have proved that those opportunities were not offered in vain. In no other article, perhaps, do the inhabitants of united America so clearly demonstrate their descent as in their aptitude for a sea-faring life. We possess artificers and mariners equally skilled in their professions with those who exist at present in England, together with more of the materials requisite for building, equipping and supporting a marine. If, in imitation of the English Admiralty, we shall keep the *circulating medium* expended on this department, in our own country as much as possible, and pay the crews of our ships only in our own ports, we may be well assured that the money applied to this service will be principally retained at home, promote the activity of business in circulating from hand to hand, and, at least, a proportion of it return again into the public treasury. This ROTINE seems, in truth, one of the most notable secrets of the British government, for continually finding *specie sufficient* to defray the enormous disbursements for their naval establishment. Let us take their naval arrangements for our model in whatever is worthy of imitation.

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* Institutions for propagating military knowledge are also extremely necessary.

On the always delicate subject of manning a navy, it is intended merely to offer a few hints, which will be accepted or rejected by those whose duty shall call them to decide on the whole arrangement of our marine establishment, according as the project proposed shall be just or unjust, convenient or inconvenient, reasonable or unreasonable. In many nations the mode of almost indiscriminate impression has been practised. In some an auxiliary corps has been established; in others the number of men wanted has sometimes been proportioned to the parishes. It would, doubtless, every where be desirable to obtain a full complement of volunteers. This may be effected without any inconvenience for the moment. But in America, where wages are higher than they are in any other country in the world, this may perhaps be attended with difficulty, delay, and even danger to the commonwealth, on some extraordinary emergency. Let us see then, before such an emergency can happen, what could be done by resorting to a MARITIME CONSCRIPTION. In wishing to avoid the serious and great evils which have occurred and do occur, in procuring men for the naval service in most if not all other nations, it has already been respectfully submitted to the consideration of some of the most distinguished public characters in the United States, whether a kind of NAVAL MILITIA might not be established for manning our vessels of war? Whether, for that purpose, the seamen ought not to be enregistered throughout the different States? And whether each State should not be required to furnish its quota when necessary? These propositions were founded upon the generally received doctrine, that every man who enjoys the protection of government owes a certain proportion of his personal service to the defence of himself and his fellow citizens, in the way most suitable to his profession. And shall seamen, who have certainly not less occasion for the protection of their government than any other class of citizens, be exempted from this obligation? Might not the law be so modified with respect to its execution, as well as in regard to the service, as not to be eluded on the one hand, or oppressive to a most useful body of men on the other? This project is now for the first time publicly suggested,* without its being thought necessary to enter into the detail of it. If the project be unjust, inexpedient, or impracticable, it will be left in oblivion; if otherwise, whatever modifications may be essential for the better adapting it to circumstances, and putting it in practice, will, of course, present themselves in the discussion of it. By a protected commerce, and profitable fishery, the nursery of seamen will be constantly augmented. Nations destitute of these advantages can never create and sustain a national marine but by driving men from their proper element, and, if the expression may be permitted, maintaining a constant struggle with nature itself. We possess these advantages in an extraordinary degree. And even with these, no means ought to be omitted to render the profession still more *alluring* by good regulations, *honourable* by public encouragements, and *lucrative* by liberal pay in time of peace, and the distribution of prize-money and other rewards in time of war. It may then be reasonably expected that the bias of a people whose genius inclines, and whose capacity fits them peculiarly for the sea service, will contribute much towards manning our navy. In the mean time, the glory of our flag should be the burden of many an enlivening song, and the theme of many an animated oration. It is by such means that the predilection for a sea-faring life should be confirmed in those who are already capable of serving their country in this department; and that our children should be taught from the very cradle to believe there is a fairer chance for advancing their fortunes in that mode of life than in almost any other.

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* At least in the United States, or, to the knowledge of the writer, at present in any other country.

It need not be insisted upon, because it is a truth notorious to all those who will be in a condition to judge of the propriety or utility of these remarks, that our commerce in the Mediterranean is becoming every day more extensive and more profitable. It is equally unnecessary to add, that the danger of its being interrupted will of course hold some proportion to its increasing value and defenceless situation: for who has not heard of the insatiable cupidity of the Barbary regencies, or of the frivolous pretences they frequently find to declare war solely for the purpose of obtaining plunder? Their avarice is like the thirst of a burning fever—it can never be satisfied—the more it receives, the more it craves—and it will for ever cry, "not enough." Although a peace has been concluded with all the powers, yet no person in his sober senses, who is acquainted with their usual practices, will calculate upon its long duration. By force of presents and douceurs, they may be restrained from depredations for a little time; but tempted as they are by the prospect of booty, and invited by the want of protection, is it possible we should continue that navigation (if it shall remain unprotected) without becoming, at one period or another, the dupes of our credulity, and the victims of their perfidy? But if the jealous policy of some other nations shall be taken into the account, we may fairly calculate that the period will be considerably accelerated. Thence it is conceived to be more expedient, and even more necessary, to keep a small naval force in the Mediterranean than in any other sea, in order that we may shun the afflicting consequences which would probably follow, from a sudden rupture with either of those powers—an event so much to be expected, that it will be next to a miracle if it should not happen within the course of a few years. If either of those powers should suddenly declare war against us, the value of the property which would fall into their hands, and the expense of redeeming our citizens from slavery, would probably amount to a greater sum of money than would have maintained a naval force on that station powerful enough to have prevented the catastrophe; for a few strong frigates, together with a few fast sailing smaller armed vessels, would be sufficient for the purpose.

A combination formed between the United States and some of the maritime powers of the second order (whose interest is generally the same as ours, to resist the spoliations of the free-booters of all regions and religions), such as Sweden, Denmark, Portugal, &c. would afford the means of extirpating piracy in a short time, and at a small expense. The frequent interruption and great detriment which the commerce of Sweden and Denmark has recently suffered would, in all probability, induce them to accept such a proposal with not less sincerity than eagerness.

The Portuguese government has, for several years past, been in the habit of keeping an armed force constantly afloat at the entrance of the Mediterranean. That government has thereby completely blocked all the corsairs of the Barbary states within that sea; and it has trained, in rotation, a respectable number of seamen to active service on board its ships of war. This measure seemed the more necessary in a nation, once the most enterprizing and skilful in maritime affairs of any in the world, for the purpose of preventing the remains of that enterprize and that skill from being lost. It has accordingly met with merited success, and that marine is at present far from being in a despicable state. This is not, however, mentioned particularly as a motive to operate with the people of the United States, who are, perhaps, behind no other people in a propensity for, or experience in, the nautical art.* But should the disasters before intimated ever happen for want of suitable precautions, it cannot be said hereafter, " what a misfortune it is for us that these things had not been foreseen and foretold." Ye are forewarned—be ye forearmed—and let preparation supersede the necessity of repentance!

The writer will only add, it is time the ocean should be made what heaven intended it, an open highway for all mankind.

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* This refers, in a special manner, to the merchant-service, cod-fishery, and whaling.

A

POEM

ON THE

INDUSTRY

OF THE

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

WRITTEN IN LISBON

WHEN THE

AUTHOR WAS MINISTER AT THAT COURT.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCE REGENT OF PORTUGAL.

SIRE,

IN the long conflict which terminated by severing the ties that attached the ancient colonies, now the United States of America, to the mother country, Great-Britain, the Portuguese government, equitable in its policy to the former, and faithful to its alliance with the latter, could only have been expected to preserve a strict neutrality. Some time after the conclusion of that war, it was my destiny to have been employed on a public mission to her most Faithful Majesty, for the purpose of cementing and consolidating the friendship of our two governments and nations. Commercial and friendly relations, I will dare to say mutually beneficial, of an enlarged and valuable nature were formed. To have been the the first Minister from the United States of America to Portugal; to have been instrumental in opening an extensively advantageous intercourse between the inhabitants of the two countries; to have never been involved in any unpleasant discussion; and to have enjoyed the uninterrupted favour of the Royal Family of Braganza, when accredited as a diplomatic agent near its chief for more than seven years, are circumstances which will continue to be remembered, with conscious pleasure, to the latest period of my life. And never shall I hesitate to acknowledge, with manly gratitude, the liberal and amicable conduct of the cabinet of Lisbon towards the United States as a nation, and myself as their representative. Nor ought my acknowledgments to be expressed with less deference or cordiality for the distinguished treatment which I experienced in the particular audience recently accorded by the Prince Regent of Portugal to me, in my private character, when he signified his great satisfaction at being presented with the following Poem.

The Poem, which treats of the national industry of the United States, was composed on the delightful banks of the Tagus, while I was thus honourably occupied on a public mission, and when my days were pleasantly passed in the enjoyment of health, happiness, and content. To whom, then, could it with more propriety be addressed than to the Prince Regent of Portugal?

Actuated by a lively sense of such enviable distinctions, I offer the tribute of sincerity in inscribing this Poem as a testimony of respect for a "JUST PRINCE;" an *appellation* which I had the most satisfactory reasons for applying* when I took leave of the Court of Lisbon, in 1797, and which has since been confirmed by almost innumerable titles. If, Sire, I have ever wished for a capacity of paying a still larger tribute of honour where it is most due, it was that your princely and personal virtues might be as advantageously known to the remotest posterity as to the existing generation.

With these sentiments of your munificent public and exemplary private conduct,

I have the honour to profess myself,
Sire,
Your Royal Highness's most devoted
And most humble servant,
D. HUMPHREYS.

Lisbon, April 14, 1802.

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* See the Sonnet addressed, on that occasion, to the Prince of Brazil.

ADDRESS

TO THE

PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

THE main scope of the author's principal productions in verse, has been to indicate to his fellow-citizens, in a connected manner, the measures best calculated for increasing and prolonging the public felicity. He deemed the success of our revolution the broad basis on which this superstructure was to be built. The first thing to be done was to establish our independence; the second to prepare the national mind to profit by our unusual advantages for happiness; and the next to exhibit in perspective those numberless blessings which Heaven has lavished around us, and which can scarcely be lost but by our own folly or fault. Having attempted to furnish his countrymen with some seasonable arguments and reflections on these subjects, in his "Address to the Armies," in his "Poem on the Happiness of America," and in the "Prospect of the Future Glory of the United States," he proposes now to show the prodigious influence of national industry in producing public and private riches and enjoyments.

One of the primary objects of a good government is to give energy and extent to industry, by protecting the acquisitions and avails of their labour to the governed. This industry is the cause of the wealth of nations. It hastens their advancement in the arts of peace, and multiplies their resources for war. Under such a safeguard, mankind, engaged in any lawful and productive profession, will advance, at the same moment, their own interest and that of the commonwealth. Universal prosperity must ensue. With us, the successful issue has been the best panegyric of such a system. Could industry become generally fashionable and prevalent, indigence, and the calamities that flow from it, would be confined within very narrow channels. With a few exceptions, such as are offered by the bee, the ant, and the beaver, social toil, which accomplishes works truly astonishing for their contrivance and magnitude, distinguishes the human race from every species of the animal creation. A reciprocation of wants and aids, as it were, rivets man to his fellows. What isolated person can perform for himself every act which his helpless and feeble state requires? By a combination of well-directed efforts, what miracles of improvement, what prodigies in refinement, may be effected! The expediency, and even the necessity of concerted and persevering operations, have a natural tendency to confirm and augment, through the medium of mutual services and benefits, fidelity, kindness, valour and virtue, among the members of civil society. Who, then, will envy the indolent and comfortless lot of the solitary savage, or the thinly scattered tribes of the desert?

The influence of industry is not less efficacious in procuring personal advantage and fruition for individuals. It commonly gives health of body and serenity of mind, together with strength of resolution and consistency of character. It thus furnishes a kind of moral force for overcoming the sluggishness of matter, which constantly inclines to repose. Influenced by a desire of being free from humiliating dependence and degrading penury, every man, who is not visited by sickness or prevented by disaster, will be enabled, in his youthful days, to provide a plentiful subsistence for his old age; so that, in the last stages of infirmity and decrepitude, distress and mendicity will seldom, if ever, be seen. Such is now the condition of the people of the United States of America. To flatter the idle and worthless, by perpetually declaiming on the duty of the industrious and wealthy to dispense largely their contributions and charities, is the insidious language often used in Europe by many vociferous demagogues and revolutionary scribblers. To prevent poverty as much as possible, by presenting employment to protected and provident industry, is the high office of a wise and just government. In our country that policy has been successful beyond all former example. The traveller may journey thousands of miles without meeting a single beggar. And herein a striking difference will be remarked between our country and most of the countries in the world.

That industry is capable of speedily changing a dreary wilderness into a cheerful habitation for men, the history of the progress of society in the United States of America has sufficiently proved. It is at present generally understood, that an unequalled share of happiness is enjoyed by the inhabitants of this newly discovered continent. This is, perhaps, chiefly attributable (under the benediction of Providence) to their singularly favourable situation for cultivating the soil. May we not fairly calculate that this effect will continue co-existent with the cause; namely, the abundance and cheapness of land? An almost unlimited space of excellent territory remains to be settled. Freehold estates may be purchased upon moderate terms. Agriculture will probably, for a succession of ages, be the chief employment of the citizens of the United States.

Notwithstanding the beauties and pleasures of rural life have so frequently been happily described in poetry, it was presumed the settlement and cultivation of a new hemisphere might supply some new topics and allusions. There many things wore a novel appearance, when examined in their process and result. The agricultural character was presented in action, with more than usual effect and felicity. The changes were, in some respects, like those in a garden of enchantment. Upon the introduction of civilization into those rugged and inhospitable regions, whose barbarity was coeval with the world, forests fell, houses rose, and beautiful scenery succeeded. It was not intended, by deviating from the beaten track of describing old establishments, to run unnecessarily into the bye-path of innovation and singularity. Many American prospects rose before the author's transported imagination, when he was far absent from his native land. How frequently did he wish for a magic pencil to make them equally present to the mental sight of his European friends! How often, and with how much ardour, did his fancy dwell on the humble and unvarnished blessings of peace, when contrasted with the proud and dazzling miseries of war! In thus ruminating on the walks of still life, he hoped he should at least be permitted, without incurring the displeasure of any ill-natured critic, to proceed in a course so amusing to himself, picking here and there a wild or cultivated flower, and attempting to delineate such landscapes as he might occasionally find, interspersed with scenes of romantic grandeur or domestic simplicity.

This Poem was proposed to be so constructed as to permit sentiment to be mingled with description, without appearing misplaced. The author makes no excuse for having bestowed a portion of his mortal duration, not immediately claimed by business or duty, in recommending to his countrymen that industry, which, he conceives, would most effectually promote their temporal happiness. In this, as in every thing not unlawful, he feels himself a free agent, accountable for his actions to his conscience and his God. Yet it would be an unworthy affectation to pretend a total insensibility to the opinion of others, or, more properly speaking, to that of the enlightened and virtuous part of the community. However sensible he might be to their favourable decision, he must be allowed to be more ambitious of deserving than obtaining it. Consciousness of an upright endeavour to serve, and a reasonable solicitude to please, those to whom this address is offered, may satisfy himself. No one more sincerely or fervently desires their attainment of felicity. If any thing produced or done by him shall have been obviously calculated for that object, he will have performed the most pleasing task which he could have imposed on himself.

D. HUMPHREYS.

ARGUMENT.

The Genius of Culture invoked—prodigious effect of toil in changing the face of nature—state of our country when it was first settled by our ancestors—their manly efforts crowned with success—contrast between North and South-America—the latter remarkable for mines, as the former is for agriculture—in what manner labour embellishes the land—different branches of cultivation recommended—the fabrication of maple-sugar dwelt upon, as having a gradual tendency to the abolition of slavery—commerce to succeed—strong propensities of the people of the United States for extensive navigation—effeminate nations are always in danger of losing their independence—several specified which have experienced the debilitating consequences of sloth—its destructive influence on states—Congress called upon to encourage industry in the United States; and Washington, as President, to protect manufactures—machinery for diminishing the operations of manual labour—the loom—wool—sheep—flax and hemp—remonstrance against suffering our manufacturing establishments to be frustrated by an unreasonable predilection for foreign fabrics—the fair sex invited to give the example of encouraging home manufactures—their province in the United States—their influence on civilized society—deplorable condition of savage life—moral effect of industry on constitution and character—bold and adventurous spirit of our citizens—prepared by hardiness to distinguish themselves on the ocean and in war—allusion to our contest with Britain—happiness of our present peaceful situation—the Poem is concluded with the praises of Connecticut as an agricultural State.

A POEM
ON THE
INDUSTRY
OF THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

GENIUS of Culture! thou, whose chaster taste
Can clothe with beauty ev'n the dreary waste;
Teach me to sing, what bright'ning charms unfold,
The bearded ears, that bend with more than gold;
How empire rises, and how morals spring,
From lowly labour, teach my lips to sing;
Exalt the numbers with thy gifts supreme,
Ennobler of the song, my guide and theme!

Thou, toil! that mak'st, where our young empire grows,
The wilderness bloom beauteous as the rose,
Parent of wealth and joy! my nation's friend!
Be present, nature's rudest works to mend;
With all the arts of polish'd life to bless,
And half thy ills, Humanity! redress.
On this revolving day, that saw the birth
Of a whole nation glad th' astonished earth;
Thee I invoke to bless the recent reign
Of independence—but for thee how vain
Each fair advantage liberty has giv'n,
And all the copious bounties show'r'd by heav'n?
Hail, mighty pow'r! whose vivifying breath
Wakes vegetation on the barren heath;
Thou changest nature's face; thy influence such,
Dark deserts brighten at thy glowing touch;
Creation springs where'er thy plough-share drives,
And the dead grain, an hundred fold, revives.
Thy voice, that dissipates the savage gloom,
Bade in the wild unwonted beauty bloom:

O

By thee and freedom guided, not in vain,
Our great fore-fathers dar'd the desert main:
O'er waves no keel had cut they found the shore,
Where desolation stain'd his steps with gore,
Th' immense of forest! where no tree was fell'd,
Where savage-men at midnight orgies yell'd;
Where howl'd round burning pyres each ravening beast,
As fiend-like forms devour'd their bloody feast,
And hoarse resounded o'er the horrid heath,
The doleful war-whoop, or the song of death.
Soon our progenitors subdu'd the wild,
And virgin nature, rob'd in verdure, smil'd.
They bade her fruits, through rifted rocks, from hills
Descend, misnam'd innavigable rills:
Bade houses, hamlets, towns, and cities rise,
And tow'rs and temples gild Columbian skies.
Success thence crown'd that bold, but patient band,
Whose undegen'rate sons possess the land;
Their great fore-fathers' principles avow,
And proudly dare to venerate the plough.

Where slaughter's war-dogs many a tribe destroy'd,
Not such the race who fill'd the southern void:
For them unbidden harvests deck the soil,
For them in mines unhappy thousands toil,
Where Plata's waves o'er silvery sands are roll'd,
Or Amazonia's path is pav'd in gold.
There suns too fiercely o'er the surface glow,
And embryon metals form and feed below;
Where, shut from day, in central caverns deep,
Hopeless of freedom, wretches watch and weep;
Compell'd for gold to rip the womb of earth,
And drag the precious mischief into birth.

Yet where those vertic suns intensely shine,
Whose fires the metals more than men refine,
To drain their limbs of strength the climate serves,
And not our vigour strings their slacken'd nerves.

While all your gains the social pact secures,
Columbians! say, what happiness is yours?
Say, ye who, not as tenants, till the soil,
The joys that freemen find in rural toil?

In what blest spot, through all terraqueous space,
Exists a hardier or a happier race?
Ye bid your glebes with future germs rejoice,
And seeds that sleep inhum'd strait hear your voice.
How change the prospects at your blithe command!
Where weeds and brambles stood now flowrets stand.
How blooms the dell, as spreads the rippling rill,
While mottled cattle top the moving hill!
Bid marshall'd maize the tassell'd flag unfold,
And wheat-ears barb their glistening spears with gold:
In northern plains the orchard's produce glow,
Or with its beverage pure the press o'erflow:
In southern climes, beneath a fervid sky,
Savannas, green with rice, refresh the eye;
There, from th' adopted stranger-tree, despoil
The branch that cheers for peace, the fruit with oil.
O'er fens, reform'd, let verdant grass succeed
The blue-ting'd indigo—pestiferous weed!
Where dun, hoed fields, afford subsistence scant
For those who tend Tobago's luxury plant,
Bid other crops with brighter hues be crown'd,
And herb for beast, and bread for man abound.
With little fingers let the children cull,
Like flakes of snow, the vegetable wool;
Or nurse the *chrysalis* with mulberry leaves,
The *worm* whose silk the curious artist weaves;
Let buzzing bees display the winnowing wing,
Seek freshest flowers, and rifle all the spring:
Let brimming pails beside the heifers stand,
With milk and honey flow the happy land;
And turn the wildest growth to human use,
Ambrosial sugar find from maple-juice!

Thou, dulcet tree, imbue the flowing song
With thy distilling drops, untried too long!
Thee, dancing round in many a mazy ring,
The rustic youths and sylvan maids shall sing.
In sacch'rine streams thou pour'st the tide of life,
Yet grow'st still stronger from th' innocuous knife;
Thy sap, more sweet than Hybla's honey, flows,
Health for the heart-sick—cure of slavery's woes—
Then, as th' unfailing source, balsamic, runs,
Dispense that cordial, hope, for Afric's sons!

Oh, could my song impressive horror bring,
Of conscious guilt th' insufferable sting;
From eyes untaught to weep the tear should start,
And mercy melt the long obdur'd of heart.
See naked negroes rear the sugar'd reeds!
Behold! their flesh beneath their driver bleeds!
And hear their heart-heav'd groans! then say, how good,
How sweet, the dainties drugg'd with human blood!

Though night's dark shades o'ercast th' ill-favour'd race,
Nor transient flushes change the vacant face;
Though nature ne'er transforms their woolly hair
To golden ringlets, elegantly fair!
Yet has not God infus'd immortal powers,
The same their organs and their souls as ours?
Are they not made to ruminate the sky?
Or must they perish like the beasts that die?
Perish the thought that men's high worth impairs,
SONS OF OMNIPOTENCE, AND GLORY'S HEIRS!

Come, ye who love the human race divine,
Their bleeding bosoms bathe with oil and wine,
Bind up their wounds—then bless the dulcet tree,
Whose substituted sweets one slave may free;
Till new[*] discoveries more man's wrath assuage,
And heav'n restrain the remnant of his rage.

Thou, slavery, (maledictions blast thy name!)
Fell scourge of mortals, reason's foulest shame!
Fly, fiend infernal! to thy Stygean shore,
And let thy deeds defile my song no more.

Heav'ns! still must men, like beasts, be bought and sold,
The charities of life exchang'd for gold!
Husbands from wives, from parents children torn,
In quivering fear, with grief exquisite, mourn!
No, soon shall commerce, better understood,
With happier freight promote the mutual good.

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[*] The recent invention in Prussia of extracting sugar from the *Beterave*, or *Beet*, it is to be hoped will be followed by useful results. This, indeed, may be expected from the report of a committee to the National Institute of France. It is a well known fact, that many families in the new settlements of the United States are entirely supplied with sugar manufactured from maple-sap.

As fed by snows of winter, show'rs of spring,
Whate'er the seasons in succession bring;
What summer ripens and *what* autumn yields,
Th' *immeasurable growth* of fertile fields!
Our rapid fleets to realms that want convey,
And new-born stars in wond'ring skies display.
Ev'n now innumerous ships, their flags unfurl'd,
With flying canvass cloud the wat'ry world;
Commercing, steer beneath the burning line,
Near icy mountains, on the polar brine;
From cheerless cliffs, where not a blossom blows,
Whose wild craggs whiten in eternal snows,
To where the smooth Pacific Ocean smiles,
Cheer'd by the fragrance of the spicy isles.

Not thus enervate nations tempt the seas,
By luxury lull'd in soft voluptuous ease;
Thence sloth begets servility of soul,
Degrades each part, contaminates the whole;
And taints in torpid veins the thickening blood,
Like the green mantle on a mire of mud.
Where convents deal the poor their daily broth,
See charity herself encourage sloth!
Though helpless some, more lazy join the troop,
And healthful beggars swell the shameless groupe.
Will heav'n benignant on those nations smile,
Where sloth and vice are less disgrace than toil?
With opiates drunk, in indolence reclin'd,
Unbrac'd their sinews, and debauch'd their mind,
Can crowds, turn'd cowards, self-esteem retain,
Or long unspoil'd of freedom's gifts remain?
'Tis by the lofty purpose, desperate deed,
Of men who dare for liberty to bleed,
By long endurance, fields with crimson stain'd,
That independence won, must be maintain'd.

Where art thou, Athens! thy high spirit lost!
Where, Sparta! that defied all Asia's host!
And where (in dust her mould'ring trophies hurl'd)
Imperial Rome, the mistress of the world!
How Lusitania, queen of diamond mines,
(Her glorious Gamas dead) a widow pines!
And will not grave Iberia learn, at length,
In toil, not gold, consists a nation's strength?

How long shall empires feel, destructive sloth!
Thy cank'ring breath, that checks and kills their growth?
If sloth to dissolution yields the prey,
Take but the cause, we take th' effect away.

Sages, conven'd from delegating states,
Who bear the charge of unborn millions' fates;
From early systems states their habits take,
And morals more than climes a difference make:
Then give to toil a bias, aid his cause
With all the force and majesty of laws;
So shall for you long generations raise,
The sweetest incense of unpurchas'd praise!

Thou, Washington, by heav'n for triumphs nurs'd,
In war, in peace, of much lov'd mortals first!
In public as in private life benign,
Still be the people heav'n's own care and thine!
While thou presid'st, in useful arts direct,
Create new fabrics and the old protect.
Lo! at thy word, subdued for wond'ring man,
What mighty elements advance the plan;
While fire and wind obey the Master's call,
And water labours in his forceful fall!
Teach tiny hands with engin'ry to toil,
Cause failing age o'er easy tasks to smile;
Thyself that best of offices perform,
The hungry nourish and the naked warm;
With gladness picture rescued beauty's eye,
And cheek with health's inimitable dye;
So shall the young, the feeble find employ,
And hearts with grief o'erwhelm'd emerge to joy.

First let the loom each lib'ral thought engage,
Its labours growing with the growing age;
Then true utility with taste allied,
Shall make our homespun garbs our nation's pride.
See *wool*, the boast of Britain's proudest hour,
Is still the basis of her wealth and pow'r!
From her the nations wait their wintry robe,
Round half this idle, poor, dependant globe.
Shall we, who foil'd her sons in fields of fame,
In peace add noblest triumphs to her name?

Shall we, who dar'd assert the rights of man,
Become the vassals of her wiser plan?
Then, rous'd from lethargics—up! men! increase,
In every vale, on every hill, the fleece!
And see the fold, with thousands teeming, fills
With flocks the bleating vales and echoing hills.
Ye harmless people! man your young will tend,
While ye for him your coats superfluous lend.
Him nature form'd with curious pride, while bare,
To fence with finery from the piercing air:
This fleece shall draw its azure from the sky,
This drink the purple, that the scarlet dye;
Another, where immingling hues are giv'n,
Shall mock the bow with colours dipt in heav'n:
Not guarded Colchis gave admiring Greece
So rich a treasure in its golden fleece.

Oh, might my[*] guidance from the downs of Spain,
Lead a white flock across the western main;
Fam'd like the bark that bore the Argonaut,
Should be the vessel with the burden fraught!
Clad in the raiment my Merinos yield,
Like Cincinnatus fed from my own field;
Far from ambition, grandeur, care and strife,
In sweet fruition of domestic life;
There would I pass with friends, beneath my trees,
What rests from public life, in letter'd ease.

To toil encourag'd, free from tythe and tax,
Ye farmers sow your fields with hemp and flax:
Let these the distaff for the web supply,
Spin on the spool, or with the shuttle fly.
But what vile cause retards the public plan?
Why fail the fabrics patriot zeal began?
Must nought but tombs of industry be found,
Prostrated arts expiring on the ground?
Shall we, of gewgaws gleaning half the globe,
Disgrace our country with a foreign robe?
Forbid it int'rest, independence, shame,
And blush that kindles bright at honour's flame!

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[*] See the pieces on the Merino breed of Sheep.

Should peace, like sorcery, with her spells controul
Our innate springs and energies of soul;
To you, Columbian dames! my accents call,
Oh, save your country from the threaten'd fall!
Will ye, blest fair! adopt from every zone
Fantastic fashions, noxious in your own?
At wintry balls in gauzy garments drest,
Admit the dire destroyer in your breast?
Oft when nocturnal sports your visage flush,
As gay and heedless to the halls ye rush,
Then death your doom prepares: cough, fever, rheum,
And pale consumption nip your rosy bloom.
Hence many a flow'r in beauty's damask pride,
Wither'd, at morn, has droop'd its head and died.*
While youthful crimson hurries through your veins,
No cynic bard from licit joys restrains;
Or bids with nature hold unequal strife,
And still go sorrowing through the road of life.
Nor deem him hostile who of danger warns,
Who leaves the rose, but plucks away its thorns.

In our new world not birth and proud pretence,
Your sex from skill in household cares dispense.
Yet those where fortune smiles, whom fancy warms,
May paint historic or ideal forms;
Teach the fair flow'r on lucid lawn to spring,
The lute to languish or the tongue to sing.
With letters, arts, botanic, chemic skill,
Some shall their leisure hours delighted fill;
While some, for studies more sublime design'd,
Expatiate freely o'er the world of mind:
Another class on boldest wing shall soar,
The wand'ring stars and ways of heav'n explore;
Still skill'd not less in captivating arts,
To move our passions and to mend our hearts.
While tiptoe spirits buoy each graceful limb,
See down the dance the lovely fair-one swim;
Her own neat needle-work improves her bloom,
Cloth'd in the labours of Columbia's loom:

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* This, it is wished, may be received as a useful warning by young persons against exposing themselves, when too thinly clad, to the winter air. Many deaths have been occasioned by imprudencies of this nature.

Her lover sees express'd upon her face,
Angelic goodness, loveliness and grace;
And hopes, in bridal bow'rs, to meet those charms,
Bliss to his soul and rapture in her arms!
Then, oh, ye fair! refin'd each grosser sense,
'Gainst delicacy shun the least offence.
What though not call'd to mix in cares of state,
To brave the storm of battle or debate;
Yet in our revolution greatly brave,
What high examples to our sex ye gave?
And still 'tis yours with secret, soft controul,
To hold a gentler empire o'er the soul;
In polish'd states to make, with sweet behest,
The hero happy and the patriot blest;
To charm their anxious hours with cheering smiles,
Relieve their suff'rings and reward their toils.

And are there men, with civil bliss at strife,
Who lavish wanton praise on savage life?
Is licence freedom? Can the general good
Bid each barbarian quench revenge in blood?
While wrongs, ev'n fancied, set his soul on fire,
Can judgment cool unite with burning ire?
Or numb'd in apathy, can that alone
Afford the fond endearments I have known?
See the rude Indian, reason's dictates braves,
And treats the females as his abject slaves:
He, round his hearth, no circle calls, at ev'n,
To share the sweetest pleasures under heav'n.
Regard yon desert, dark and drear, where roam
Hordes who ne'er knew a comfortable home:
On them no peaceful arts their influence shed,
But fierce as panthers on the mountains bred,
They prowl for prey. For them the hunted wood
Now yields redundant, now penurious food—
Regorg'd or famish'd oft—a miscreant crew—
If few their wants, their comforts still more few!
Ah! when will virtue's evangelic flame
The frigid wildness of their tempers tame?
Till that bright hour, no hope beyond the sky—
Forlorn they live, and like the brute they die!

Of savage life so spring the bitter fruits,
For savage indolence the man imbrutes.

From industry the sinews strength acquire,
The limbs expand, the bosom feels new fire.
Unwearied industry pervades the whole,
Nor lends more force to body than to soul.
Hence character is form'd, and hence proceeds
Th' enlivening heat that fires to daring deeds:
Then animation bids the spirit warm,
Soar in the whirlwind and enjoy the storm.
For our brave tars what clime too warm, too cold,
What toil too hardy, or what task too bold?
O'er storm-vex'd waves our vent'rous vessels roll,
Round artic isles or near th' antartic pole;
Nor fear their crews the fell tornado's ire,
Wrapp'd in a deluge of Caribbean fire.
The wonders of the deep they see, while tost
From earth's warm girdle to the climes of frost:
Full soon to bid the battle's thunder roar,
And guard with wooden walls their native shore.

What like rough effort fortifies each part,
With steel the limbs and adamant the heart!
What gives our seamen steadiness of soul,
When bursting thunders rend the redd'ning pole,
When down the black'ning clouds, in streams that bend
Athwart the tall shrouds, livid fires descend,
When howling winds in wild gyrations fly,
And night sits frantic on the scowling sky?

What makes the patriot scorn the menac'd blow,
His courage rising as the dangers grow!
What bade our bands—to shield the commonweal—
Bare their bold bosoms to the lifted steel;
What time Virginia's light, with steady ray,
Led through the darksome gloom our desp'rate way;
When Britain, like a night-storm, hovering, hurl'd
The red-wing'd vengeance on the western world!

Lo! in that western world how chang'd the scene!
There peace now shines uncloudedly serene;
While, red with gore, through Europe's realms afar,
Sails the dread storm of desolating war.
In Lusitania's clime, while we behold
The orange gleam with vegetating gold;

Where buds and fruits in gay confusion join,
And the glad vintage purples on the vine;
Where sleeps on beds of rose the moon-light calm,
Honey'd the dew and steep'd the air in balm!
Where wild-heath blooms perfume the passing gales,
And Tagus whitens with unnumber'd sails;
Say, shares my friend,* my fond desires that rise
For distant scenes beneath the western skies?
Say, canst thou love those scenes in lonely pride,
The beauteous shores that bound th' Atlantic tide;
Where hills and vales, and villages and farms,
In lovely landscapes blend their mingled charms?

Me, languid long, new ardour fires at length,
(With thee my soul collecting all her strength)
New raptures seize, with patriot pride elate,
To sing the charms that grace my native state.

Hail favour'd state! CONNECTICUT! thy name
Uncouth in song, too long conceal'd from fame;
If yet thy filial bards the gloom can pierce,
Shall rise and flourish in immortal verse.
Inventive genius, imitative pow'rs,
And, still more precious, common-sense, is ours;
While knowledge useful, more than science grand,
In rivulets still o'erspreads the smiling land.

Hail, model of free states! too little known,
Too lightly priz'd for *rural arts* alone:
Yet hence from savage, social life began,
Compacts were fram'd and man grew mild to man.
Thee, Agriculture! source of every joy,
Domestic sweets and bliss without alloy;
Thee, friend of freedom, independence, worth,
What raptur'd song can set conspicuous forth?
Thine every grateful gift, my native soil!
That ceaseless comes from *agricultural toil:*
This bids thee, dress'd, with added charms appear,
And crowns with glories, not its own, the year.
Though, capp'd with cliffs of flint, thy surface rude,
And stubborn glebe the slothful race exclude;
Though sultry summer parch thy gaping plains,
Or chilling winter bind in icy chains;

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* Addressed to a lady in Lisbon.

Thy patient sons, prepar'd for tasks sublime,
Redress the rigours of th' inclement clime,
Clothe arid earth in green, for glooms supply
The brightest beauties to th' astonish'd eye.

What though for us no fields Arcadian bloom,
Nor tropic shrubs diffuse a glad perfume;
No fairy regions picturesque with flow'rs,
Elysian groves, or amaranthine bow'rs,
Breathe sweet enchantment—but still fairer smile,
Once savage wilds now tam'd by tut'ring toil.
The rolling seasons saw with rapture strange,
The desert blossom and the climate change.
Roll on, thou sun! and bring the prospect bright,
Before our ravish'd view in liveliest light.
Arise in vernal pride, ye virgin plains!
With winning features which no fiction feigns.
Arise, ye laughing lawns! ye gladd'ning glades!
Poetic banks! and philosophic shades!
Awake, ye meads! your bosoms ope, ye flow'rs!
Exult, oh earth! and heav'n descend in show'rs!

Where the dun forest's thickest foliage frown'd,
And night and horror brooded o'er the ground;
While matted boughs impenetrably wove
The sable curtains of th' impervious grove;
Where the swart savage fix'd his short abode,
Or wound through tangled wilds his thorny road;
Where the gaunt wolves from crag-roof'd caverns prowl'd,
And mountains echoed as the monsters howl'd;
Where putrid marshes felt no solar beams,
And mantling mire exhal'd mephitic steams;
See, mid the rocks, a Paradise arise,
That feels the fostering warmth of genial skies!
While gurgling currents lull th' enchanted soil,
The hill-tops brighten and the dingles smile.

Then hail for us, ye transatlantic scenes,
Soul-soothing dwellings! sight-refreshing greens!
And chiefly hail, thou state! where virtue reigns,
And peace and plenty crown the cultur'd plains.

Nor lacks there aught to soothe the pensive mind,
Its taste on nature form'd, by truth refin'd:

For pure simplicity can touch the heart,
Beyond the glitter and the gloss of art.
Not wanting there the fountain's bubbling tide,
Whence flows the narrow stream and river wide,
With gladsome wave to drench the thirsty dale,
Or waft through wond'ring woods the flitting sail.
Not wanting there the cottage white-wash'd clean,
Nor town with spires that glimmer o'er the green:
Nor rich variety's uncloying charm,
The steeds that prance, the herds that graze the farm;
The flocks that gambol o'er the dark-green hills,
The tumbling brooks that turn the busy mills;
The clover pastures deck'd with dappled flow'rs,
Spontaneous; gardens gay with roseate bow'rs;
The tedded grass in meadows newly shorn,
The pensile wheat-heads and stiff Indian corn;
The grafts with tempting fruit, and thick-leav'd groves,
Where timid birds conceal their airy loves;
Along th' umbrageous walk, enamour'd meet
The artless pairs, in courtship chaste as sweet,
In wedlock soon to join—hail, sacred rite!
Delicious spring! exhaustless of delight!
No poor, for wealth withheld, accuses heav'n,
Nor rich, insulting, spurns the bounties giv'n.
No wretched outcast—happy, till beguil'd—
Pollution's sister, and affliction's child!
Shivering and darkling strays through wintry streets,
And lures (for bread) to brothels all she meets;
Or tir'd and sick, with faint and fearful cry,
At her betrayer's door lies down to die.
No scenes of woe the pleasing prospect blight,
And no disgusting object pains the sight;
For calm *content*, the sunshine of the soul,
With bright'ning *ease*, embellishes the whole.

'Tis rural innocence, with rural toil,
Can change the frown of fortune to a smile.
Ah, let the sons of insolence deride
The simple joys by humble toil supplied:
Not him whose breast with false refinement pants,
Factitious pleasures, artificial wants,
Such scenes delight—nor boasts that state a claim,
For man's or nature's grandest works, to fame.

Of life sequester'd, fond and frequent theme!
Th' instructed few with higher reverence deem:
For o'er its moral part a lustre shines,
That all around enlivens and refines.
'Twas there the joys of wedded love began,
And health and happiness there dwelt with man:
The city's palaces though man has made,
The country's charming views a God display'd—
Still the best site from art derives new charms,
In villas fair and ornamented farms.

There, while our freemen share thy blessings, health!
In that blest mean dividing want from wealth;
How sweet their food appears! how lightsome seems
Their daily labour! and how bright their dreams!
Not inexpert to till or guard their farms,
Patient in toil, but terrible in arms,
When stung by wrong, and fir'd with patriot rage,
They in the battle's brunt with hosts engage!
What Rome, once virtuous, saw, this gives us now—
Heroes and statesmen, awful from the plough.

And ye, compatriots! who for freedom fought,
Preserve that prize your toil and blood have bought.
(Fraternal troop long tried by storms of fate,
Surviving soldiers of my native state,
From me your cherish'd image ne'er shall part,
'Till death's cold hand shall wring it from my heart!)
Heav'ns! how your fields were heap'd with kindred slain,
While many a stream ran crimson to the main!
Where a new* Thames distain'd with carnage flow'd,
How the sea redden'd to receive the load?
How Danb'ry's burning turrets dimm'd the day,
How Fairfield, Norwalk, dark in ashes lay?
Ye tearless saw your coasts to deserts turn'd,
Your substance pillag'd, and your buildings burn'd;
Your flocks and herds become th' invaders' spoil,
And the fair harvest ravish'd from the soil.
Ye saw th' infuriate foe, with impious ire,
Consume Jehovah's hallow'd fanes in fire.
What Gothic rage assail'd the muses' seat,†
And hunted science in her lov'd retreat?

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* New-London in Connecticut.

† Princeton and New-Haven Colleges.

Her very porch* with vital purple stain'd,
Her courts polluted and her shrine prophan'd!
'Twas then th' obstrep'rous drum, th' ear-tinkling fife,
Pierc'd the still shades of academic life;
There Tryon left on ruins, mark'd with flame,
A dread memorial of his hated name.

But, lo! what present growth exceeds the past,
While population adds improvements vast;
For population doubles still our force,
Ere thrice eight annual suns complete their course.
How teems the fresh mould with luxuriant green!
There, not a vestige of the war is seen;
And ev'n late blazing towns that blush'd with gore,
Smile brighter far and lovelier than before.
Not so for man will life's once faded spring,
Return more sweet and fairer blossoms bring.
No more will friendship's buried hopes return!
Say, mem'ry! mourning o'er each hero's urn,
Where now the dreams that cheer'd my youth in vain,
And where my youthful friends in battle slain?
See, vernal blooms, as soon as born, decay,
And each wing'd moment bear some flow'r away!
So fly the years that charm'd in early life,
So fade the laurels won in martial strife.
Ye vanish'd scenes! ye visionary toys!
Delusive hopes! and transitory joys!
Adieu!—but, virtue! cheer our little lives,—
For, from the wreck, religion still survives.
Religious zeal our ancestors that warm'd,
With passions cool'd, their temp'rate habits form'd:
Hence in that state is seen (sight passing strange!)
Choice free and frequent, yet no lust of change.
The foreigner admires of bliss the cause,
In fair elections and the reign of laws;
And joys to find on shores long waste and wild,
A race in manners undebauch'd, yet mild;
Between too rude and polish'd life, a stage
That claims new actors for a golden age.

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* Mr. Beers, a respectable inhabitant of New-Haven, was killed when standing peaceably at his own door, contiguous to Yale-College.

Such sober habits industry prepares,
And order guarantees for freedom's heirs.
Say, in what state, so soon imbib'd the youth
Th' eternal principles of right and truth?
Where education such instruction spread?
Where on the mind such influence morals shed?
Where modesty with charms so fair appear'd?
So honour'd age, and virtue so rever'd?

Thou fount of learning where I drank, thou Yale!
Fount of religion and of knowledge, hail!
There, happy parents! bid our thirsting youth
Quaff copious immortality and truth;
While Dwight, with soaring soul, directs their way
To the full well of life, in climes of endless day.

Rejoice in strength of youth! rejoice, sweet band!
To rise the hope and glory of our land.
First shall the legates in th' Almighty's name,
Like seers whose lips were touch'd with living flame,
Announce the WORD *from* HEAV'N sublime, refin'd,
And bring mild consolations to the mind;
Of future being the glad tidings bear,
And God's high will with holy zeal declare!

Ye champions, prompt to check the course of fate,
And give man's days their longest, healthiest date;
Go forth, the sick-man's sleepy couch to smooth,
With potent drugs the pang of anguish soothe;
The dart of death avert—his victim save—
And rescue thousands from th' untimely grave!
For this, from nature's mixture, chemic art
Extracts the healing from the pois'nous part.
And where our woods contain salubrious pow'rs,
In life-prolonging roots, and barks, and flow'rs;
Ye botanists! with sapient toil explore
Our continent's interminable store,—
A boundless field! ne'er view'd by human eye,
Where vegetation lives alone to die.
There search the sylvan world with eager view,
And call by name each plant that sips the dew;
From the proud pine, his lofty head who shrouds
In misty regions mid condensing clouds,

To tufted shrubs and gadding vines that crawl,
Or humble hyssop springing by the wall.

Ye advocates for justice thence proceed,
With pow'rful voice for innocence to plead;
Not warp'd by favour, flatt'ry, gold or awe,
The firm support and ornament of law!
Hence oft elect from your enlighten'd band,
Judges and senators shall rule the land.

With fancy vivid as with judgment strong,
Our pride in genius, as our first in song,
Thy intellectual stores, blest Dwight! impart,
And taste correct for every finer art:
Bid wisdom's higher lore with ethics giv'n,
For greatness form the race, belov'd of heav'n:
Bring to their breasts her energies divine,
The grovelling thought to raise, the gross refine!
Bid bards melodious charm the listening throng,
Thrill'd with the raptures of ecstatic song;
Bid, while the spark of animation warms,
Imagination body finest forms;
Creative artists paint our martial strife,
And wake the slumb'ring marble into life!

Or should the hollow brass be heard to roar,
And hostile navies hover round our shore,
Then bid our youth along th' extended coast,
Their country's bulwark, and their country's boast,
Horrent in arms, an iron rampart stand,
To shield from foes th' inviolable land!

Ere ye begin to tread life's wider stage,
In manhood's prime, dear, interesting age!
Attend a time-taught bard, to toils inur'd,
With those bold chiefs whose blood your rights secur'd:
Ye junior patriots, listen! learn, my friends!
How much your lot on industry depends:
For God, a God of order, ne'er design'd
Equal conditions for the human kind.
Equality of rights your bliss maintains,
While law protects what honest labour gains.
Your great exertions by restraint uncheck'd,
Your gen'rous heat undamp'd by cold neglect;

The wide career for freemen open lies, 665
Where wealth, and pow'r, and honour yield the prize.
Yet should dark discord's clouds your land o'ercast,
Lost is your freedom and your empire past.
Be union yours! To guard your union, heav'n
The general government, in *trust*, has giv'n: 670
Then, when ere long your fathers sleep in dust,
Preserve, like vestal fire, that *sacred* TRUST!

A

POEM

ON THE

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

IN CELEBRATION OF THE

TWENTY-THIRD ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

INDEPENDENCE

OF THE

UNITED STATES

OF

AMERICA.

TO HIS MAJESTY

LOUIS,

KING OF ETRURIA, HEREDITARY PRINCE OF PARMA, INFANT OF SPAIN, &c. &c. &c.

SIRE,

I AVAIL myself of the opportunity of a ship sailing from New-York for Leghorn, to transmit my thanks for the flattering manner in which your Majesty has communicated to me, in your letter, dated at Florence, the 15th of February last, how much you should be gratified by receiving the dedication of my poem "on the Love of Country." For presenting that work on a subject, by which all nations are affected, although as here treated, it is particularly applicable to my countrymen, I did not apologize. Sentiments of true policy, and principles of pure morality, ought to be equally acceptable in all regions of the earth, and with all descriptions of its inhabitants. Or if any difference is to be allowed, I will be bold to assert, such sentiments and principles claim the peculiar protection of well informed and beneficent potentates, because peculiarly great are their faculties for doing good, and extensive their spheres of action.

Your modesty, Sire, must permit me to say, that your patronage of those fine arts and elegant letters which have rendered the names of the former chief magistrates at Florence for ever famous, would afford the most ample theme for eulogium on this occasion; and the interest which your Majesty so kindly takes in my welfare, removed, as I am, at such an immense distance from your royal residence, could not fail to furnish increasing motives for indulging my inclination to celebrate the splendid and amiable qualities which so eminently unite in your character as a monarch and a man. But a fear of trespassing on the more precious distribution of your time, confines me simply to professing my sensibility of your favours, and offering my prayers for the felicity of your august person and family. May yours and theirs be the continued blessings of that Being "by whom kings reign and princes decree justice!"

While I thus make an effort to convey the proofs of my grateful feelings, by a vehicle so frail as this paper, across the vast Atlantic Ocean, from the lately obscure nursery of infant improvements in the new world, to the long celebrated* cradle of reviving literature in the old, deign, oh King! to accept them as the pledges of the perfect respect, entire devotion, and, if I might be permitted a reciprocal expression, " the sentiments of sincere attachment," with which

I have the honour to be,
Your Majesty's most obedient,
And most humble servant,
D. HUMPHREYS.

New-Haven, *December* 1, 1802.

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* The learned reader will readily recollect the circumstances which render this expression singularly appropriate to Florence. Others must be referred to the histories of the revival of arts and letters in Europe.

Since the death of the amiable and enlightened sovereign to whom this poem was addressed, it is deemed not improper to annex the following letter, copied from the original in his own hand writing, to the author.

A Florence, ce 15 *Fevrier.* 1802.

MONSIEUR,

AYANT eu le plaisir de recevoir vôtre lettre de congé de Madrid du 15 de Janvier, je profite de cette occasion, pour vous en temoigner ma reconnaissance, ainsi que celle de ma femme, qui m' en charge avec bien de l'exactitude. Les félicitations que vous nous offréz sur les heureux événements qui nous ont signalé l'anneé derniere, ne peuvent pas certainement manquer de nous être vraiment agréables; et bien surs que vous vœux seront toujours les mêmes pour nous, et que vous ne nous oublieréz jamais.

Vous connaisséz trop mon attachement pour toutes les productions litteraires, pour ne pas voir quel plaisir j'aurai à accepter la dedication de vôtre poëme sur l'amour de la Pàtrie; je vous prie donc de vouloir bien me faire ce plaisir, et ne jamais douter de la sincere reconnaissance que je vous en conserverai.

Je vous desire en Amerique tous les bonheurs, et félicitès possibles, et que vous puissiéz souhaiter; et je vous prie aussi de dire bien de choses à vôtre femme, de ma part. J'espere que cette lettre vous trouverà déjà en Amerique, et que vous auréz déjà fini le voyage de mer, qui ne laisse pas d'être long, et dangereux. Malgré célà, ce serait une bien grande satisfaction pour moi, si je pouvais un jour, voir ces beaux pays de l'Amerique, mais je crains bien de n'avoir jamais ce plaisir. En attendant je vous prie de me conserver toujours vôtre amitié et attachement; n'oubliéz jamais mon pauvre cabinet d'histoire naturelle, quand la nature offrira quelque chose de particulier; et soyéz bien persuadé des sentiments de vrai, et sincere attachement avec lequel je suis, et serai toujours,

Monsieur,
Vôtre tres affné. ami,

LOUIS.

TRANSLATION.

SIR, *Florence*, 15*th February*, 1802.

Having had the pleasure to receive your farewell letter from Madrid, of the 15th of January, I profit of this occa-

sion to testify my gratitude, as well as that of my wife, who gives me very particularly that commission. The congratulations which you offer us on the happy events which have marked for us the last year, cannot certainly fail to be truly agreeable, being sure that your good wishes will always be the same for us, and that you will never forget us.

You know too well my fondness for all literary productions, not to perceive what pleasure I shall have in accepting the Dedication of your poem on the Love of Country: I pray you then to be pleased to afford me that gratification, and never to doubt the sincere thankfulness which I shall always preserve.

I desire for you in America all the prosperities and felicities possible, and which you can wish; and I entreat you to say a great many things to your wife on my part. I hope this letter will find you in America, and that you will already have finished the sea-voyage, which cannot but be long and dangerous. Notwithstanding that, it would be a great satisfaction if I could, one day, see those fine regions of America; but I fear much I shall never have that pleasure. In the mean time I pray you to retain for me for ever your friendship and attachment; never forget my poor cabinet of natural history when *nature* shall present any thing extraordinary; and be fully persuaded of the sentiments of true and sincere attachment, with which I am, and shall ever be,

Sir,

Your most affectionate friend,

LOUIS.

ORIGINAL PREFACE

On the first Publication of the two following POEMS, *which were written when the Author was Minister in* Spain.

SHOULD more defects or imperfections of style be discerned, in such poems of this collection as have never before been printed, than were expected, the writer may be permitted to allege his long absence from his country in mitigation of the severity of animadversion. Since the summer after our revolutionary war was ended (the time of his first leaving this land of his nativity) he has remained abroad, with some intermissions, nearly fourteen years. During the greater part of that period, and particularly for more than eleven of the last years, he has heard very little of his native language spoken, either in his own family, or the societies which he frequented. Almost the whole of his longest productions in verse were composed in Europe. The poems "on the Happiness of America," and "the Future Glory of the United States," were written principally in Paris and London; that "on our Industry" in Lisbon; and those "on the Love of Country," and "the Death of General Washington," in Madrid.

In conformity to the plan which has been prosecuted in the preceding sheets, it is hoped that the systematic intention of suggesting means for securing the blessings of our revolution, and enlarging the limits of our felicity, will be discovered in the two subsequent poems; the one containing a dissertation on, and the other an exemplification of, real Patriotism.

While the author resided in Spain, in the course of the late European war, he was too incessantly[*] engaged in protecting or reclaiming the ships and cargoes of his fellow citizens concerned in navigation and commerce, to have much leisure for belles lettres. Few fields can be more thorny than that of remonstrance and reclamation. There the seeds of genius could little more than vegetate. Even plants transferred from the most fertile seminaries could find nothing congenial to foster their growth. No blossoms of wit could flourish amidst the sterility of official notes. In effect, the dryness of the diplomatic soil, absorbing the nutrition from the flowers of imagination, might well be supposed unfavourable to poetical productions. The interruption of intercourse with other countries prevented emulation from being excited by new publications and learned travellers. The pursuit of elegant literature was thus interrupted. Yet some species of relaxation from business was necessary. Notwithstanding these discouragements, poetry appeared the most eligible to the writer. He indulged feeling possibly more than he consulted discretion. But if he wrote rather carelessly to please himself in the first instance, when he contemplated consigning his writings to the press, he would not treat his readers with so little consideration as not to attempt to gratify them, by giving his performances all the correctness in his power. It is not meant to be insinuated that the literary appetite has been so pampered, as to become depraved or fastidious. But at a time when, in the British dominions and the United States, every poet who aspires to celebrity, strives to approach the perfection of Pope in the sweetness of his versification, it is conceived the public taste is too mnch accustomed to be regaled with such *delicacies*, to relish any *poetical entertainment* which is totally destitute of *them*. How far the choice and arrangement of materials for the entertainment now provided, be indicative of true or false *taste*, must be left to *that* of critics to determine.

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[*] The writer, during the first absence from his country, as Minister, addressed to the Department of State 150 dispatches; and during his second absence 300. While residing in a diplomatic character at Madrid, he passed 324 offices to the first Ministers of State of his Catholic Majesty, and 25 to the Ministers of Finance. He was honoured with 311 answers, or communications, from the former, and 17 from the latter. In addition to which he was engaged in some correspondence with the other Ministers of State and the high tribunals.

Whether a poet composes from enthusiasm or with meditation, the art of animating and keeping alive the curiosity of his readers is certainly least of all to be neglected. Nothing can compensate for the want, for without it his works will not be read. To create an interest, is to command attention. To make descriptions or reflections not merely entertaining, but even intelligible, perspicuity is indispensably requisite. But without distinct perceptions, clear ideas could not exist for communication. We cannot give to others that which we have not ourselves. Without luminous comprehension, and lucid order, what can be expected but obscurity and confusion? Without spirit and intelligence, what but apathy and tediousness? He who feels not his subject strongly, can never rouse the sensibility of his readers. The writer has endeavoured to prevent his mental images, whatever they were, from being distorted by abstract phraseology, or disguised by foreign idiom. In attempting to make the clearness of his style in a degree the mirror of his mind, he was solicitous to shun turgid diction, brilliant antithesis, unnatural conceits, affected figures, forced epithets, and, in general, all factitious ornament. Nor was he less anxious to avoid mistaking and admitting vulgarity for simplicity. He wished not to degrade the wonderful and glorious, though ordinary and regular displays of Creation and Providence, in the natural and moral world, by handling the subjects with too much familiarity. He believed that the use of the most proper words, in their proper places, without the intervention of the undefinable *mens divinior*, could not constitute the higher species of poesy. Pleased with the charms of novelty, and delighted with whatever is elevated, beautiful, elegant, lovely, and excellent in the *works* of the ancients and moderns, he should be happy to be found, in *his own*, to have aimed at originality without rashness, and imitation without servility.

The same diffidence of the writer in hazarding an opinion on his own productions, and confidence in the candour of his readers, which induce him to offer his hitherto unpublished poems with these remarks and explanations, preclude him from presuming to anticipate their judgment. An avowal of his objects and motives, as developed in the history of his compositions, will, perhaps, serve to diminish the rigour and annihilate the asperity of criticism.

D. HUMPHREYS.

City of Washington, in the Territory of Columbia,
January 4th, 1803.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

To make use of poetry for strengthening patriotism, promoting virtue, and extending happiness, is to bring it back to its primitive exalted employments. The author of the poem on the Love of Country will not suppress his predilection for consecrating to such pursuits whatever poetical talents he may possess. With this view, he imagines he cannot select a more pertinent occasion, or a more suitable subject, than to celebrate the anniversary of the independence of his country, by inculcating sentiments of patriotism not inconsistent with our obligations of benevolence to the rest of mankind. He considers it of much importance to the promotion of human felicity, that the line which separates true from false patriotism should be accurately marked.

In almost every nation and age, savage or civilized, remarkable military exploits, and signal national deliverances, have been celebrated with songs of exultation and gratitude. The sublime and pathetic effusions of Moses, Deborah, and David, as well as the patriotic and heroic poems of the Greek and Latin writers; the monotonous notes or wild warblings of the bards in several countries where civilization had made but little progress; and the rude war songs, or mournful elegies of the aborigines of America, are proofs of this assertion.

What festival, ancient or modern, has been observed more generally or more cordially, than that of the birth of our nation, on the fourth day of July? This unanimity was produced, not by the peremptory commands or fulsome recommendations of a directorial government, but by the concurrent feelings of a free people. What event ought to be more deeply impressed on the public memory? What day can give a more instructive lesson? Or what occasion can be better calculated than this spontaneous solemnity, to inspire Americans with that love of country and force of union, by which alone the liberty and independence of the nation can be long maintained?

It is pleasant to reflect, that on the same day, in all parts of the world where a few Americans are assembled, they are in the habit of rejoicing together with decent hilarity, and of cherishing those social sentiments which were so feelingly participated in their common toils, sufferings and dangers. At home or abroad, what breast is not then as it were electrified by sympathetic recollections? Where is the cold-blooded wretch to be found, who disgraces the American name (if he be a native of that continent), by not feeling the sacred flame of patriotism kindling with redoubled ardour, from the mingled remembrance and emotion which this festival forces on his mind?

The author, in thus paying his tribute to the day, flatters himself he shall not be reproached for having sacrificed any interest, neglected any duty, or betrayed any trust. For he takes a becoming pride in asserting, that, in indulging his taste for poetry, he has never suspended his attention to the public service; and that no letter or application on business which ever came to him from any of his countrymen, in any quarter of the globe (and they have been extremely numerous), has ever been neglected at the moment, or remained unanswered longer than was inevitably necessary. In whatever point of light his poetical dispositions or literary acquirements may be considered, he is not a little desirous of preserving the reputation of an honest man, who has never ceased to act in every office he has filled, with diligence, zeal, and fidelity. He has ever taught by precept, and he hopes he has not counteracted the doctrine by example, that there can be no happiness without virtue, no liberty without morality, and no good public character without being at the same time a good private character. With the profession of such principles, accompanied by the most earnest wishes for their political and individual prosperity, he commits this work to the indulgence of his countrymen.

D. HUMPHREYS.

Madrid, July 4th, 1799.

ARGUMENT.

Love of country, the subject proposed—prevalence of it, even in the most unfavourable climates and dangerous circumstances—reasons why the citizens of the United States ought to be particularly influenced by it—patriotism not incompatible with philanthropy—address to the Deity to be enabled to celebrate worthily that love by which the world was made for man—creation—man—his dignity inferred from his strange and complicated, but elevated nature—immortality of the soul—sympathy—affected sensibility—false philosophy—existence of a Supreme Being demonstrable from his works—superiority of nature to art, and of man to all the other mundane works of God—from the nobleness of his qualities and conceptions, man ought to despise pseudo-patriotism—conquerors—good sovereigns—every species of tyrannical government to be avoided—union recommended as necessary to preserve our liberty—our peculiar advantages for maintaining our independence—execration of discord and ambition—firmness of our government—determination of citizens of all ages and descriptions to repel invasion, or perish in the attempt—motives to animate the rising generation deduced from our struggle for independence—a review of its origin—the patriotic manner in which the American people were affected at the commencement of our revolution—arrival of the British and foreign troops—their chiefs—preparations to resist the foe—eulogium of the principal officers of the American army—happy termination of the war—the revision of these interesting scenes excites an ardent desire in the author to revisit his native country—indescribable sensations produced by love of country—concluding wish.

A POEM

ON THE

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

To Independence consecrate, this day
Demands the tribute of my annual lay;
Protector of that gift of God Supreme,
Thou, *Love of Country!* be this day my theme.

Hail *sacred Love of Country!* mystic tie!
That binds us to our native soil and sky!
Indissolubly binds through each extreme
Of noxious climes. The native braves the beam
Where darts the crimson sun, with downward ray,
O'er tropic isles, insufferable day.
Beneath cold Zembla's clouds, the last of men
Pent with his wife and children in his den,
Six wintry months, while hail and thunder pour
O'er rocks of ice, the elemental roar,
While sweeping tempests ride night's raven wings,
Still to his frozen cave more closely clings.
Nor where dire earthquakes sleep by Lisbon's rock,
Thy sons, oh Tagus! who once felt the shock,
Fly ere again the sleeping vengeance wake,
And low in dust the rebuilt[*] city shake.
Nor yet Vesuvio's brow, with cinders bright,
Pouring red lavas through the noon of night,
Can make the peasant from his home retire,
And shun betimes the falling flood of fire.

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[*] Although the author had his residence for several years in Lisbon, it was on that high part of the city called Buenos Ayres, where no damage has ever been done by earthquakes. Near the river Tagus, the buildings which have more than once been destroyed, may probably hereafter experience a similar fate.

Will ye in love of country be surpast?
For you the lot in pleasant places cast,
No common share of happiness affords—
Your rights asserted by your conqu'ring swords,
A government of your own choice possest,
With morals (surest pledge of freedom) blest;
Columbians! show ye love your favour'd lot,
By strong attachment to your natal spot.

Still *Love of Country*, on no narrow plan,
Exists consistent with the love of man.
In little circles love begins, not ends,
With parents, brothers, kindred, neighbours, friends:
As wave on wave, on circles circles press,
Our nation next we love, nor nature less:
Though still Columbia—best of parent names!—
The dearest proofs of filial fondness claims;
Man's general good this pref'rence not impedes,
Nor checks the soul from philanthropic deeds.

Illume my subject! tune my voice to sing!
Oh, thou who rid'st upon the whirlwind's wing,
(Majestic darkness!) or, in glory's beam,
Dwell'st inapproachable with light supreme!
If sweet philanthropy employs my care,
Hear, thou! on high th' undissipated pray'r!
Inspire my tongue to sing the wond'rous plan,
A world created for thy image, man.

Through realms of darkness, dreary, unenjoy'd,
Where anarchy and uproar rul'd the void,
Forth went th' eternal word, and far was driv'n
Primeval night before the pow'r of heaven—
What time he bade th' abyss with light rejoice,
Confusion fled and chaos heard his voice:
Th' Almighty fiat mark'd the spacious round,
Concent'ring land and water learn'd their bound;
This ball emergent from th' oblivious flood,
The great Creator saw and call'd it good.

Celestial beings view'd with vast delight,
A new-born star rise twinkling on their sight,
And as 'mid worlds of light the wonder hung,
Each sister orb with unknown music rung.

For whom was earth's stupendous fabric made?
For whom such pomp ineffable display'd?
What made the rolling spheres with music ring,
And sons of God symphonious concerts sing?
'Twas man's inexplicable, doubtful form,
Sprung from non-entity—a God—a worm—
The high-born spirit, native pure of day—
The body gross, but animated clay—
With parts so pure, so gross—enigma strange!
Alive, though dead—the same, though seen to change—
'Twas God's last work that fir'd angelic quires,
Gave worlds to space and themes to heav'nly lyres.

What though to death a prey, this earthy crust
Dissolves and moulders with its mother dust;
Th' inserted part a graff divine appears,
From heav'n translated to this vale of tears—
Not long in alien air to waste its bloom,
Nor shall the grave the falling shoot inhume;
More beauteous rising from the deathful strife,
Immortal offspring of the tree of life!

Thou child of heav'n and earth! a stream divine
From the first fountain feeds your veins and mine.
Oh man, my brother! how, by blood allied,
Swells in my breast the sympathetic tide?
Shall I not wish thee well, not work thy good,
Deaf to th' endearing cries of kindred blood?
What! shall my soul, involv'd in matter dense,
(Obdur'd this bosom and benum'd each sense),
Lose, grateful sympathy! thy genial ray,
Quench'd in the dampness of this crust of clay?
No, give me, heav'n! affections quick, refin'd,
The keen emotions that entrance the mind—
What youthful bards, what ardent heroes feel,
The lover's rapture and the patriot's zeal;
The zeal that aims humanity to bless,
Oh, let me feel, and, what I feel, express!

With feelings not less strong than others born,
Affected sensibility I scorn.
Nor finds my breast benevolence or joy,
By generalising feeling, to destroy.

I hate that new philosophy's strange plan,
That teaches love for all things more than man;
To love all mortals save our friends alone,
To hold all countries dearer than our own;
To take no int'rest in the present age,
Rapt to th' unborn with philanthropic rage;
To make the tutor'd eyes with tears o'erflow,
More for fictitious than for real woe!

Then let my breast more pure sensations prove,
And on just objects fix appropriate love:
First on that God whose wond'rous works I scan,
Next on the noblest of his creatures, man.
A God, the soul of Being, still the same,
Through everlasting days, his deeds proclaim:
Whose arm created where no eye can pierce,
Systems on systems through the universe?
And who propell'd their orbs? in motion keeps?
Say, Atheist! say—whose eye-lid never sleeps?
Whose breath's existence? Omnipresence, space?
And who sustains thy life, blasphemer of his grace?

Say, live there mortals form'd with organs such,
They nature prize too little, art too much?
I love th' immortal marble's breathing form,
With life instinct, with animation warm;
Where pictur'd canvass glows with living dyes,
Charm'd, I behold a new creation rise:
Nor less I love of human skill the pride,
The tall bark bounding on the billowy tide:
Or art's consummate task, the city grac'd
With Grecian columns or with Tuscan taste.
If such delight art's curious works afford,
Shall I not rather love creation's Lord?
To me, oh nature! all thy music bring,
O'er all heav'n's other works of man to sing.

Thy varied voice in every breeze I hear,
Delightful nature! mingling in my ear.
Though sweet the sound of zephyr's whispering breath,
And leaves that rustle o'er the furzy heath;
Though sweet the babbling brook, the patt'ring show'r,
And echo mocking from the neighb'ring tow'r;

What time the mimic prattles half-form'd words,
And sweet at morn or eve the charm of birds:
The song of nature's bard more transport yields
Than all the chorus of the warbling fields;
His soothing accent soft as dews of heav'n,
That slake the feverish flow'ret's thirst at ev'n.

Inspir'd, in meditation's sober hour,
I trace through all his works th' Almighty pow'r,
Whose ceaseless bounties round the seasons roll,
Till gratitude and gladness fill my soul.
While nature charms with annual changes bland,
I love the novel, beautiful and grand.
I love the children of parturient spring,
The plants that blossom, and the birds that sing;
When near my noon-tide bow'r, the genial gale
With life and love re-animates each vale.
I love the landscape fair with cultur'd farms,
When ruddy summer spreads his roseate charms;
When day's last glimm'rings fade along the skies,
Pleas'd I observe the paly crescent rise,
What time eve's gauzy veil the day-glare dims,
And vap'ry twilight o'er th' horizon swims.
With joy I view the morning mists appear,
When autumn's sceptre rules the ripen'd year;
Lo, where the reaper gathers Ceres' gifts,
And from the fields their yellow burden lifts!
Around, what prospects cheer the ravish'd eye?
Above, what glowing colours gild the sky?
Then oft the clouds from heav'n's bright loom unroll'd,
Display their silvery tissue wrought with gold,
Whose skirts transparent arrowy lustres tinge,
And lavish rainbows round th' ethereal fringe.
My soul exults to soar from earth at night,
When wintry skies are wrapp'd in boreal light;
When sanguine meteors streak with dismal stains
The lurid air, and shoot athwart the plains;
Or when each star is muffled, and a robe,
Dark as the pall of death, invests the globe;
While loud the whirlwind round the forest raves,
And rocks reverberate the roar of waves;
Or lessening surges leave the craggy shore,
As the tir'd tempest half forgets to roar,

On dark-red clouds, when storms electric ride,
And fire with frequent flash the mountain's side;
I love to hear the distant thunders roll,
That swell to dread sublimity the soul.
Though nature charm through all her varying forms,
And God be seen in sunshine as in storms;
Yet man a more congenial love inspires,
Wakes better transports and sublimer fires;
He, form'd for higher schemes, conceptions vast,
Surveys the future, and reviews the past,
And sees o'er scanty bounds of space and time,
Bosom'd in bliss his native home sublime.

Shall we to whom this loftier lot is giv'n,
With elevated eye to look on heav'n,
Not look contemptuous down on meaner things,
The pomp of conquest and the pride of kings!
Nor stung by mad ambition, count the cost
Of solid good in empty titles lost!

Perish the Roman pride a world that braves,
To make for one free state all nations slaves;
Their boasted patriotism at once exprest,
Love for themselves and hate for all the rest!
Can love, whose liberal pow'rs enlarge the mind,
By local plans thus basely be confin'd?
Then be such narrow policy accurst,
Of insults keenest as of wrongs the worst!

Live there whose minds, perverted, pleasure find
In forging fetters for subdu'd mankind!
From conquest think to gain a glorious name,
And raise on human wretchedness their fame!
'Tis time to call such monsters from their crimes,
Scourges of heav'n, and tyrants for their times.
My soul abhors injustice—and shall wrong
Escape the sting of my vindictive song?
Enrag'd, shall I capitulations make
With vaunting conqu'rors, for false pity's sake?
Men must I see, whom slaves as gods adore,
Wreath their proud brows with laurels dipt in gore?
Soon shall their laurels, pluck'd by force unjust,
Fall immature and wither in the dust.

Nor less, if justice rules this universe,
Though prosp'rous still, shall pangs the tyrant pierce.
Behold the wretch to torment doom'd ere dead!
What nightly visions haunt his troubled bed?
Him pomp nor pleasure lulls, or riots din,
While conscience holds a holy court within:
Vain all that charm'd before, triumphal cars,
The wrecks of nations and the spoils of wars.
Mantled in blood, what spectres pale appear!
What moans and cries assail his startled ear!
Then at still midnight's hour, his murd'rous mind
To reason-racking agonies consign'd,
Shrinks as the shadowy shapes terrific rise—
Shivers his flesh, his hair stands stiff, his eyes
With frenzy staring from their sockets start,
While gnaws th' undying worm his anguish'd heart.

Is it for this, thy thirst for taxes drains
The sweat and tears that fertilize the plains?
Is it for this, vain pageant of an hour!
Thou mak'st the nations groan beneath thy pow'r?
Torn from their friends, to war thy vassals fly,
Live for thy pastime, at thy mandate die?
But say, insensate! when thy wheels no more
Shall roll in carnage or be clogg'd with gore,
Say, what the meed, when (all thy triumphs past)
Thou sink'st in black oblivion's gulf at last?
So that broad stream that sweeps unbounded plains,
Great Mississippi, wastes the wide domains,
When sudden swoln with congregated rills,
That rush and thunder from a thousand hills,
He hastes resistless to his ocean-grave,
The sire of rivers!*—now a nameless wave!

Yet rais'd to thrones by merit, chance or birth,
At times, have righteous monarchs rul'd on earth;
Guides of their age, and guardians of their realm,
Whose names oblivion's wave shall ne'er o'erwhelm.

But when fell ign'rance wraps the world in shade,
Thy plagues, oh Despotism! each land pervade.

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* The Mississippi is called the father of rivers by the natives.

Or if a transient gleam through some extends,
How freedom trembles at pretended friends!
While demagogues, to gain a boundless sway,
The people flatter first, and next betray;
With false professions real slavery bring,
The guileful regents of the people-king!
Rise then, ye patriots tried! who wear no mask,
Decline no danger, and refuse no task,
To save th' endanger'd state—unveil their guile!
Man's rights and obligations reconcile!
The demon-fury of the mob restrain,
And bind licentiousness in law's strong chain!

Though dire the desolation conqu'rors cause,
When death behind them opes insatiate jaws;
Though great the plagues, though horrible the curse
Of despotism! still anarchy is worse—
Undup'd by popular names, shall we not shun
The *tyranny* of MANY as of ONE?

Tell, ye who FREEDOM sought in martial strife,
What guards that greatest good of social life?
What constitutes the best defence of states?
Is it their floating tow'rs? their brazen gates?
Their troops innumerable? 'Tis one soul
That gives, by union, force beyond the whole.

Columbians! friends! in fields of battle brave!
Defend those rights the God of nature gave.
Heav'ns! what the price those rights, invaded, cost!
What wealth expended and what heroes lost!
Their shades still cry from many a battle-plain,
" Who bled for FREEDOM have not bled in vain."
I see blest Warren rise—an awful shade—
And great Montgomery wave the crimson'd blade;
Mild Mercer, dreadful in the fields of war;
Athletic Brown,[*] deform'd with many a scar;
Scammel,[†] his country's boast, the Britons' shame;
De Hart, who fell when dawning into fame;

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[*] Col Brown, educated with the author, was slain and scalped by the savages.

[†] This excellent officer was killed by a dragoon, after having been taken prisoner, at the siege of York-Town.

De Kalb (from Gallic climes) the vet'rans' pride;
Laurens, the last who for his country died!
These cry for union—with ten thousand more,
Without a shroud who fester'd in their gore;
Swept from the field in undistinguish'd doom,
And thrown promiscuous in a common tomb—
Self-offered victims for their country's good,
Who ratified our charter'd rights with blood.

Oh, hear their cry, thou delegated band
Of patriots! chosen rulers of the land!
Each selfish thought exchang'd for patriot zeal,
With one accord promote the public weal:
Each party name, each harsh distinction drown'd
In concord's soft, conciliating sound!

Our land (for war each heart, each hand prepar'd)
A living strength impregnable shall guard.
Strong in our various regions' vast resource,
Strong in our own unconquerable force,
Strong in our best ally, th' Atlantic waves,
Who dares attempt to make Columbians slaves,
Sees on his head th' intended mischief driv'n,
For earth a monument of wrath from heav'n!
Still will our warlike sires their aid afford,
To guard that independence which their sword
Achiev'd—and still their sons, like Sparta's band,
The rushing millions in the strait withstand—
The nation calmly rise at freedom's call,
United flourish or united fall.

Hence far, oh Discord! be thy horrid crimes,
And hateful influence from our happy climes!
Thou, lust of domination! who has hurl'd
Plagues on all regions, spare the western world!
May curses dire from ages long to come,
Pursue the miscreant ev'n beyond the tomb,
Who, rul'd by mad ambition's murd'rous star,
In wantonness illumes the torch of war.
May the rais'd hand that wills for blood to vote
Without a cause, by God's red arm be smote!
Dumb struck the tongue that strives to call to arms,
Or lure to war with conquest's dazzling charms.

Nor shall the nations join'd in fierce affray,
With bribes or threats our stedfast councils sway;
In vain they soothe, in vain their menace roars,
Like the dash'd billow on our rocky shores.

The spark of patriot fire, with earliest breath
Enkindled, fears no quenching damps of death.
Me love of country fir'd in early life,
To rush amidst the military strife:
Touch'd by that heat, no dangers daunt the brave,
Though foes unnumber'd hide the strand or wave.
Should ruffian war again insult our land,
Should civil discord shake her blazing brand;
Soon would my song, like songs of Tyrteus old,
Fire with new rage the bosoms of the bold;
Soon would our patriots march at music's sound,
And not a coward in the ranks be found!
The chill, slow blood of vet'rans soon would start,
And boil and eddy round the heated heart.

Though thou, old age! unlovely, dark, and cold,
Art prone to quell the spirits of the bold;
To freeze the veins, with palsy smite each limb,
And make the late keen-sighted eye-balls dim;
Though for my peers thy frosty fingers strow
The cheeks with paleness and the locks with snow;
Yet will those heroes venerable rise,
A spark unquench'd still flashing from their eyes,
In freedom's cause their bosoms beating high,
Prepar'd to conquer, or resolv'd to die;
Around their country's standard rallying soon,
In all the promptness of life's genial noon,
Form walls of aged breasts, to ward the ball
From younger, and avert their country's fall:
Or if it falls—none living leave to weep—
But rest all buried in the ruins deep.

From sires so brave descends one dastard son,
Would basely yield the prize his father won?
Their fathers' fame repels that foul disgrace,
And spurs to splendid deeds the rising race.

Now should our youths, the renovating age,
Hear from their fathers, ere we quit this stage,

Our feats in war—what chiefs, as pillars, stood
For freedom firm, and built their fame in blood!—
Then learn, blest youths!—to independence born!—
What gloomy prospects usher'd in our morn!
To Britain long attach'd, from whence we sprung,
Whose praises dwelt on every infant tongue—
Sons of her sons, and sharers in their fame—
Our laws, religion, language, rights the same!
At last a right she claim'd, new, unconfin'd,
"In every case the colonists to bind."
Thence rose resistance. Rebels then proclaim'd—
For weakness, discord, cowardice, defam'd—
Of preparation void—mid first alarms,
No ships, tow'rs, treasures, arsenals or arms,
To us belong'd. No league, nor army ours,
Till common danger call'd forth common pow'rs.
In vain the foe from states so feebly join'd,
With hopes of mean submission sooth'd his mind;
Proud stood the states by threat'nings undismay'd,
And with retorted scorn his threats repaid.
And didst thou hope, beyond th' Atlantic waves,
To bend unyielding freemen into slaves?
To make a continent that knows no end,
For ever on thy little isle depend?
Didst thou, presumptuous! dream the conquest won?
Did we, though weak, th' unequal combat shun?
And ye who witness'd sad, when, round our shore,
We heard from sea th' approaching cannon roar,
Skirting th' horizon saw (without one friend)
From dim-roll'd decks a redd'ning host impend,
A magazine of war each pregnant sail,
Say, what knee trembled or what face turn'd pale?
Nor sooner we beheld, in vengeance dire,
The shells high bursting cleave the clouds with fire,
Than union grew as danger came more near—
To daring deeds we rose!—while all that's dear,
While all that makes ev'n frozen bosoms melt,
Infus'd the feelings cowards never felt.
Haste forg'd us arms—th' ignoble rustic steel
A glorious weapon gleam'd—while our appeal
To heav'n's high throne we made, what crowds repair
To temples of the Lord in fervent pray'r?
Their fathers' God Omnipotent they nam'd,
While the great Congress solemn fasts proclaim'd.

No tongue with lies, no face in falsehood drest,
Mock'd the heart-searcher in his holy rest:
But strong devotions, undispers'd in air,
Rose prevalent in agony of pray'r.
" From Britain's vet'ran bands, from hireling* hosts,
From thund'ring ships that darken all our coasts,
From fire and sword save us, oh Lord!" they cried—
" Save us, oh Lord!" th' echoing aisles replied—
" Oh, grant success may crown a cause so good,
Or let us seal our principles in blood:
Before our leader's breast thy buckler spread,
In days of battle cover thou his head:
To conquest guide him, and, when war shall cease,
Make him thy delegate of good in peace."

Then as a comet through the hazy air,
O'er earth, portentous, waves his fiery hair;
The blazing beacons seen from mountains far,
Portended the dire plagues of rushing war.
Then but one passion fill'd each throbbing breast,
Combin'd, attracted, or absorb'd the rest—
Collected in ourselves we stood, nor thought
That LIBERTY too dearly could be bought.
Inestimable prize! for that alone
Life was not counted dear, or ev'n our own.

How oft love's fires in female breasts that burn'd,
A kindling kiss to flames heroic turn'd!
Then tim'rous virgins show'd no shameful fears,
Their lovers' hearts they harden'd ev'n by tears—
By patriot tears to glory lur'd, the swains
Now flam'd bold soldiers on th' embattled plains:
So glowing iron bath'd in limpid streams,
Its temper chang'd—the steel of battle beams.

How oft we saw beneath the cottage-roof,
Of purest patriotism no vulgar proof!
From martial exercise with village bands,
In arms a youth before a matron stands,

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* German auxiliaries, hired by the British government to serve in the war against the American colonies: it having been stipulated that a certain price should be paid for each man who should not return.

Grac'd with ingenuous blush—that blush confest
The double duty that disturb'd his breast:
The matron-mother ey'd with eager joy,
Clasp'd in embrace, and thus bespoke the boy:
" Thy comrades rush to glory's fields afar,
Lag not behind, but haste to join the war.
There reigns above, whose care delights to bless,
To feed the widow and the fatherless;
May he"—Th' unfinish'd accents fail'd her tongue,
Approv'd, not long in idle gaze he clung—
Strait beat the drum—the filial tear that fell,
A tear maternal met, in mute farewell,

By freedom rous'd, from populous cities swarms
Forsook their trades or arts and flew to arms.
" Fly, fly!" exclaim'd the recent married fair,
" To war my love! my heart attends thee there:
Though born a woman, not for slavery born,
I hate a tyrant and a coward scorn:
Fear not for all that's dear to change, in war,
Thy bloom for wounds and beauty for a scar—
Then brown with dust and blood from battles won,
Swift to my arms, my loveliest hero! run—
All ills forgotten—caught from breast to breast
The rapt'rous glow—caressing and carest—
Then shall we prove the joys of heav'n in store,
To meet in freedom and to part no more."

Awful in age, with dignified applause,
Our sires imprest a reverence on our cause.
And shall I not remember words that fell,
As thus my father bade three sons farewell?
" In peace I liv'd (though stricken well with years),
To see your manhood—now a war appears—
Had not the chills of age these nerves unstrung,
Myself would go—but ye are strong and young—
Your country calls—my sons! to battle bear
An old man's blessing and a father's pray'r—
Our cause is just—to guard each sacred right,
Go, in heav'n's name, and dare the dreadful fight—
Go, act the man—from you I hope no less—
And may the Lord of Hosts protect and bless!"

From utmost isles o'er foaming billows tost,
The sight of land for many a dark day lost;
Borne on a thousand ships with fifes and drums,
And blood-red streamers, lo! where Britain comes.
Lo! where the ship-borne host from ocean speeds!
Hark, mingling sounds of men and neighing steeds,
The rattling cannon, ammunition car,
With arms of fire and magazines of war!
The steeds rejoice to snuff the land once more,
Leap in the wallowing wave, and swim to shore;
Amaz'd, a moment, shivering, shake away
The briny drops. Then form'd in war's array,
At first they reeling walk—but ere long bound,
And prance impatient at the trumpet's sound.
Nor yet the joints their supplest movement find,
Nor yet their wet manes wanton in the wind.
As squadrons wheel to take, for march, their place,
Some curvet in a long, some shorter pace;
Champing their curbs, the churned froth they shed,
And thick resounds of clattering hoofs the tread.
By fits the bright steel sparkling strikes the sight,
A misty ridge of mountain fire at night.
Emerg'd from fogs the infantry appears—
The gay light troops—the gloomy grenadiers—
The royal guards in glittering laces drest,
The white plume nodding o'er the frowning crest,
Move in the van. Ensigns and flags unfurl'd,
They seek new conquests in a new found world.
For these through distant climes in fields of fame,
Full oft had toil'd with chiefs of glorious name;
Chiefs old in war, who, in some better cause,
Had still acquir'd new claims to high applause.

Rob'd in vermilion dye, the files of war,
Unfolding, stretch'd their banner'd wings afar.
Tall in the flaming front, with martial rage,
Tow'r'd the bold chieftains, Clinton, Howe, and Gage.
With noble badges deck'd, in lordly guise,
Percy, Cornwallis, Moira, caught our eyes,
For dignity remark'd. There Burgoyne mov'd,
A book-learn'd Captain, by the muse belov'd:
And Carleton sage, whom regal favours grace,
Conferring peerage on th' ennobled race:

Lincoln and Cathcart beam'd, while knights star-drest
Display'd "their blushing honours"[*] on their breast.
Near canvass walls, Vaughan, Leslie, Mathews, rang'd,
And Prescot captur'd twice, and twice exchang'd.
There march'd, on manag'd steeds, with harness gay,
O'Hara, Philips, Pigot, Garth and Grey.
There Lairds, whose car-borne sires to battle rode,
The Stuarts, Fraziers, Campbells, Erskines, strode:
M'Leods, M'Donalds, Gordons, Douglas, strove,
In southern sands, and many a northern grove.
There hoary Haldimand, long since who came
From poor Helvetia, rich in warlike fame,
Stood stately. Next, whom German climes afar,
Had nurs'd for blood fields in a former war,
De Heister, Knyphausen, Redheisel, brave,
And Donop destin'd to a foreign grave,
Stalk'd proudly on—and led the venal band—
Promis'd (miscall'd rebellion crush'd) the land
Should be their own. These men their princes sold,
And barter'd precious lives for paltry gold.
Yet haply some, when conquer'd, shall enjoy
That liberty they labour'd to destroy!
For he to whom war's destinies belong,
Decreed the weak should triumph o'er the strong:
What wonder, though the might of Britain fought,
And fam'd confederates works of valour wrought;
An infant nation, warm'd by freedom's flame,
Should win the prize, and gain immortal fame?

To meet th' incursion of that mighty host,
Ierne's pride, and Britain's proudest boast;
The Brunswick marksmen shooting deaths from far,
The Hessian yagers train'd to hunt in war;
Grim Anspach[†] giants, grisly Hanau elves,
The people[‡] offer'd willingly themselves.
As rise in clouds the progeny of spring,
The nations wafted on aurelean wing,
Age, manhood, youth, with chosen leaders came,
Lur'd by the love of liberty and fame:

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[*] Many Knights of the Bath, designated with emblems of red ribbons, served in America.

[†] The two battalions of Anspachers, taken with Lord Cornwallis at York-Town, were some of the tallest men I have ever seen in any military service.

[‡] My heart is toward the governors of Israel, that offered themselves willingly among the people. Judges v. 9.

For them the glorious toil of battle yields,
The laurel harvest reap'd in iron fields.

Daughters of mem'ry! maids! whose vigils keep
The lamps unquench'd in vaults where heroes sleep;
As round the quivering flame ye tuneful watch,
Their names from death and dumb oblivion snatch:
Then Time, who meets Eternity, shall find
What patriot-chiefs—examples for mankind—
Stood boldly foremost—Bards! the high song raise,
And with their names immortalize your lays!

There, Washington! thy form unrivall'd rose,
Thy country's bulwark! terror of the foes!
Supreme o'er all in stature, talents, grace,
The first in merit as the first in place.
There stood, in tactics skill'd, the vet'ran Gates,
A strenuous victor for the northern states:
He, too, at Braddock's field, in early life,
Had shar'd with Washington that dreadful strife.
Next Greene appear'd, with self-earn'd knowledge fraught,
The strongest judgment and intensest thought—
Experience small by genius great supplied,
His firmness growing as new perils tried—
Fertile in each resource—his piercing view
Intuitively look'd creation through—
Clear in his breast the whole campaign was plann'd,
Foredoom'd by heav'n to save our southern land.
His body rough with scars, near Gates and Greene,
Unletter'd Putnam's louring brow was seen;
Stern as he stood, none more for woe could feel,
His heart all softness, but his nerves all steel;
In peace a lamb, in fight a lion fierce,
And not a name more honour'd decks my verse.
In life's bleak winter Spencer ardent rose,
But faint the flesh, and soon to seek repose.
With silver'd locks the fiery Stirling came,
O'er old experience blaz'd still new a flame;
A furnace glow'd his eye—and grand his port,
Alike was fitted for a camp or court.
Then Sullivan, to rival pomp inclin'd,
Few equals knew for native pow'rs of mind.
Where Ward commanded first, Heath's second sway
Of Massachusetts led the long array;

Before whose thousands Lincoln took his post,
Serene, decisive, and himself a host:
From midland meads here crowds of farmers join,
With Patterson's brigade, that lengthening line;
Two more brigades which yeomen stout compose,
Nixon and Greaton form in face of foes;
Where Glover's call conducts his docile tars,
Neptunean sons adopted now by Mars!
Like changing metals mingled bands convolve,
One solid corps that nothing can dissolve.
There Knox the mortars, fill'd with tempest, taught
To raise their roar. There Morgan's woodsmen fought,
Whose rifle-balls that urg'd the sylvan war,
In nobler chace now carry fate afar.

As from substantial night, magnific came,
And roll'd in light yon planetary frame,
Whose march, instinctive, men amaz'd behold:
So from a mass confus'd our army roll'd,
Harmonious movement! parts accordant link'd,
Wheel within wheel, with spirit all instinct!
With late night watchings wan, by him approv'd,
Whose godlike word the vast machinery mov'd,
Pickering the train prepar'd, th' encampment found,
The van preceded and design'd the ground.
There Wadsworth's bread sustain'd for stronger strife,
Erst fainting bands, with renovated life;
Oft he from distant states the viands brought,
Increas'd their strength, and fed them while they fought.

Where roar'd their cannon as the battle bled,
Lamb, Proctor, Harrison and Stephens sped.
From low *Manhattan** up the *Highland* steep,
M'Dougall pac'd in cogitation deep.
The Clintons there in toils fraternal vied,
(With York's battalions) void of fear and pride:
And Schuyler's chief command had led that force
Far to the north—but sickness check'd his course.
Though there o'er St. Clair fortune seem'd to frown,
Shall fortune blast the warrior's well-won crown?

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* New-York island. Gen. M'Dougall commanded at West-Point and other posts in the Highlands.

Then Warren, Mercer, Nash, Montgomery, shone,
Though dimm'd with blood—too liberal of their own!—
Like the large oak that many a winter stood,
The tallest glory of its native wood,
Wooster was seen to stand—and like that oak,
I saw him fall[*] beneath the fatal stroke.
By ambush'd foes, courageous Scriven died,
Where Georgia's fatten'd crops the slaughter hide;
While Davidson, deep-wounded, gasp'd in gore,
Where shoal Catawba lav'd the troop-lin'd shore.
When Herkimer, sore maim'd, still fighting, fell,
Far o'er scant Mowhawk reach'd the Indian yell:
Where Warner, Gansevort, the savage brav'd,
And nigh Canadian lakes their starry standards wav'd.

As fly autumal leaves athwart some dale,
Borne on the pinions of the sounding gale;
Or glides thin gossamer o'er rustling reeds,
Bland's, Sheldon's, Moylan's, Baylor's, battle steeds
So skimm'd the plain. Helms plum'd and broad-swords bright
Cast glimses o'er the ground like northern light.
There quick-ey'd Arnold, not a traitor then,
Vain, on his courser, soar'd mid mightiest men:
Now fall'n like Lucifier, the son of morn,
By Britain brib'd and doom'd to deathless scorn:
For falsehood mark'd, to infamy consign'd,
One grateful truth he left to glad mankind,
That in so long a war his lonely[†] crime
Should stain the annals of recording Time.—

Then valiant Wayne, with kindled anger warm,
Bar'd his red blade and claim'd to drive the storm,[‡]
Death-doing hero! still that bloody blade,
(Long rusting in his hall) again display'd,
Through wildering woods will guide the daring troop,
For ever watchful of the savage whoop:—
Thence painted kings their broken faith shall rue,
Chas'd by the nimble horse in conflict new,
And gash'd with Bayonne's steel—those kings no more
Shall teach their tribes to thirst for captive gore;

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[*] At Ridgefield in Connecticut, when the military stores were burned at Danbury.

[†] By this it is meant, that there was not any other person of eminence in the American army guilty of treachery during our revolution.

[‡] He commanded the corps which took Stony-Point by storm.

For valiant Wayne shall bid the woods-war cease,
And give the taste of civil arts with peace.

'Twas then th' undaunted Daytons, sire and son,
With Jersey-blues their diff'rent trophies won:
With these Cadwallader fresh levies brought,
And Dickenson, though Penn's disciple, fought.
Then Huger, Maxwell, Mifflin, Marshalls, Read,
Hasten'd, from States remote, to seize the meed:
Howell's and Davie's swords, 'mid thousand deaths,
The laurels cropt to twine with myrtle wreaths.
While Smallwood, Parsons, Shepherd, Irwin, Hand,
Guest, Weedon, Muhlenburg, leads each his band;
While Thompson, Hogan, Scott, whom adverse stars
Long captur'd held, return to toil in wars;
While Poor and Woodford yield in tents their breath,
Stark rode victorious in the field of death;
The *mountains-green*, that witness'd first his fame,
From rocks to rocks resounded far the name.
As the tough horn-beam (peering o'er those rocks),
With gnarled grain the riving thunder mocks;
Indignant Allen, manacled in vain,
With soul revolting, bit the British chain.

Not last, though smallest, Del'ware's dauntless throng,
With Bedford, Hall, and Kirkwood grace the song:
Nor less the song of southern chiefs shall tell,
How Sumner bled, and Campbell conquering fell;
Moultrie, and M'Intosh, and Elbert stood,
Though foil'd, invincible, in streams of blood;
What time resistless Albion's torrent force
Swept round the south its wide and wasting course.
Her dreadless *horsemen*, high with conquest flush'd,
Through States subdued, like winds impetuous rush'd!
From them militia bands were seen to fly,
Light as the rack that scuds along the sky:
And oft, our leaders, with a gallant few,
(Names dear to fame!) the noble strife renew.
Moore, Gadsden, Caswell, Rutherford, and Ash,
With Bryant, bade the flint of battle flash;
While Gregory, Butler, Williamson, and Clark,
Bull, Lawson, Stephens, fed the *growing spark*,

Which, Brenan, Lacey, Sevier, taught to burn,
And from King's-mountain* back on Britain turn;
'Till, rous'd by Cleveland's, Shelby's fanning breath,
It ran, like lightning, o'er the pitch-pine heath.
To turn its havoc headlong on his foes,
A whirlwind from the north, then Greene arose;
His brandish'd steel a burning meteor glar'd,
'Mid blackness bickering fire his way prepar'd;
While Marion, Pickens, Sumpter, thund'ring loud,
Roll'd down their dark'ning cliffs a living cloud;
Like spirits of the storm, beside great Greene,
Young rivals, Lee and Washington, were seen,—
Wheeling their squadron'd horse. There Howard came,
And shot through Tarleton's ranks pernicious flame.
Two Pinckneys came, in war, in peace both great,
And both conspicuous for a wreath of State:
Two Williams, diff'rent though their place of birth,
Alike their prowess, and alike their worth.

Howe from the south, to eastern climates hied,
And hail'd at Hudson's forts our rising pride!
There what brave youths for arms relinquish'd books,
Cobb, Varnum, Ogdens, Huntingtons, and Brooks.
There Swift, Hull, Sherburn, Olney, Smiths were found,
And Hamilton, "by both Minervas crown'd."
Nor shall my numbers pass unheeded by
The Wyllys brothers—one beneath the sky
Sleeps in the western wild—his bosom gor'd
With barb'rous wounds—in many song deplor'd.
Nor shall the Trumbulls not my lay inspire,
Distinguish'd offspring of a glorious sire!
Nor shall my lay withhold the just applause
From foreign chiefs who came to aid our cause:
Their various garbs and arms, and language strange,
To lend more service, straight the warriors change.
Steuben, mature in years, from Prussia's plains,
The peerless Frederick's art of war explains.
Fayette's light corps its well-earn'd fame supports,
And Armand's legion rash adventures courts.
With Poland's suff'rings rankling in his mind,
Our levied forces Kosciusko join'd,

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* This alludes to the signal defeat of Colonel Ferguson, at King's-mountain, by a gallant body of mountaineers, under the command of the officers here mentioned.

Expert to change the front, retreat, advance,
And judge of ground with military glance:
While strong Pulaske's* troops for battle rave,
Intrepid swordsmen! bravest of the brave!
These chiefs illustrious led, in part, the host;
But who can name Columbia's countless boast?
Who count the sands by eddying whirlblasts driv'n,
Or number all the stars that rise in heav'n?

Yet stir one sleeping image, straight the brain
Leads kindred myriads with a magic chain;
While all the shapes to mem'ry that belong,
In shadowy cohorts swell the subject throng.
When night and solitude o'er earth and skies
Extend their gloom, what forms of heroes rise
Full on my view! what feats, that grac'd each band,
Till peace, with independence bless'd our land!

And oft in recollections sad, but dear,
I soothe long absence with a secret tear—
Where'er I wander, or where'er I rest,
The love of country warms my lab'ring breast;
And as the flame within my bosom burns,
Each trembling feeling tow'rds Columbia turns.
'Tis like the steel whose magnet-instinct guides
O'er unknown oceans and bewild'ring tides,
And though the lone bark, wrapp'd in darkness, roll,
Still points its path and vibrates to the pole.

Speak, ye who youthful felt the big tear start,
As first your home ye left with heavy heart,
The bliss (long years elaps'd) to see that spot!
Alike the marble dome and mud-wall'd cot
Restore to mind the sports and joys of youth,
Each heartfelt proof of innocence and truth!
How each remember'd toy the scene endears,
And home the loveliest place on earth appears!
Thou humble spot beneath Columbia's skies,
Where dawn'd the day-star on my opening eyes,
Can I forget thee in this distant scene,
Though ocean rolls a world of waves between?

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* Slain with many of his legion at the attack on Savannah.

How oft some spirit deign'd, from blissful bow'rs,
With dreams of thee to charm my sleeping hours!
Thoughts not my own, still whisper'd soft and clear,
As songs of seraphs to th' unsensual ear,
With kind delusion cur'd my waking pains,
Whether 'mid deaths I slept on tented plains;
Or tir'd with travel on some desert steep,
Or rock'd in cradles of the roaring deep;
Or when my sails at crafty courts were furl'd,
In many a region of this restless world.

While yet detain'd beneath Iberian skies,
Still for my native land new longings rise:
Me keen remembrance goads, by seas confin'd,
While all my country rushes on my mind.
Fir'd at the name, I feel the patriot heat
Throb in my bosom, in my pulses beat,
And on my visage glow. Though what I feel
No words can tell—unutterable zeal!—
Yet thou, Omniscient! whose all-searching eyes
Behold the hidden thoughts that in us rise,
Accept the silent pray'r—"increase, secure,
My country's bliss, while nature's self endure;
'Till pass'd the race of man, like fleeting wind,
Whose viewless current leaves no trace behind,
Th' irrevocable voice from Heav'n absorb
In smould'ring flames, the annihilated orb!"

A

POEM

ON THE DEATH OF

GENERAL WASHINGTON,

PRONOUNCED

At the House of the American Legation, in Madrid,

on the 4th Day of July, 1800;

BEING THE

TWENTY-FOURTH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

INDEPENDENCE

OF THE

UNITED STATES

OF

AMERICA.

TO

MRS. WASHINGTON,

At Mount-Vernon.

Madrid, February 22, 1800.

DEAR AND RESPECTED MADAM,

TOO long was I an inmate of your hospitable family, and too intimately connected with the late illustrious head of it, not to share in the poignancy of your distress for the death of the best of husbands. The loss of the most distinguished man of the age is an event which has produced an extensive mourning in Europe as well as in America. On the return of this day, which was signalized by his birth, and which was accustomed to be celebrated with heartfelt festivity throughout the United States, what mingled ideas crowd upon the recollection! Grief more genuine or more universal was never manifested in any age or in any nation. While a grateful country offers to you the joint tribute of sympathetic tears, I am encouraged to hope that the solitary condolences of an absent friend will not be unseasonable or unacceptable. Accept, then, that pledge of my sincere affection and respect for you. In the season of severe afflictions, I know you were ever disposed to listen to the voice of friendship, reason, and religion. When, nearly nineteen years ago, you were bereaved by death of a dear, an only son, after having mentioned the superior motives for resignation to the dispensations of the Deity, I attempted to administer some consolation, by showing that the lenient hand of time might mitigate the severity of grief, and that you had still the prospect of enjoying many good days on earth in the society of the best of friends, as well as in beholding your grand-children happily established in life, as a comfort for your more advanced years. Highly favoured have you been by Providence, in the uninterrupted fruition of those felicities, until the late fatal stroke, which has removed all you held most dear for ever from this world. Having lived long enough for himself, and long enough for glory, he has gone before us from these mutable scenes of trouble to the mansions of eternal rest.

We, too, are hastening to follow him "to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns." The only difference is, whether we shall commence our journey a few days sooner or later. In either case the idea of meeting our dear departed friends will serve, in some degree, to cheer the gloomy passage. To those who have already passed into the vale of declining life, it is true every thing here below ought to appear too transitory and too short-lived to allow them to calculate on permanent enjoyments. If the consolation which was once naturally drawn from the expectation of still seeing many good days on this earth, be diminished, the resources of reason and religion are everlasting as they are inexhaustible. The noble sentiments and principles of your departed husband remain for your support. Your long alliance with that exalted character cannot fail to elevate your mind above the pressure of immoderate and unreasonable sorrow: we are apt to assimilate ourselves, as far as we are able, to the character, and, as it were, to identify our own with the destinies of those we love. Your hope of happiness is with him on high. But without suffering your intellectual view to be diverted from that higher contemplation, may you not experience some soothing sensations in contemplating a whole people weeping over the tomb of your beloved; in seeing them strive to bestow unequalled honours on his memory, and in knowing that they wish to alleviate your sorrow by a participation of it? And may you not derive some rational comfort from the recollection that the great and good man whom we now mourn as having been subject to the lot of mortality, has faithfully discharged every duty in life; from a belief that he has now entered upon a glorious immortality; and from a conviction that, after having rendered to his country more important services than any other human character ever performed, his example will continue to be a blessing to mankind so long as this globe shall exist as a theatre for human action? Since the fatal news reached me, I have found my heart so much oppressed as not to be able to give vent to those effusions which can alone afford me some relief. I wished to express my sensations, but felt myself incapable of the effort: so true is the observation of the author of the pathetic elegy on Mr. Addison:

> "What mourner ever felt poetic fires!
> Slow comes the verse that real woe inspires;
> Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
> Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart."

When my own grief shall become a little moderated, I propose to indulge my melancholy meditations in endeavouring to delineate such features of the character of the deceased father of his country, and such events of his interesting life, as have left the most indelible impressions on my mind. I shall thus procure the double advantage, first, for myself, of holding a kind of spiritual intercourse with him; and, next, of exhibiting for others an admirable model for imitation. Could I flatter myself with the expectation of being able to express (in any adequate proportion) what I know and what I feel on a subject which will employ the pens of innumerable writers, I might then hope to do not less justice to his public and private virtues than others. For, conscious I am that few have had opportunities of knowing him better, and that none could appreciate more justly his morals and his merits. If the task which gratitude, affection and duty impose shall not be executed in a manner too unworthy of the subject, even in my own judgment, I shall ask your acceptance of the production when finished. In the mean time, may you receive, while here on earth, every species of consolation of which an afflicted and virtuous mind is susceptible: and may the choicest of heaven's benedictions attend you through the whole period of your existence. Such is the fervent prayer of

Your most affectionate
And most obliged friend and servant,
D. HUMPHREYS.

P. S. I request you will present my most affectionate regards to Mrs. Stuart and family, to all your amiable grand-children, to Mr. Lear, Dr. Craig and family, and, in general, all my ancient friends in your neighbourhood. Mrs. Humphreys, although she has not the honour of being personally known to you, cannot but take a deep interest in your afflictions. She requests me to tender the homage of her best respects to you.

TO

MRS. WASHINGTON,

At Mount-Vernon.

Madrid, July 5, 1800.

DEAR AND RESPECTED MADAM,

IN conformity to the intimation given in my letter, dated the 22d of February last, I now dedicate to you a Poem, on the death of your late husband, delivered yesterday, at the house of the American legation in this city, in presence of a respectable number of persons belonging to different nations. Their partiality to the subject led them to listen to it with peculiar indulgence. And from you, I flatter myself, it will meet with no unfavourable reception, even if it should not have the desired effect of diminishing the source of your sorrow, as it contains a representation (though but an imperfect one) of my melancholy sensations—and as it is rather the production of the heart than of the head. When I wrote to you on the 22d of February last, I was ignorant that day had been set apart as sacred to the memory of General Washington. I was unconscious that the voice of mourning was raised at that moment throughout every district in the United States for your and their irreparable loss. Yet, on a day which had been rendered for ever memorable by his birth, it was so natural for the feelings of the whole nation to be in sympathy, that I could not fail of participating in the mournful solemnity which I afterwards found had been recommended by the President to the people of the union.

The anniversary of Independence produces, in some sort, a renovation of the same sentiments. For who can separate the idea of our Washington from that of our Independence? Who can avoid renewing their lamentations, that he, who contributed so largely to the establishment of it, is now no more? That he was raised up by Heaven to be more instrumental than any other mortal in obtaining the acknowledgment of our right to be an independent nation, and in securing the enjoyment of our civil liberty under a good form of government, no one has ever pretended to deny. For the accomplishment of this glorious destiny, it was indispensably necessary that he should have been born just so long before the revolution, as to have acquired all the qualities of body and mind adequate to the performance of the important part he was called upon to act. This observation has probably often occurred and been expressed. But I beg leave to mention another which has not, to my knowledge, hitherto been made. It seems not unreasonable to suppose (from the wonderful change of sentiments which has since taken place in France) that his death was ordained by Providence to happen exactly at the point of time when the salutary influence of his example would be more extensively felt than it could have been at any other period. So that it may be said of him, with peculiar propriety, that his whole existence was of a piece, and that he died as he lived, for the good of mankind. Perhaps the efficacy of his example could not be so much needed at any moment hereafter as it is at present, to recommend systems of morals and manners calculated to promote the public felicity. Had he died when the Directory governed France, it cannot be doubted that his name, if not loaded with obloquy, would, at least, have been treated with contempt in that country, and, as far as it was possible, consigned to oblivion. The circumstances are now greatly changed, and the good and the brave in that, as in every other nation, consider themselves as having lost in him the ornament and glory of the age. In the British dominions distinguished honours have been paid to his memory. In France itself, a public mourning* has been decreed for his death. There those descriptions of men just now mentioned have given utterance to their generous feelings, and the cry of grief and admiration has resounded in the very place where the howling of rage and malediction was but lately heard. In the funeral eulogium pronounced by Fontanes, at the command of the French government (of which I have made and enclosed a translation for your perusal), you will find many correct, useful, and sublime ideas. The men who now possess the supreme power have ordered the models of public virtue (if I may so express myself) personified at different epochas, to be placed before them. The bust of General Washington is associated with those of the greatest human characters that have ever existed. This is a happy presage of better intentions and better times: for ambition and selfishness, shrinking from his presence, could ill support the mute reproaches of that awful marble.

In either extremity of life so immediately does the lot of General Washington appear to have been the charge of heaven! Since the *mortal* as well as the *natal hour is unchangeably fixed*, it becomes our duty to acquiesce in the wise dispensations of the Deity. The illustrious father of his country was long since prepared for this event. You well remember, when his life was despaired of at New-York, he addressed these words to me: "I know it is very doubtful whether ever I shall rise from this bed, and God knows it is perfectly indifferent to me whether I do or not."—Amidst all the successes and all the honours of this world, he knew, "that no man is to be accounted happy until after death."

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* See the order of the day of the First Consul of France in the appendix.

Happy is it that the seal of immortality is set on the character of him, whose counsels as well as actions were calculated to increase the sum of human happiness. Those counsels are now the more likely to be spontaneously obeyed, since his career has been successfully finished, and since it is every where fashionable to speak of his talents and services in terms of the highest applause. In fine, the world is disposed, in this instance, to do justice to the *most unsullied worth* it has perhaps ever witnessed. While heroes, and statesmen, and nations contemplate with complacency his public life as a perfect model for a public character, it remains for those who knew him in the calm station of retirement to demonstrate how dearly they prized his amiable dispositions and domestic virtues, by imitating his conduct in private life. To be great is the lot of few—to be good is within the power of all. What are the inestimable consolations of a good conscience in the hour of afflictions, no one knows better than yourself; and it ought not to be indifferent to you that posterity too will know, that, in all your social relations, and in discharging all the duties of your sex, the whole tenour of your behaviour has been highly exemplary, and worthy of the most unreserved approbation: indeed, that it has been worthy of the wife of General Washington.

With such consolatory reflections I bid you an affectionate adieu, in renewing the assurances of the great regard and esteem with which

I have the honour to be,
Dear and respected Madam,
Your sincere friend,
And most humble servant,
D. HUMPHREYS.

P. S. I request my best respects may be offered to all my friends with you and in your vicinity.

ADVERTISEMENT.

SINCE the following Poem will probably be perused by some foreigners who have not much acquaintance with the United States, it was presumed that it might not be improper to furnish some illustrations of it in the notes.

As the life of General Washington excited so much admiration, and his death such universal sorrow, it was imagined no communications could be unwelcome to the public which might tend to give a just idea of the purity, disinterestedness and friendship of that distinguished character. Such is the tendency of his letters to the author, written in the confidence of friendship, and, consequently, not meant for the public eye. But now that the curtain is drawn by death, it was conceived that the publication would not only reflect credit upon the man who composed them, but even be of some utility to his country. And now that he is for ever removed from us, it will not be superfluous to remark, that what might have been considered by certain persons as flattery, if published during his life, cannot at present be subject to that imputation.

The author thinks proper here to offer some apology for the disproportion which may perhaps be noticed between the different parts of the poem. Since several writers have concurred in expressing more admiration for the civil than for the military talents of General Washington; and since the splendour of the late warlike achievements in Europe has, in a manner, eclipsed all the martial glory that had preceded, so that the events of our revolutionary war are in danger of being unknown to posterity; it was deemed not improper to describe at large the principal battle which was fought between the two main armies, and which was rendered the more remarkable from the scenery, season, and vicissitudes that designated the engagement.

These are the chief reasons why the author has thought himself justified in dwelling so long on that part of his subject, while he has been obliged to pass over many other topics of importance with so much rapidity. Nothing has been more admired among mankind than the description of ancient battles, on which the fate of empires depended, and which have been immortalized in epic poems. Whether, in the modern art of war, equal interest can be attached to, or equal enthusiasm excited by similar description, remained to be seen. For, certain it is, the greater part of modern poets have not been equally successful in this species of composition. And this want of success, it may fairly be concluded, has frequently happened from a servile use of hackneyed expressions, as well as from a confused mixture of ideas, with respect to ancient and modern arms and tactics. It has not been pretended that the art of war among the ancients was as perfect as it is among the moderns. But it has been intimated, in proportion as the arts grew more perfect they grew less complex, and less capable of being adorned with poetical ornament. And it has been said, " that the single combats of the chiefs, the long dialogues held with the dying, and the unexpected rencounters we meet with, which betray the imperfection of the military art, furnish the poet with the means of making us acquainted with his heroes, and interesting us in their good or ill fortune." It has further been said, " at present armies are vast machines, animated by the breath of their General. The muse denies her assistance in their evolutions: she is afraid to penetrate the clouds of powder and smoke that conceal from her sight alike the coward and the brave, the private sentinel and the Commander in Chief." But is this noisome vapour, this terrifying darkness, which operates so mischievously on the sight of the muse and on the imagination of the critic, so complete and so durable, as to render it impracticable for us to acquire any distinct idea of the scenery? Is it not rather a poetical licence to assert, that the Commander in Chief is not more conspicuous than the private sentinel? At the same time he is represented as the only object that is worthy of attention. Is every illustrious achievement concealed from view, or seen through a contracting medium? Does not a certain degree of obscurity and indistinctness for the moment, like the twilight of a checkered grove, serve to magnify and vary the objects of vision? Is there no variety of sounds to relieve the monotony, no change of circumstances to diversify the relation? No choice of incidents for general, none for particular description? Can nothing that is tender or pathetic be selected to touch the sensibility? Is there no possibility of picturing some part of the bloody field (with the clouds withdrawing) to the mind's eye as it appeared to the bodily optics? No means of rendering the principal combatants interesting, because they are not often to be seen in single combat, and because they cannot now be unnaturally employed in holding long dialogues with the dying, and in making us acquainted with the history of the living? Did the prose prototypes of those poetical colloquies ever exist? Does the character of the modern Commander in Chief become less important or less interesting from the creative faculty which is attributed to him of infusing a vital principle into his army? Is not heaven's all-ruling Sire represented to our feeble comprehensions, in the majesty of his terrors, as being at times surrounded with clouds and thick darkness? Could the ancients introduce into their heroic compositions the grand phenomena of nature with as much propriety as the moderns? Ask those who have seen a battle fought in our own time, whether there be nothing glorious in the appearance of *one* MAN, who, in the midst of the confusion and horror of the elemental conflict, decides the fortune of the day? Is he attended with no tremendous apparel, which can furnish truly poetical images? Is there nothing dreadfully sublime in the thunder of cannon, the charge of cavalry, and the moving line of infantry, whose naked steel bears down all before it? Nothing unspeakably animating in modern martial music? But let the writer feel his subject; let him rush rapidly with his reader into the hurry and heat of the battle; let animation, harmony and movement be communicated; and it is to be supposed that the human mind is still susceptible of receiving strong impressions, and of being agitated with powerful emotions. It is not intended to be decided here, that the Greek and Latin poets possess no advantage over the moderns in the copiousness or melody of their languages; or that poesy in those languages does not admit of more boldness in the figures, pomp in the diction, music in the cadences, variety in the numbers, or greater facility for imitative beauty in making the sound an echo to the sense, than in most of the living languages. This is left to the decision of those who are better acquainted with the subject. But what is still more fascinating than the charms of poesy; what more likely to elevate the rising generation to emulate the exalted deeds of their fathers, than the examples of illustrious men placed in action before them? Or what more capable than glowing descriptions of battles successfully fought for freedom, to keep alive that fire of heroism which is so essentially necessary for the defence of free states?

If a coincidence of thought should be found in this composition with that which has been introduced into any other on the same subject, it ought to be known that the author had not seen any publication, except the eulogy of Judge Minot, of Boston, at the time when he composed the following poem.

ARGUMENT.

This Anniversary of Independence overcast with unusual glooms—symptoms of extreme and universal affliction for the death of Washington—my unutterable feelings of distress—his friends who were present, how affected—apostrophe to melancholy—motives for endeavouring to overcome the oppression of silent grief, in order to celebrate his glorious achievements—different classes of people called upon to sympathise in the general sorrow for his death—sketch of the extraordinary qualities of body and mind, which distinguished him in youth, and fitted him for future public employments—his early mission—first military exploits—subsequent occupation in civil and agricultural life until middle age—election as a Delegate to the first Congress—Great-Britain forces us into the revolationary war—that war different in character and weapons from the wars of the Indians or ancients—Washington is appointed Commander in Chief of the American armies—his wise and successful procrastinating system—battle of Monmouth, as being the principal action fought between the two main armies, described in detail—siege of York-Town—difficult and distressing situations—invincible firmness of the American hero—a mutiny suppressed—peace—resignation of his commission as Commander in Chief—troubles that succeeded in the United States for want of a good government—Washington, with the Federal Convention, formed a new Constitution—he is unanimously chosen first President of the United States, at a very tempestuous period—his just system of policy in general, and particularly with respect to foreign nations—an insurrection quelled without bloodshed—his humane conduct on all occasions towards our enemies, and especially towards the aborigines of America when conquered—treatment of Africans—his journey through the United States—their gratitude to him—unparalleled prosperity of his administration—his reward—the benefits resulting from his enlightened policy not limited to his own country, but extended to mankind—his retirement from public life—he is again named Commander in Chief a short time before his death—that event lamented with the tenderest sensibility by all our troops—though he was so extensively respected and beloved, he did not entirely escape slander—its impotency—his last advice—his important services in life, and heroic contempt of death, cited as examples—consolations for his widow—view of a happy immortality—spirits of the brave and supernatural beings invoked to protect our orphaned land—address to the supreme Disposer of all things to preserve our freedom—vision of Washington concludes the poem.

A POEM

ON THE DEATH OF

GENERAL WASHINGTON.

OH, Independence of our western world,
Beneath whose banner broad in war unfurl'd,
With Washington I toil'd! beneath whose shade[*]
With him beheld thy fruits in peace display'd!—
Say why such deep'ning glooms this day o'erspread,
Thy annual feast, as for some dearest dead?

Say, lov'd Columbians! what these glooms bespeak?[†]
Why paleness gathers on each alter'd cheek?
Why round the shore and o'er each inland heath,
Tolls from each village tow'r the bell of death?
Why stops the dance? Why cease the sounds of mirth?
What unknown sorrow saddens half the earth?
What means yon sable train in shadowy ranks,
That dimly moves along Potowmac's banks?
Why on my view ascends yon phantom bier?[‡]
I fear'd—ah, woe to me! too true that fear!—

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[*] After having served through the war with General Washington, the author accompanied him to Mount-Vernon, and was the last officer belonging to the army of the United States who parted from the Commander in Chief. He afterwards returned and resided at that seat during the whole time which elapsed between the publication of the present Constitution and the election of General Washington as first President: And when Mr. Charles Thompson came there, by direction of Congress, to notify that event, the author was the only person (their domestics excepted) who attended the President to New-York, then the temporary residence of the government.

[†] Upon the news of the death of General Washington being communicated to the American people, public deliberations ceased, business was suspended, places of amusement were shut, funeral solemnities were performed in many churches, and every possible demonstration of sincere mourning was manifested throughout the United States.

[‡] The reader may be referred to the printed relation of the affecting manner in which the burial was conducted at the family vault, on the bank of the Potowmac.—See the general order for celebrating the funeral obsequies. Also the interesting description of the military proceedings, on this occasion, in the cantonment of the Union Brigade, at the Scotch-Plains, in New-Jersey, commanded by Colonel William S. Smith, formerly Aid-de-Camp of General Washington.

Fall'n is the mighty—Washington is dead—
Our day to darkness turn'd—our glory fled—
Yes, that lov'd form lies lifeless, dark in dust—
Of patriots purest as of heroes first!

Though duty calls and friendship leaves no choice,
Unutterable feelings choak my voice—
For sensibilities I bring, not less,
And greater grief than others, to express.
Then ask your breast, each feeling patriot, ask,
How dread the duty and how great the task?
Yet who can tell what sorrow fills my breast?
Can all the sighs that will not be supprest,
The struggling voice and eyes that overflow,
Effuse such deep, immeasurable woe?

Then view the scene of death, where keener pain
Palsies each nerve, and thrills through every vein.
Ye sorrowing inmates of his mournful dome,
Ye sad domestics, kindred, neighbours, come!
Take a last gaze—in ruins where he lies!—
Pale your mute lips—and red your failing eyes—
But, dumbly eloquent, despair shall tell,
How long ye lov'd him, and, ev'n more, how well!

Come, thou! whose voice alone my country hears,
To woe abandon'd, and dissolv'd in tears;
Come, Melancholy! come—in sorrow steep
The dirge of death, and teach my words to weep!
Thee will I woo in every haunted place,
And give my bosom to thy cold embrace.
Adieu, ye gayer scenes—a long farewell
To festal domes where mirth and music dwell;
I seek the house of mourning—there, my soul,
Thy daring flights, 'mid damps of death, controul!
Or let me rove where spectres haunt the glooms,
In meditations lost among the tombs;
Hold visionary converse with my chief,
And long indulge the luxury of grief.

Can stoic precepts grief like this assuage,
Grief not confin'd to nation, sex, or age!
Could apathy our sense of grief benumb,
Matter inanimate, no longer dumb,

Would find a tongue—shall he, whose guiding sword
Our path to Independence first explor'd,
Sleep unremember'd? him will none adorn,
Whose wreaths of fame shall deck our sons unborn,
Whose independent soul, untaught to yield,
Shall fill their breasts and fire them to the field?
Shall not the western world bewail the blow
That laid our chief, the first of mortals, low?
And shall not he (th' example plac'd in view
For endless generations to pursue)
Who for his country spent his every breath,
Speak from the tomb and serve it after death?

Then weep thou orphan'd world! thy poignant grief
From nat'ral tears shall find a faint relief.
Ye choirs of children!—Washington is dead—
Have ye no sobs to heave, no tears to shed?
Unknowing your great loss, with chaplets[*] come,
In robes of white, and strow with flow'rs his tomb!
Ye lovely virgins left to long despair,
With soften'd features and disorder'd hair,
The slow procession join! Ye matrons grave,
Who boast an offspring resolute and brave,
Swell with your moan the symphony of woe;
While youth and manhood teach their tears to flow!
Orphans!—your benefactor[†] is no more—
A second parent lost, with pangs deplore!
Ye desolated widows, weep him dead,
Whose fleeces cloath'd you and whose harvests fed!
Ye his co-evals, whose dim west'ring sun
Nigh to that bourne, whence none returns, has run;
With parsimonious drops bedew his urn;
Ye go to him, but he will not return.
Stern-visag'd vet'rans, scorning threats and fears,
With death familiar, but unus'd to tears;
Ye who with him for independence fought,
And the rough work of revolution wrought;
Ye brave companions of his martial cares,
Inur'd to hardships, in his fame co-heirs;

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[*] Many solemn processions, in celebration of the funeral obsequies of General Washington, were made in divers cities, towns, and villages of the United States.

[†] Mr. Lear, the confidential friend of General Washington, can disclose better than any other person what an amount of property was annually distributed by him in secret charities.

Though in your eye the big tear stand represt,
Let sharper sorrow sting your manly breast!
To worlds unknown what friends have gone before!
The place that knew them, knows them now no more;
Your seats at annual feasts[*] must be more bare,
Ev'n ye must be the wrecks of what ye were;
Till late, supported on his staff, appears
(Like some lone arch that braves a length of years)
One *hoary* MAN, all helpless, pale, unnerv'd,
The last alive with Washington who serv'd!
And ye, who oft his public counsels heard,
Admir'd his wisdom and his words rever'd;
Ye senators! let mourning's voice succeed,
And join the cry, " the mighty's fall'n indeed."

" Fall'n is the mighty," loads each gale with sighs,
" Fall'n is the mighty," shore to shore replies.
Of him the tearful traveller[†] will speak—
The tear will wet the wandering sailor's[‡] cheek,
Who, hearing 'mid the storm his country's cry,
Furls the white canvass in a foreign sky.
Of him, at home, will speak each aged sire,
As his young offspring crowd the wintry fire,
Their list'ning ears with tales of wonder strike,
And say, " alas! when shall we see his like?"

What talents rare, ne'er lent before by heav'n,
To him, the glory of his age, were giv'n?
What force of body, majesty of mind,
To make one perfect whole in him combin'd?
O'er his fine figure and distinguish'd face,
Life's rosy morn suffus'd cherubic grace;
While toils his sinews brace, his limbs dilate,
And arm his breast to brave the bolts of fate.
What peerless portion of th' Almighty's might
Nerv'd the new chief, magnanimous for fight?

[*] The society of the Cincinnati is composed of the officers of the army who served their country during the revolutionary war. Their annual meetings are held on the fourth day of July in every State.

[†] The citizens of the United States travelling or residing in foreign countries, universally wore badges of mourning.

[‡] Upon the news of the death of General Washington being received in Europe, the colours on board of American vessels were hoisted half mast high, and minute guns were fired. The sailors belonging to American vessels in the Thames assisted at the church in Wapping at a service adapted to the occasion.

How o'er the rising race, by merit aw'd,
He look'd and mov'd conspicuous as a god?

Him young a model for our youth behold!
No dupe to pleasure and no slave to gold;[*]
Above low pride, nor smit with love of pow'r,
Nor idly changing with the changing hour:
Each headstrong passion curb'd, each sense refin'd,
Devote to virtue all his mighty mind!—
That mighty mind, correct, capacious, strong,
Discriminating clearly right from wrong;
By Meditation's lamp soon learn'd to scan
The dark recesses of the heart of man—
Modest, not bashful, ev'n in timid youth,
Nor obstinate, but nobly firm for truth;
Of others' *counsels*, his own judgment such,
He priz'd them nor too little nor too much;
And chief, that happiest skill to him was known,
When *others'* to prefer and when his *own*.

Virginia saw his great career begin,
Ere manhood's earliest honours deck'd his chin;
What time, a legate through the gloomy grove,[†]
To quench the first-seen spark of war, he strove:
To him so young the task sublime consign'd,
Involv'd the peace or war[‡] of half mankind.
But vain his task. The spark that there began,
A fiery deluge through the nations ran.
Who has not heard, when round our borders far
Encroachments wak'd the colonies to war;
He led a band where band ne'er march'd before,
And dyed his maiden steel in savage gore?
Or how, by perils press'd, his growing fame
(When captur'd at the fort that drew its name

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[*] General Washington constantly declined receiving any thing from the public, but merely for the purpose of defraying his expenses. At the close of the war he rendered an account to government, in his own hand-writing, of all the public money which had been expended by or for him.

[†] The reader may have recourse to the journal of this mission, printed by authority, for information.

[‡] The American hero was sent, when very young, by the government of Virginia, to confer with the French commander on the frontiers, and to endeavour, by checking encroachments, to prevent hostilities. These, however, shortly afterwards commenced in that quarter, and extended to all parts of the world.

From dire NECESSITY[*]) still higher rose?
Or how, when Braddock fell (though hedg'd by foes,
Though weak with sickness, watching, want of food,
And midnight wand'ring[†] in the howling wood)
He hew'd a glorious passage, bold, discreet,
And sav'd an army by a sage retreat?
So through Misfortune's path the stripling far'd,
For other fields, by early feats, prepar'd.
So rose the youthful hero's glory—soon
To blaze and brighten in perennial noon—
High o'er each earth-born mist, that frequent shrouds
Meridian glory in a night of clouds.

Far roll'd the storm of war, and o'er our scene
Then happier days began to shine serene.
'Twas then he honour'd many a civil trust,
A judge and legislator[‡] wise and just.
In rural cares he plac'd his chief delight,
By day his pleasure and his dream by night—
How sweetly smil'd his eye to view his farms,
In produce rich, display unnumber'd charms;
While joys domestic sweeten'd every toil,
And his fond partner paid him smile for smile!

Now had the hero gain'd life's fairest prime,
What time the fathers of the western clime
In congress first assembled—there his name
Stood midst the foremost on the list of fame.
Nor since this sublunary scene began,
Have names more glorious grac'd the race of man.
At first they hop'd redress, their wrongs made known
In mild remonstrance with a manly tone:
In vain they hop'd the parent pow'r would hear;—
On them she scornful turn'd a deafen'd ear.

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[*] Fort Necessity, which was commanded by Colonel Washington, after a gallant defence, was surrendered by capitulation. The garrison was allowed to retire to the settlements.

[†] On the day of Braddock's defeat, young Washington, who was so weak from a fever as to be supported by a cushion on his horse, performed the most arduous and meritorious services. After having conducted the shattered remains of the army across the Monoongahela, into a place of safety, he proceeded through the dark and howling wilderness all night, in order to reach the camp of Colonel Dunbar, and obtain the necessary succour as soon as possible. On his arrival he fainted, and suffered a relapse, which lasted for a considerable time.

[‡] General Washington was, for many years before the revolution, a magistrate of Fairfax county, and a member of the Legislature of the dominion of Virginia.

When reason fail'd, they bade for war prepare,
And in our country's cause all dangers dare.
Then Britain's legions (in whose van he strove
In former fight, and seiz'd amid the grove
That fort[*] where fair Ohio takes its name)
In hostile terrors, like a torrent came.
To us how strange that hateful strife appear'd,
To meet as foes whom kindred names endear'd!
No more in woods and swamps the war was wag'd,
As when our sires the native race engag'd;
When painted savages from mountains far
Made vallies howl with hollow whoops of war;
Or when, in ambush hid, the bow they drew,
And arrowy deaths on silent pinions flew;
Or when from captive heads the scalps they tore,
And wav'd the trophies reeking warm with gore.
But now on broader plains, with banners gay,
And burnish'd steel that flashes back the day,
In fiercer hosting meet, with mutual fires,
Two armies sprung from the same warlike sires.
What though nor ancient arms or armour shed
A floating splendour round each hero's head;
What though our eyes no single chief behold,
Come tow'ring arm'd in panoply of gold;
What though no beamy mail, no sun-bright shields
Shoot their long lightnings o'er th' astonish'd fields;
Nor flies the twink'ling steel nor thund'ring car,
Its wheels whirl redd'ning o'er the ranks of war;—
New arms more fatal give man's rage new force,
Where modern tactics turn the battle's course;
Where discipline through thousands breathes one soul,
Combines their strength and animates the whole;
A moving world obeys the leader's nod,
In pomp and prowess likest to a god!
One spark of martial fire an army warms,
One breath inspires it and one soul informs.
As wing'd by wintry winds the horsemen move,
A running flame that wastes the crackling grove:
The phalanx firm in uniform attire,
Indissolubly stands a wall of fire:

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[*] Fort Pitt, formerly called Fort Du Quesne, is situated at the confluence of the rivers *Allegany* and *Monongahela*, where the waters assume the name of the Ohio. General Washington commanded the Virginia troops when this fort was taken in a former war.

While flames and thunders from the cannon hurl'd,
Singe the red air and rock the solid world.

Then our great Chief was call'd to lead the fight,
A mighty angel arm'd with God's own might!
To Washington the wise, prepar'd by heav'n
To lead our host, the high command was giv'n.
He came obsequious to the sacred call,
Survey'd the dangers and despis'd them all.
Though in his mind he found no mean resource,
He felt the task too great for human force;
And plac'd,[*] reluctant, of our leaders first,
He in the God of battles put his trust.

Long held th' accomplish'd Chief the Fabian[†] name,
(Nor foes nor friends confest but half his fame)
From beauteous Boston drove the royal ranks,
Their inroads check'd on Hudson's rocky banks,
Resolv'd the state to save by wise delay,
Nor risk our fortunes on one fatal day.
But, when by duty urg'd, with dread delight
(Like heav'n's red vengeance rous'd at dead of night)
He rush'd to battle. Witness, wide domains!
Ye Jersey hills and Pennsylvania plains!
Witness, ye war-graves, rising round our coast,
Where rest the bones of half the British host!
Thou, Monmouth, witness through thy waste of sand,
The battle bravely fought as wisely plann'd!

The sick'ning harvest fail'd in summer's pride,
The gaping ground for lack of moisture dried;
The foliage scorch'd, the grass untimely sear'd,
And dry and dun the late green-swerd appear'd;
When now from Schuylkill's shore in strong array,
The royal host through Jersey wind their way;
Full many a league with weary steps retreat,
Through suffocating dust, and drought, and heat:

---

[*] See his speech in Congress on accepting the office of Commander in Chief.

[†] As General Washington was, at one period, erroneously considered by many of his countrymen, as being too much disposed to pursue the Fabian system of war, it was thought the more necessary to attempt to impress the public mind with an idea of his active and enterprizing character whenever the circumstances would justify such conduct. The battle of Monmouth, and the siege of York-Town, are particularly selected for that purpose.

Columbia, rous'd to intercept their flight,
Hangs on their rear-guard like the storm of night.

The dubious dawn o'er Monmouth's plain that shone,
Crimson'd the clouds before the rising sun;
Where Britain's cavalry, in dreadful length,
Stood, sword in hand, a living wall of strength!
Simcoe's videttes by glimm'ring embers move,
Like gliding shapes in some enchanted grove:
While scatter'd far, at first approach of morn,
Tarleton's light scouts now blew the bugle-horn.[*]
Mean while our troops, observant of their plan,
Sounded the matin trump along the van:
Straight at the sound, up springs, with nimble speed,
The ready rider on the ready steed;
No loath'd delay, no hateful halt occurs,
Wheel'd to the charge with all the speed of spurs.
Red rose the sun; the sabres bluely bright
Leap'd from their scabbards on his sanguine light.
Fairer than beauteous forms young fancy feigns,
Pour'd Britain's squadrons o'er th' embattled plains,
From Arab sires commenc'd the lofty breed,
Their strength the thunder[†] and the wind their speed:
In Britain's fields they fed, there learn'd to prance
In gorgeous ranks, and meet the lifted lance—
No more in Britain's fields to feed at large,
Prance in proud ranks and meet in mimic charge—
Unconscious of their fate! to fall in gore,
Or toil inglorious on a foreign shore.
In flank the Chasseur troops less gay were seen,
And false Columbians cloath'd like them in green:
Ingrates! to play a patricidal part,
And strive to stab their country to the heart!
To meet that mingled force, Columbia's steeds,
Long pamper'd high amid her flow'ry meads,
With speed electric rush'd—the rapid band,
With horny hoofs, uphurl'd th' eddying sand.
Then wrapp'd in dust and smoke the fight began,
Steed furious springs on steed, and man on man:
As fire-balls burst with startling flash at night,
So clash Columbian sabres sparkling bright;

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[*] Tarleton's legion made use of the bugle-horn instead of a trumpet.

[†] Hast thou given the horse strength? Hast thou cloathed his neck with thunder? Job xxxix. 19.

Mixing with British blades, whose dancing flare
Makes horrid circles, hissing high in air.
From steely helms incessant lightnings flash,
And death sits frequent in the ghastly gash.
With inextinguishable rage, so rush'd
Both hostile lines, by mutual fury push'd:
So toil'd in blood, till drain'd of wonted force,
Promiscuous fell the rider and the horse.
Though squadrons hew'd down squadrons, none would yield,
Till signals gave to wider war the field.

From brazen trains the storm prepares to rise,
And dusky wreaths of smoke to shrowd the skies:
First silent gloom prevails—'mid clouds of fire,
Then deathful engines sound the onset dire.
Now iron balls through less'ning legions bound,
Whiz red in air and rock the gory ground:
So swells the sound when torrent waters pour
On the stunn'd ear th' intolerable roar;
Or when tornadoes black the world assail,
And burst th' eternal magazines of hail.

Here leads great Washington Columbia's band,
The brand of battle blazing in his hand;
Darts his experienc'd eye along the files,
And o'er the subject-scene superior[*] smiles.
In front of Britain Clinton's vet'ran form
Rides dark as night and louring as a storm;
With glory gain'd in former wars elate,
His voice the tempest's and his falchion fate.

From all her states Columbia's warriors come,
Some lightly arm'd—with deadly rifles some—
These from cerulean mountains hurried down,
In fringed[†] vest succinct, tawney or brown:
Beneath their aim the hostile leaders fall,
For death rides swift th' unseen, unerring ball.
Militia bands, who fought to save their farms,
All multiformly march in garb and arms.

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[*] All those who have seen General Washington on horse-back, at the head of his army, will doubtless bear testimony with the author, that they never saw a more graceful or dignified person.

[†] The companies of Riflemen from the western mountains were generally dressed in hunting-shirts and trowsers, of fawn colour or brown, adorned with fringe.

The rest in azure robes, revers'd with red,
Equipp'd alike, to martial music tread.
Now rang'd, the host in grand divisions stands,
Brigades, battalions, squadrons, troops and bands:
On either wing the horse (new form'd) appear'd—
In front the Gen'rals ordering loud are heard,
(While chiefs of corps to pass the order press)—
" To right display the columns—march! halt! dress!"
From solid columns lengthening lines now wheel,
Front form'd to front, and steel oppos'd to steel.
The hosts stretch opposite in equal length,
The same their order and the same their strength.
Two lines had each and corps of strong reserve,
To stay the lines where'er the battle swerve;
To turn the hostile flank, the charge sustain,
To guard the baggage and the batt'ring train.
A cloud they move—a ridge of fire they stand—
And waving banners guide each silent band.
Here shine the silvery stars in mystic trains,
Fair as their sisters on th' ethereal plains;
Above our eagle's hoary[*] head they shine,
And shed blest influence on each battling line.
There other ensigns point the British course.
With various emblems,[†] but united force.
There frowns the lion's port, conspicuous far!
Here harps and thistles lead th' unnatural war:
O'er hireling troops the German eagles cow'r,
Intent to lure them to the feast of gore.
Britons with Germans form'd, apart, for fight,
The left wing rob'd in blue, in red the right;
On adverse lines their march tremendous bend,
Where young Columbia's sons their steel protend;
With seried files receive the rushing foe,
Deal wounds for wounds and parry blow with blow.
As ocean's billows beat a jutting rock,
Which unimpair'd receives, repels the shock:
So Britain's force on firm Columbia broke,
Which unimpair'd receiv'd, repell'd the stroke.

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[*] Foreigners may not, perhaps, know, without being here informed, that in the armorial bearings of the United States, under the emblematical stars, is the bald eagle—a bird peculiar to America.

[†] The British regimental colours are ornamented with a lion, the Scotch with a thistle, and the Irish with a harp—the German auxiliary troops bore eagles in their banners.—Some of the standards of each of these nations were taken with the army of Lord Cornwallis, at York-Town.

Those, int'rests not their own, o'er ocean brought,
These IN and FOR their native country fought.

The broad sun risen to meridian height,
Diffus'd a flood of heat,* a flood of light;
O'er either battle hung with fearful glare,
Shot burning beams and fir'd the angry air.
From both the hosts as some faint soldiers stray,
They meet unnerv'd, beneath the scorching day;
Victors or Vanquish'd, blighted by his beams,
Together sought and drank the scanty streams—
Of war unmindful—mingled on the heath,
They fell—but guiltless of each other's death.

While Britain's foremost line thus early foil'd,
Form'd on the second as the ranks recoil'd;
Between the hosts a space now open'd large,
Instant our chief bade sound the general charge.
No blythesome lark that chaunts the birth of light,
Nor soothing Philomela's notes at night,
Nor virgin-voice responsive to her lyre,
Can like the battle-sound the soul inspire:
Each milder thought in martial transport drown'd,
Than music more, there's magic in the sound;
Through tingling veins a tide tumultuous rolls
Advent'rous valour to heroic souls.
Swift to the sound he bade the battle move;
Of Bayonne's bristly pikes an iron grove!
Bade livid lightning nearer bosoms singe,
The scorch'd skin blacken and the red wound twinge:
Bade bick'ring blades in British gore be dyed,
And vital crimson flow in many a tide:
Bade leaden hail its vollied vengeance pour,
And all the thunder of the battle roar.

The battle's fate long undecided lay,
And deeds immortal grac'd the doubtful day.
Some future bard, with rapture-rolling eyes,
His numbers rising as his raptures rise,
Sublim'd, proportion'd to his theme, shall tell
What glorious heroes for their country fell;

---

* The 28th of June, 1778, the day on which the battle of Monmouth was fought, was one of the hottest ever known in America. Many soldiers expired from the heat alone.

What various feats in different parts were done,
The trophies gain'd, the cannon lost and won:
Where Lee[*] in front our light-arm'd legion led,
How from the giant-grenadiers they fled;
From dark oblivion snatch that soldier's wife,[†]
Who saw him for his country sell his life;
Saw every gunner round the cannon die,
And covering bands, o'erpow'r'd, compell'd to fly;
Then as the foe to seize that cannon came,
She touch'd the pregnant brass with quick'ning flame,
And cried " confusion on your heads be hurl'd,
Here comes our Chief, the glory of the world!"
Him midst his chiefs a bounding courser bore,
Snorting thick clouds and scatt'ring foam and gore;
With placid smile and animating voice,
That made the wearied warrior's souls rejoice,
He came—conspicuous to his own side far,
And breath'd fresh vigour through the broken war.
Columbia, rallying round the godlike form,
Swept o'er the dry sand like a mountain storm;
The chief of chiefs, our foremost band before,
Bade the dry sand be drunk with hostile gore.
Then mean desires to reach the shelt'ring coast,
Resistless, seiz'd the faint Britannic host;
Not captains brave could wonted strength inspire,
Nor Clinton, fearless 'mid a flood of fire;
Who flew from rank to rank their souls to raise,
With thoughts of former deeds and former praise.

While dread Columbia urg'd the work of death,
The foe with palpitations pass'd the heath:
The squadron'd steeds that headlong sought the strand,
Successive fail'd and bit the gory sand—
The foot battalions, wedg'd in firm array,
Indissoluble long, pursued their way:
But nought that day great Washington withstood,
Who sway'd the battle where he rode in blood.
As when th' Almighty's messenger of wrath,
Rides in the whirlwind's desolating path,
Such flames convulsive shoots his wrathful eye,
Th' uprooted groves one broad red ruin lie;

---

[*] General Charles Lee, who had served in former wars in Poland and Portugal.

[†] The wife of an artillerist really saved a piece of cannon in the manner here related.

The mountains tremble—so our hero's form
Wing'd in his crimson way the battle storm;
Such prowess shedding through his new-rais'd host,
As not the foe's long discipline could boast.

From Britain's rout the sun withdrew his eye—
The pale moon setting saw the legions fly—
Now foul disorder, flight and shameful fear,
From the scar'd van-guard gain'd the victim rear.
Now many a Briton's last campaign was made,
His eye-lids clos'd in death's oblivious shade:
Ierne's sons, who lov'd our sacred cause,
There fought as foes and fell without applause:
There many a German, whom his prince had sold,
Sunk on the sand and black in carnage roll'd:
None knew the bodies though well known before,
Deform'd with gashes and besmear'd with gore.
Now corses, cannon, cars bestrew'd the soil,
With shatter'd arms and former ill-won spoil:
Till Albion's remnants, where the billows roar,
Reach'd their tall ships beside the *Shrewsb'ry* shore.

What eagle flight can trace through regions far,
Th' immortal march of Washington in war?
Who sing his conq'ring arms o'er York that shone,
And deeds surviving monumental* stone?
How cloud-hid batt'ries rain'd red bullets dire,
Volcanic mortars belch'd infernal fire,
While baleful bombs that buoy'd in ether rode,
Emblaze the skies, and, fill'd with fate, explode!
Till great Cornwallis, hopeless of relief,
Resign'd whole armies to a greater chief?
Then solemn thanks by blest Columbia giv'n,
With songs of gratitude, rose sweet to heav'n.
What though my lips no common fervour warm'd
To sing th' achievements that his arm perform'd;
Though strong as when I follow'd where he led,
Toil'd in his sight, or with his mandates sped,
Or bore his trophies to our *pow'r supreme*,†
I sink beneath th' immensity of theme.

---

* A monument was ordered to be erected by Congress, at York-Town, to perpetuate the remembrance of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis's army.

† See the resolution of Congress of the 7th of November, 1781, in the appendix.

Yet might a muse that soars on stronger wing,
So vast an argument divinely sing;
Then should the numbers rise as heav'n sublime,
Defy the ravage of corroding time,
Make late posterity his deeds admire,
And raptur'd bosoms burn with more than mortal fire.

Yes, earth shall know what arm the strife maintain'd,
And who the palm of independence gain'd.
'Twas that blest meed, to Washington so dear,
Sustain'd his efforts through the dread career.
Shall I, who knew the secrets of his soul,
His smother'd anguish ere he reach'd the goal;
When faint, with sickness visited by heav'n,
His feeble band before the foe was driv'n—
(Their snow-tracks* stain'd with blood—their limbs by frost
Benumb'd) defeated—all but honour lost;—
When scarcely hope surviv'd the chilling blast—
And every hour of freedom seem'd the last—
Shall I not tell how firm he met the shock,
Impassable his breast, a diamond rock?

Though all the fortunes of Columbia lay
(If forc'd to combat) on one desp'rate day;
Though for his country's cause so wrapp'd in gloom,
The patriot felt—the hero brav'd his doom—
If vanquish'd, conscious of their destin'd state,
Slavery the country's—his a rebel's fate!—
Yet, not the threats of death to slavery join'd,
Could shake one settled purpose of his mind.
Stern independence steel'd his stubborn breast—
Unmov'd, by more than mountains weight opprest,
Remain'd the matchless soul—unmov'd alone
Th' unconquerable soul of Washington.

Nor were his feelings tortur'd but by foes,
He keenly felt his army's wants and woes.
What time, unpaid, ill-clothed for years entire,
Our war-worn legions felt distresses dire;

---

* This alludes, in a particular manner, to the forlorn condition of the American army during the winter campaign of 1777.

Some *mutinous unknown*,* in friendship's guise,
Taught black revolt and bade the tumult rise:
To meet the malice of his secret pen,
Mild in the midst uprose the first of men.
The storm was hush'd. The patriot legions prov'd
How much their country and their chief they lov'd:
Still could his country in each crisis boast
His word her treasure and his name a host.

All dangers brav'd; long toils and ills endur'd,
Our cause triumphant and our rights secur'd;
Then peace, returning from her native heav'n,
Saw ruthless war and red destruction driv'n
Far from our coast; and view'd reviving arts
With promis'd blessings glad our grateful hearts.

Soon show'd our chief, retiring to his farms,
The pomp of pow'r for him display'd no charms;
He show'd *th' ambitious, who would mount a throne,*
Greatness is seated in the mind alone.
With what delight his homeward course he sped,
With all his country's blessings on his head!
Our revolution to conclusion brought,
His public toils complete he vainly thought;
But heav'n reserv'd him for more glorious deeds,
Whose height the scope of human praise exceeds.

In peace, our perils drew not to a close,
While 'midst ourselves we found more dang'rous foes.
Remember ye, the storm of battle o'er,
What other tempests lour'd along the shore!
By gusts of faction how the States were tost,
The feeble links of federation lost!
How round the land despondency prevail'd,
And bosoms bold in battle then first fail'd!

---

* The transaction here alluded to occurred at the cantonment of the army, near Newburgh, State of New-York, in the winter 1782—3. For the particulars of this extraordinary event, a reference must be made to the anonymous letters which were intended to excite a mutiny, for the purpose of forcing Congress to pay the arrearages due to the troops—to the address of General Washington, and to the resolutions passed by the delegates of the army on the occasion. When General Washington rose from bed on the morning of the meeting, he told the writer his anxiety had prevented him from sleeping one moment the preceding night.

As hoarse with rage th' Atlantic roars and raves,
And heaves on high his multitude of waves,
What time the storm, by angry spirits hurl'd,
Rocks the foundations of the watery world:—
So rag'd the storm of anarchy—the crowd
By demagogues excited, mad and loud,
Their Pandemonium held—no more was seen
The calm debate—till Washington serene
From every State conven'd the chosen sires,
Where Penn's fair city lifts her gilded spires.
In every breast the patriot-passion glow'd,
While strains of eloquence unequall'd flow'd;
While on each brow deliberation sate,
'Twas he presided* in the grand debate.
Thence, form'd by sages, sanction'd by his name,
To save us from ourselves a compact came.
A Constitution fram'd on Freedom's plan,
Now guards with balanc'd pow'rs the rights of man,
Alike from monarchy and mobs remov'd,
Its checks well-plann'd, and by each State approv'd:
The people (soon to gladness chang'd their grief)
Turn'd every eye upon their ancient chief.

To the first office call'd by every voice,
His will submissive to his country's choice;
By reason's force reluctance overcome,
Behold him meekly leave his darling home;
Again resign the calm of rural life,
Again embarking on a sea of strife!
Since deeds so recent in your breasts are grav'd,
Why should I tell our country how he sav'd!
How 'midst still rising storms he persever'd,
And through a sea of troubles safely steer'd!

The tricks of state his soul indignant scorn'd,
Thence candid policy his sway adorn'd:
Faith, honour, justice, honesty his aim,
And truth and Washington were but one name.
When war arose in many a foreign land,
A firm neutrality his wisdom plann'd;

---

* General Washington was President of the Convention which formed the present Constitution of the United States.

Though warring pow'rs alternate show'd their rage,
At length they own'd the system just and sage.

While insurrection's[*] imps were seen to fly
The flashing terrors of his angry eye;
O'er them humanity triumphant smil'd,
For not the stain of blood the triumph soil'd.

Though fortitude for him new-strung each nerve,
Nor worlds could make him from his duty swerve;
Yet mercy, loveliest attribute divine,
And mild compassion,[†] Washington! were thine.
Thy voice, humanity! he still rever'd,
Thy small voice 'mid the roar of battle heard.
To him his fellows, ev'n though foes, were dear,
And vict'ry's joy was chasten'd with a tear.
Beneath his tent in war the wretched found
Ease from each woe, and balm for every wound.
The conquer'd savage, prowling through the wild,
A foe no more—he foster'd as a child—
He bade constructed mills abridge the toil
For wond'ring tribes; new harvests deck the soil;
And taught, to wean them from the scalping-knife,[‡]
The works of peace and arts of civil life.

Where that foul stain of manhood, slavery, flow'd
Through Afric's sons transmitted in the blood;
Hereditary slaves his kindness shar'd,
For manumission by degrees prepar'd:
Return'd from war, I saw them round him press,[§]
And all their speechless glee by artless signs express.

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[*] None but strangers to the history of the United States will require to be informed, that an allusion is here made to the happy suppression of the insurrection on account of the excise law.

[†] Authentic documents, respecting the case of Captain Asgill, in proof of this, have been long since published—others might be produced. Too much praise cannot be bestowed on the system adopted, during the first Presidency, of furnishing gratuitously to the Indians, instruments of agriculture, and utensils for domestic use, with the design of introducing husbandry, arts, and civilization among them, after they had been reduced, by force of arms, to the necessity of accepting terms of peace from us. This was effected by the forces under the command of General Wayne.

[‡] A barbarous war-instrument, peculiar to the savages of America.

[§] General Washington, by his will, liberated all his negroes, making an ample provision for the support of the old, and the education of the young. The interesting scene of his return home, at which the author was present, is described exactly as it existed.

When, nigh ador'd, too great to need parade,
He through the States his pleasing progress made;
What gratulations pure the patriot met!
What cheeks with tears of gratitude were wet!
While useful knowledge from each State be gain'd,
Prais'd their improvements and their bliss explain'd;
While bridges, roads, canals, in every State,
And growing fabrics own'd his influence great;
Such goodness mark'd each act, in every place
He left impressions time can ne'er efface.

Then rose the favour'd States beneath his smile,
Adorn'd, enrich'd, and strengthen'd by his toil;
Then millions felt what happiness[*] ensued,
And hail'd their country's father great and good!

Their vote erst gave rewards for vict'ry just,
The storied medal[†] and the laurell'd bust:[‡]
But now he saw his fame in peace expand,
Grow with his years and reach each farthest land.

Though chiefly doom'd to light our nation's birth,
Our luminary rose to bless the earth.
His mind by human frailties scarcely stain'd,
One spotless course of rectitude maintain'd:
His mind, a moral sun, with cheering ray,
Rejoic'd to scatter intellectual day,
A light among the nations shining clear,
To gild the darkness in each hemisphere!
Say, dazzling conq'rors! who as comets glar'd,
How mean your splendour when to his compar'd!
Nor cold his mind. When cold his count'nance seem'd,
Within, concent'ring rays still brighter beam'd.

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[*] See Letters I. II. and III. in the Appendix.

[†] The medal voted by Congress to General Washington, in consequence of the evacuation of Boston by the British army, as well as that to General Gates, for the Convention of Saratoga, and that to General Greene, for the battle of Eutaw-Springs, were executed by the first artists at Paris, under the direction of the author of this Poem, who availed himself of the talents of the celebrated Abbe Barthelemy, and the Academy of Belles Lettres and Inscriptions, to assist in furnishing the devices and inscriptions.

[‡] The statue voted by Congress to the Commander in Chief of the American armies, at the close of the war, is to be placed at the seat of government. The State society of the Cincinnati in New-York, in concurrence with their fellow citizens, are engaged in procuring an equestrian statue of General Washington, in Bronze, to be erected in the Park of that city; an example which will probably be followed by many of the principal towns in the United States.

Such moderation with such firmness mix'd,
Just in the golden mean his conduct fix'd;
Alike with feeling, as with patience, blest,
The proud oppressor and the poor opprest
He taught, that man full oft by man betray'd,
By heav'n for social happiness was made—
He taught, how long a nation wrongs may bear,
And when *th' unknown* of *innovation* dare—
He taught mankind (if truth can make them wise)
That for self-government their pow'rs suffice.

Then duty's task and glory's toils complete,
He sought fair Vernon's shades, his fond retreat!
From stormy care to calm content retir'd,
Consol'd by conscience and by men admir'd;
He, like the sun whose broader orb at ev'n
Sheds brighter glories from the verge of heav'n,
The clouds his heat had rais'd in rainbows drest,
Descended great and glorious to the west.

Ev'n then his country heard o'er ocean far,
The coming sounds of predatory war:
Again her voice his martial service claims,
Oh! best of heroes! best of patriot names!
Thy last obedience crowns thy precious life.
"But who shall lead us to the glorious strife?"
Exclaim our mourning bands, as o'er thy bier
They bend, and bathe it with a frequent tear.
Fear not—his spirit, still the soldier's friend,
Shall in your front on some brave chief descend;
And 'mid the thunder of the war inspire
In every breast a spark of heav'n's own fire.

Thus pass'd his useful life, by foes approv'd,
By nations honour'd, and by heav'n belov'd.
Yet blushing truth must tell with deep regret,
What opposition from a few he met;
While conscious virtue, on his visage laught
At slander's quiver, and defied the shaft.*
No vulgar mark appear'd his brilliant fame—
O'er him fell slander hung with foulest aim.

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* See Letter IV. in the Appendix.

No more that fiend of malice, madd'ning stands;
No more the monster lifts briarean hands,
Shakes all his shafts, and, steep'd in venom, flings
At him invulnerable, poison'd stings—
Since virtue's sons have dash'd those shafts accurst,
And spurn'd the monster foaming in the dust.

When late he bade to public life adieu,
Supernal visions opening on his view;
Ye heard the last advice your guardian gave,
Ye heard his words when bord'ring on the grave:—
What truths experience taught you from his tongue,
When in your ears such awful warnings rung?
"To follow virtue never, never cease,
Her path is pleasant, and its end is peace:
Oh, cultivate *blest union*, but on *this*
Relies your freedom, independence, bliss.
Who sees a foreign policy prevail,
Must see thy promis'd bliss, Columbia! fail;
Must see thy goodly heritage, that day,
The prize of factions or of war the prey."
What MORTAL truths more sacred spake of old,
Inspir'd by heav'n!—The words are grav'd in gold.

Then say what chief has nobler trophies won?
What godlike patriot deeds more glorious done?
Who more the secret foes of union foil'd?
For independence more successful toil'd?
To love our country more the mind prepar'd?
'Gainst foreign influence plac'd a stronger guard?
In education* form'd a wiser plan,
To guard inviolate the rights of man?
Who better could our path to bliss explore?
And whose whole life has honour'd virtue more?
What other sage, by equal ardour warm'd,
Such signal service for mankind perform'd?—
Wide as the world shall spread his deathless fame,
While boundless generations bless the name,
In bright example shown. Ye good! ye brave!
Come learn with him to triumph o'er the grave.

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* See General Washington's will, in which he treats of a national university and a national education.

Cheer'd by that lore not Greece or Rome could teach,
That lore divine beyond our reason's reach;
Bid comfort come (ere grief prevail too long)
And exultation join the seraph song,
While spirits of the just made perfect sing,
" Where is thy vict'ry, grave! where, death! thy sting?"

On him death's hovering dart could strike no dread,
Or in the battle-field or sickness-bed:
For there I saw him far too great for fear,
Still greater grow as danger drew more near.

How fond and vain th' anticipation sweet,
Beneath thy friendly shades once more to meet![*]
Oh, best of friends! still had I hop'd to view
Thy face once more, and all my joys renew.
But heav'n those joys, too perfect, turn'd to pains,
And one sad duty only now remains,
That I, while yet thy widow'd mate survive,
That comfort which I want, should strive to give.

Thou, long his solace, in this vale of tears,
Wife of his youth! his joy twice twenty years!
Though all this empty world can give or take,
On thy lorn heart can small sensation make;
Though not the trophied tomb can sooth thy grief,
Or well-earn'd praise can give thy pangs relief:
Yet see whence higher consolations flow,
And dry at length th' unceasing tear of woe.
Where his freed spirit tastes the bliss above,
Unfailing feast, beatitude and love!
Soon shalt thou meet him on th' immortal coast,
And all thy grief in ecstacy be lost.

A few more times th' expanded moon shall rise,
And walk in brightness up the eastern skies;
With varying face diffuse her waning beams,
And cast on earth her chill and watery gleams;
A few more times the ruddy sun shall lave,
And dip his dim orb in the western wave;
Ere yet our spirits try their heav'n-ward flight,
From these dull regions of surrounding night;

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[*] See Letters IV. and V. in the Appendix.

Ere for the present race the scene be o'er,
Death sweep the stage and time shall be no more.

What though ere yet a few short years revolve,
This earthly tabernacle must dissolve—
What though the flesh, abandon'd, rest in dust—
Sweet is the memory of the good and just.
Then shall (unfetter'd from the pris'ning tomb)
This mortal immortality assume;
The better part to brighter mansions fly,
Mansions, not made with hands, eternal in the sky!

Then shall we rest forlorn beyond relief;
Dumb in despair and stupified with grief?
To drear forgetfulness consign our friends,
And lose the hope "that being never ends?"
That prop imperishable prone on earth,
The spring of action and reward of worth!
What! shall we faint? nor give to faith its scope?
Shall we remain as mourners without hope?
And shall not hope celestial sooth these sighs?
Are there not crowns and triumphs in the skies?
Think ye, now fate has cut the vital thread,
Th' immortal Washington is wholly dead?
Though cold in clay the mortal members lie,
Mounts not th' immortal mind to worlds on high?
Ev'n that lost form shall rise from kindred dust,
Fair in the renovation of the just.
From conflagrated orbs in atoms hurl'd,
Anon shall spring a renovated world—
That world, for suff'ring man, of bright rewards,
Thus fir'd the song of heav'n-illumin'd bards.

"Let all creation fail," the prophets sung,
While holy rapture trembled on their tongue;
"Let rocks dissolve, seas roar, and mountains nod,
And all things tremble to the throne of God—
Matter and motion cease from nature's course,
Her laws controul'd by some superior force—
To final ruin, stars and comets rush,
Suns suns consume and systems systems crush—
These heav'ns stretch'd visible, together roll
Inflam'd, and vanish like a burning scroll—

Though death, and night, and chaos rule the ball,
Though nature's self decay—the soul, o'er all,
Survives the wrecks of matter and of time,
Shrin'd in immortal youth and beauty's prime;
High o'er the bounds of this diurnal sphere,
To bloom and bask in heav'n's eternal year."

Where uncreated light no sun requires,
And other splendours beam unborrow'd fires;
On our lov'd chief, long tried in virtue's toils,
With bliss ineffable the Godhead smiles—
In the full blaze of day, his angel-frame
For ever shines another and the same.

Heroic chiefs! who, fighting by his side,
Liv'd for your country, for your country died—
If ye behold us from the holy place,
"Angels and spirits, ministers of grace,"
And sainted forms, who, erst incarnate strove,
Through thorny paths to reach the bliss above!
Protect our orphan'd land, propitious still,
To virtue guide us and avert from ill!

Ancient of days! unutterable name!
At whose command all worlds from nothing came;
Beneath whose frown the nations cease to be—
Preserve, as thou hast made, our nation free!
To guard from harms send forth thy hallow'd band!
Be thou a wall of fire around our land,
Above the frail assaults of flesh and sense!
And in the midst our glory and defence!

Open, ye gates, instinct with vital force,
That earth with heaven may hold high intercourse!
Open, ye portals of eternal day!
Through worlds of light prepare the glorious way!
Come, sons of bliss, in bright'ning clouds reveal'd,
Myriads of angels throng th' aërial field!
Come, sainted hosts! and from thy happier home,
Thou, Washington! our better angel! come.
And, lo! what vision bursts upon my sight,
Rob'd in th' unclouded majesty of light?
'Tis he—and hark! I hear, or seem to hear,
A more than mortal voice invade my ear;

"To me," the vision cries, "to speak is giv'n,
Mortals! attend the warning voice of heav'n:
Your likeness love! adore the pow'r divine!
So shall your days be blest, your end like mine!
So will Omnipotence your freedom guard,
And bliss unbounded be your great reward!"

OCCASIONAL POEMS.

OCCASIONAL POEMS.

ELEGY

ON THE

BURNING OF FAIRFIELD, IN CONNECTICUT.

Written in 1779, on the Spot where that Town stood.

YE smoking ruins, marks of hostile ire,
Ye ashes warm, which drink the tears that flow,
Ye desolated plains, my voice inspire,
And give soft music to the song of woe.

How pleasant, Fairfield, on th' enraptur'd sight
Rose thy tall spires, and op'd thy social halls!
How oft my bosom beat with pure delight,
At yonder spot where stand the darken'd walls!

But there the voice of mirth resounds no more,
A silent sadness through the streets prevails:
The distant main alone is heard to roar,
And hollow chimnies hum with sullen gales—

Save where scorch'd elms th' untimely foliage shed,
Which, rustling, hovers round the faded green—
Save where, at twilight, mourners frequent tread,
'Mid recent graves o'er desolation's scene.

How chang'd the blissful prospect, when compar'd,
These glooms funereal, with thy former bloom,
Thy hospitable rights when Tryon shar'd,
Long ere he seal'd thy melancholy doom!

That impious wretch, with coward voice decreed
Defenceless domes and hallow'd fanes to dust;
Beheld, with sneering smile, the wounded bleed,
And spurr'd his bands to rapine, blood and lust.

Vain was the widow's, vain the orphan's cry,
To touch his feelings, or to sooth his rage—
Vain the fair drop that roll'd from beauty's eye,
Vain the dumb grief of supplicating age.

Could Tryon hope to quench the patriot flame,
Or make his deeds survive in glory's page?
Could Britons seek of savages the fame,
Or deem it conquest, thus the war to wage?

Yes, Britons! scorn the councils of the skies,
Extend wide havock, spurn th' insulted foes;
Th' insulted foes to tenfold vengeance rise,
Resistance growing as the danger grows.

Red in their wounds, and pointing to the plain,
The visionary shapes before me stand—
The thunder bursts, the battle burns again,
And kindling fires encrimson all the strand.

Long dusky wreaths of smoke, reluctant driv'n,
In black'ning volumes o'er the landscape bend:
Here the broad splendour blazes high to heav'n,
There umber'd streams in purple pomp ascend.

In fiery eddies, round the tott'ring walls,
Emitting sparks, the lighter fragments fly;
With frightful crash the burning mansion falls,
The works of years in glowing embers lie.

Tryon, behold thy sanguine flames aspire,
Clouds ting'd with dyes intolerable bright;
Behold, well pleas'd, the village wrapt in fire;
Let one wide ruin glut thy ravish'd sight!

Ere fades the grateful scene, indulge thine eye,
See age and sickness, tremulously slow,
Creep from the flames—see babes in torture die,
And mothers swoon in agonies of woe.

Go, gaze, enraptur'd with the mother's tear,
The infant's terror, and the captive's pain,
Where no bold bands can check thy curst career;
Mix fire with blood on each unguarded plain!

These be thy triumphs! this thy boasted fame!
Daughters of mem'ry, raise the deathless songs!
Repeat through endless years his hated name,
Embalm his crimes, and teach the world our wrongs.

ELEGY

ON

LIEUTENANT DE HART,[*]

Volunteer Aid to General Wayne.

WHEN Autumn, all humid and drear,
With darkness and storms in his train,
Announcing the death of the year,
Despoil'd of its verdure the plain:
When horror congenial prevail'd,
Where graves are with fearfulness trod,
De Hart by his sister was wail'd;
His sister thus sigh'd o'er his sod:

" Near Hudson, a fort, on these banks,
" Its flag of defiance unfurl'd:
" He led to the storm the first ranks;
" On them iron tempests were hurl'd.
" Transpierc'd was his breast with a ball—
" His breast a red fountain supply'd,
" Which, gushing in waves still and small,
" Distain'd his white bosom and side.

" His visage was ghastly in death,
" His hair, that so lavishly curl'd,
" I saw, as he lay on the heath,
" In blood, and with dew-drops impearl'd.
" How dumb is the tongue that could speak
" Whate'er could engage and delight!
" How faded the rose on his cheek!
" Those eyes, how envelop'd in night!

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[*] This young warrior was killed in the attack on the block-house, near Fort Lee, 1780.

" Those eyes, that illumin'd each soul,
" All darken'd to us are now grown:
" In far other orbits they roll,
" Like stars to new systems when gone.
" My brother, the pride of the plain,
" In vain did the graces adorn;
" His blossom unfolded in vain,
" To die like the blossom of morn.

" Oh war! thou hast wasted our clime,
" And tortur'd my bosom with sighs;
" My brother, who fell ere his prime,
" For ever is torn from my eyes.
" To me, how distracting the storm,
" That blasted the youth in his bloom!
" Alas! was so finish'd a form
" Design'd for so early a tomb?

" How bright were the prospects that shone!
" Their ruin 'tis mine to deplore—
" Health, beauty, and youth were his own;
" Health, beauty, and youth are no more.
" No blessings of nature and art,
" Nor music that charm'd in the song,
" Nor virtues that glow'd in the heart,
" Dear youth, could thy moments prolong!

" Thrice six times the spring had renew'd
" Its youth and its charms for the boy:
" With rapture all nature he view'd,
" For nature he knew to enjoy.
" But chiefly his country could charm:
" He felt—'twas a generous heat—
" With drums and the trumpet's alarm,
" His pulses in consonance beat.

" Ye heroes, to whom he was dear,
" Come weep o'er this sorrowful urn,
" Come ease the full heart with a tear—
" My hero will never return:
" He died in the dawn of applause,
" His country demanded his breath;
" Go, heroes, defend the same cause,
" Avenge, with your country, his death."

So sung on the top of the rocks,
  The virgin in sorrow more fair;
In tears her blue eyes; and her locks
  Of auburn flew loose in the air.
I heard, as I pass'd down the stream;
  The guards of the foe were in view:—
To enterprize fir'd by the theme,
  I bade the sweet mourner adieu.

AN

EPITAPH.

ALEXANDER SCAMMEL,
Adjutant-General of the American Armies,
and
Colonel of the first regiment of New-Hampshire,
while
he commanded
a chosen corps of light infantry,
at the
successful siege of York-Town, in Virginia,
was,
in the gallant performance of his duty,
as field officer of the day,
unfortunately captured,
and
afterward insidiously wounded;
of which wound he expired at Williamsburgh, October, 1781.
Anno ætatis....

Though no kind angel glanc'd aside the ball,
Nor fed'ral arms pour'd vengeance for his fall:
Brave Scammel's fame, to distant regions known,
Shall last beyond this monumental stone,
Which conqu'ring armies (from their toils return'd)
Rear'd to his glory, while his fate they mourn'd.

A
LETTER
TO
A YOUNG LADY IN BOSTON,

Dated at New-Haven, April, 1780.

INSPIR'D with hope of giving pleasure,
By tale disastrous, told in measure;
I mean, dear miss, from facts diurnal,
To write a kind of *sleighing journal;*
And minute how I came across, back
From *Pomfret* to the *Sound* on horseback.

Suppose (to save the pain of parting)
Your friends (the trouble past of starting)
Far on their way—the muse will find us—
Our hearts, with you, as far behind us:—
No wonder, then, we soon were lost on
The roads that go direct from *Boston,*
And came, erroneous where they lead in,
From *Brush-Hill* down to *Dedham-meeting;*
From whence we turn'd our steeds to *Wrentham,*
And drove as if the devil sent 'em,
Till nine—nor made a single check first—
At nine, we stopp'd to take our breakfast.

Here I might use poetic fiction,
With all the tropes and flow'rs of diction,
To change (since flatt'ry half our trade is)
The tavern-girls to sky-born ladies:
Or give, in number new and rare,
With Homer's fire, a bill of fare;
Or turn, with Ovid's art bewitching,
To rooms of state, a bar or kitchen:
But facts, perhaps, by way of letter,
May shorter be express'd and better;
As, how the woman first denied us
A breakfast; how she scowl'd and eyed us;
And how we slily manag'd matters,
And coax'd the dame, and squeez'd the daughters;
Till breakfast serv'd, with kinder looks,
Left no pretext to kiss the cooks.

Our meal complete—'ere we departed,
We paid the club—then off we started—
But now the clouds began to low'r,
And threat of rain no drizzly show'r:
It dropp'd—we came to Attleborough—
The mist increas'd, as did our sorrow.

I cannot choose, with Homer's haste,
To say, "we snatch'd a short repast."
We din'd, and spent an hour in reading
The news—from hence, through show'rs proceeding
To *Providence*—'ere it grew dark,
Your friend, the major,* call'd on Clark,
Deliver'd your commands in form,
Then came to Rice's in the storm;
For now the storm, that long impended,
In downright cataracts descended.

Here I must take, for episodes,
Such as I find—by no means gods—
For here some half-score *strangers* met,
I never saw a *stranger* set:
Our pleasant scene may soon be sketch'd,
We stretch'd and yawn'd—then yawn'd and stretch'd.

With doubts (where one can clear the mystery)
I would not puzzle future history:
At dawn (the fact you might suppose)
We wak'd—got up—put on our clothes:
And then, to use our technics arch,
Again took up our line of march,
Through paths of snow, too thin and soft,
Our horses flounder'd deep and oft:
Sev'n miles we drove, not over fast,
And reach'd the eighth—the eighth and last—

Thou muse, oft call'd at latest shift,
To help poor bards at some dead lift;
Now, let thy succours not be scanted,
They ne'er can be more sadly wanted;
Come to our aid, thou muse of fire,
And drag us through the rhime and mire!

---

* Major D. Putnam, an Aid-de-Camp to Major-General Putnam, as was the author.

No vagrant wights, or true knights-errant,
E'er saw such perils, I dare warrant;
Not Homer's hero fac'd such dangers,
By land or sea, with friends or strangers;
Not Bunyan's pilgrim found such pond,
Quite badly wet in Slough Despond;
Nor Satan, in his various way, was
So plagued (as Milton sings) in chaos;
Nor ev'n the son of old Anchises
Was brought to such a fatal crisis,—
No Charon here, we found to ferry us
Over a villain lake, like Erebus.

The *dismal vale* we now 'gan enter,
And down we plung'd towards the centre—
Above mid-sides the horses slump in,
Nor stir a step, except by jumping—
Again they plunge—and here full sadly
For our poor driver, honest Bradley,
The pole snapp'd short—then quickly falling,
It went down, with the horses, all in—
The worst of scrapes to make the best on,
And raise the pole, was now the question—
Bradley (hence nam'd the lion-hearted)
His utmost skill and strength exerted:
While poles we placed across the slough,
And got it out—the Lord knows how—
Then, many a fruitless effort tried,
We reach'd, half drown'd, the other side.

The muse invok'd, who sat on bench,
In guise most like a mortal wench,
In our misfortunes wet her wings,
And therefore soars not, though she sings:
That muse, no doubt, with little striving,
Might learn the true sublime of diving;
Ev'n now she tells, how, thick and faster,
Disaster crowded on disaster;
To reach a house how hard we work'd,
The horses mir'd, and tir'd, and cork'd,
Till neighbours came, with kind assistance,
And drew the sleigh, by hand, some distance.

As when a sailor, long the sport
Of winds and waves, arrives in port,
He joys, although the vessel's stranded,
To find himself alive and landed:
Not less our glee, nor less our courage,
To find a cot, where we found porridge;
And where three days ourselves we found,
(To try our patience) weather bound.

Each plan to move in council stated,
Was pass'd—rejected—re-debated.

Here one might fall to moralizing
Upon some theme which most seem wise in:
Ye, who for human nature stickle,
Come learn that man is frail and fickle,
The sport, or bubble altogether,
Of fire and water, wind and weather!

It now grew cold—the path was frozen,
To part the hour of midnight chosen—
Our matters all, at length, adjusted,
Th' event to Providence we trusted.

The rubs and jostlings of that night,
Were more by half than I shall write:
Can things like these in rhime be written!
How by a dog my friend was bitten;
How Bradley tore a piece of skin,
Like *paper dollar*, from his shin;
And how your bard, 'ere he was seated,
His better finger dislocated;
How heavily the horses drew
The sleigh; and how they dragg'd it through
A mire—from whence (remains no doubt)
The very bottom had dropp'd out;
And lastly, how, to make us fret,
The sleigh was fairly overset;
Beset with ills, we rode by moon-light,
Till that was gone—and then 'twas soon light.

The sun, to our new world now present,
Brought on the day benign and pleasant;

The day, by milder fates attended,
Our plagues at *Gen'ral Putnam's* ended.
That chief, though ill, receiv'd our party
With joy, and gave us welcome hearty:
The good old man, of death not fearful,
Retain'd his mind and temper cheerful;
Retain'd (with palsey sorely smitten)
His love of country, pique for *Britain:*
He told of many a deed and skirmish,
That basis for romance might furnish;
The story of his wars and woes
Which I shall write in humble prose,
Should heav'n (that fondest schemes can mar)
Protract my years beyond this war.

Thus end the toil and picture frightful
Of sleighing—oft a *sport* delightful—
A *sport*, which all our lads and lasses
Agree each other sport surpasses,
When, crossing bridges in that vehicle,
They taste of kisses sweet as treacle.

To Hartford next, with whip and spur, hence
I came—nor met one ill occurrence—
There *Wadsworth's* hospitable dome
Receiv'd me: 'twas a second home.

Some days elaps'd, I jogg'd quite brave on,
And found my *Trumbull* at New-Haven;
Than whom, more humour never man did
Possess—nor lives a soul more candid—
But who, unsung, would know hereafter,
The repartees, and peals of laughter,
Or how much glee those laughters yield one,
Maugre the system Chesterfieldian!
Barlow I saw, and here began
My friendship for that spotless man;
Whom, though the world does *not yet* know it,
Great nature form'd her loftiest poet.
But *Dwight* was absent at North-Hampton,
That bard sublime, and virtue's champion;
To whom the charms of verse belong,
The father of our *epic song!*

My morn of life *here* haply past,
With youths of genius, science, taste:
But 'mid the roar of drums and guns,
Where meet again the muse's sons?
The mental banquet must they quit,
The feast of reason and of wit;
For ever lost, in civil strife,
That solace sweet of human life!

The cannon's distant thunders ring,
And wake to deeds of death the spring:
Far other sounds once touch'd my ear,
And usher'd in the flow'ry year:
But, now, adieu the *tuneful train*,
The warblings of my native plain;
Adieu the scenes that charm'd my view;
And thou, fair maid, again adieu!
Farewell the bow'rs and conscious shades!—
My country's cause my soul invades—
Yes, rous'd by sense of country's wrongs,
I give the wind my idle songs:
No vacant hour for rhyme succeeds,
I go where'er the battle bleeds:
To-morrow—(brief then be my story)—
I go to WASHINGTON and GLORY;
His Aid-de-Camp—in acts when tried—
Resolv'd (whatever fates betide)
My conduct, till my final breath,
Shall not disgrace my life or death.

AN

EPITHALAMIUM.

I.

'TWAS at the wedding-feast, for Celia won,
By Cymon's coxcomb son!
Aloft in dwarfish state
The foplike bridegroom sat,
And made a deal of fun!
His gallant peers around were plac'd,
Their hair all curl'd and dress'd in newest taste:
(Of powder what prodigious waste!)
The simp'ring Celia by his side,
His lace and gewgaws fondly ey'd,
And swell'd her little heart with pride.
Proper, proper, proper pair!
None but a rake,
None but a rake
Such pains would take to gain a fickle fair.

II.

Mungo was there, and did well,
And led the cap'ring choir;
With fumbling fingers twang'd the fiddle:
The notes awake the am'rous fire,
And drinking joys inspire.
The song began of beaux,
And whence the order rose;
(Such wond'rous things a fiddler knows)
A monkey's grinning form in utmost vigour,
Bely'd a macaroni's noble figure;
When he to fair Coquetta prest,
A while he sought her snowy breast;
Then round her slender waist he curl'd,
And stamp'd an image of himself, a coxcomb of the world.
A present fop! they shout around;
A present fop! the vaulted roofs rebound:
With ravish'd ears,
The fopling hears;
Assumes the shape,
Looks like an ape,
And grins, and laughs, and sneers.

ALEXANDER's FEAST,

OR THE

POWER OF MUSIC:

An Ode in honour of St. Cecilia's Day.

By Mr. Dryden.

I.

'TWAS at the royal feast for Persia won,
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sat
On his imperial throne.
His valiant peers were plac'd around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound;
(So should desert in arms be crown'd.)
The lovely Thais by his side,
Sat like a blooming eastern bride,
In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

II.

Timotheus plac'd on high,
Amid the tuneful choir,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre;
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heav'nly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seat above;
(Such is the pow'r of mighty love)
A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god;
Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia prest,
A while he sought her snowy breast;
Then round her slender waist he curl'd,
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sov'reign of the world.
A present deity! they shout around;
A present deity! the vaulted roofs rebound:
With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears;
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

III.

The praise of Bacchus then the thirsty fiddler sung;
Of Bacchus, ever plump and ever young:
The jolly god to wedding comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums:
Flush'd with a purple nose,
His pimpled face he shows.
Now give the boy a dram. He comes, he comes!
Bacchus! plump and merry younker,
Makes the wedding-folks get drunker;
Bacchus taught to toast the lasses;
Tippling ev'ry joy surpasses,
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
After drinking to break glasses.

IV.

Sooth'd with the sound, the fop grew vain,
Talk'd all his courtship o'er again,
And thrice he kiss'd the girls all round, and thrice they fled amain.
The fiddler saw the mischief rise,
His yawning mouth, his maudlin eyes;
And while he sense and song defied,
Chang'd his hand, and strok'd the bride.
He chose a doleful ditty,
To work him up to pity:
He sung poor Damon's cruel wrongs,
By too severe a fate,
Banish'd, banish'd, banish'd, banish'd,
Banish'd for his small estate,
And writing mournful songs:
Deserted, at his utmost need,
By all Apollo's tuneful breed;
On an old feather-bed he lies,
Nor dullness self will close his eyes:
With stupid stare the joyless fopling sat,
Revolving in his alter'd soul,
The various turns of fate and fun;
And now and then a drink he stole,
And streams began to run.

V.

The mighty fiddler smil'd to see
That love was in the next degree:
To touch that string was little labour,
For love to pity is next neighbour.

III.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung:
Of Bacchus, ever fair and ever young:
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums:
Flush'd with a purple grace,
He shows his honest face.
Now give the hautboys breath. He comes, he comes!
Bacchus! ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure;
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

IV.

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain,
Fought all his battles o'er again,
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.
The master saw the madness rise,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And while he heav'n and earth defy'd,
Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.
He chose a mournful muse,
Soft pity to infuse;
He sung Darius, great and good!
By too severe a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And welt'ring in his blood:
Deserted at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed;
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
Without a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast looks the joyless victor sat,
Revolving in his alter'd soul,
The various turns of chance below;
And now and then a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

V.

The mighty master smil'd to see
That love was in the next degree;
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.

Softly sweet he tun'd his fiddle,
Soon it sounded, tiddle, diddle.
Trade, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Money but an empty bubble;
Constant hurry, still beginning,
  Constant cheating, never ending;
If a fortune's worth thy winning,
  Think, oh think it worth thy spending!
Lovely Celia sits beside thee;
Drink about, and luck betide thee.
The many rend the bowls with loud applause;
So love was crown'd, but liquor won the cause.
    The fop, grown addled in his noddle,
      Gaz'd on his bride,
    And then his bottle,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and look'd and sigh'd.
At length for love, and drinking more unable,
The tipsy bridegroom fell beneath the table.

VI.

Now tug the wooden lyre again:
A harder yet, and yet a harder strain.
Let scolding break his sleep asunder,
And start him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
      Hark, hark, Xantippe's fable
      Has rais'd up his head,
      As awak'd from the dead,
And he peeps out from under the table.
Revenge, revenge, dark Mungo cries,
  See the cuckolds arise!
  See the horns that they rear,
  How they look in their hair,
And the tears that roll down from their eyes!
      Behold the hen-peck'd band,
      In ghostly terrors stand!
These are husbands whose couches have met with a stain;
      Whose wives still remain,
      Unconcern'd with their pain:
      Give the vengeance due,
      To the cuckold crew.
Behold how they toss their foreheads up higher,
  How they point to the bed-rooms around,
And warn ev'ry pair to retire:
  The cronies applaud with a Bacchanal sound:

Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honour but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
  Fighting still, and still destroying;
If the world be worth thy winning,
  Think, O think it worth enjoying!
Lovely Thais sits beside thee;
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause,
So love was crown'd, but music won the cause.
    The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
        Gaz'd on his fair,
    Who caus'd his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again.
At length, with love and wine at once opprest,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

VI.

Now strike the golden lyre again,
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
        Hark, hark the horrid sound
        Has rais'd up his head,
        As awak'd from the dead,
      And amaz'd he stares around.
Revenge, revenge! Timotheus cries,
  See the furies arise!
  See the snakes that they rear,
  How they hiss in their hair!
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
        Behold a ghostly band,
        Each a torch in his hand!
These are Grecian ghosts that in battle were slain.
        Whose bodies remain
        Unburied on the plain:
        Give the vengeance due,
        To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
  How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods.
  The princes applaud with a furious joy,

And each in a rapture laid hold on his Helen:
The way fair Celia led,
To light the bucks to bed;
The rest is scarce worth telling.

VII.

Thus long ago,
Ere younger Cymon's horns began to grow,
While Celia's tongue lay still,
Dark Mungo show'd prodigious skill,
Both as a singer,
And when he touch'd his lyre with heavy thumb and finger.
But when the shrill-voic'd Celia came,
And tun'd to rage her vocal frame;
The gifted scold from her unborrow'd store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to jarring sounds
With nature's mother-wit, and screams unknown before.
Let Mungo, if he's able,
Do more—or yield the wreath—
He stretch'd a fop beneath the table,
She scolded him to death.

And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

VII.

Thus long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus with his breathing flute,
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
But when divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame,
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down.

AN
IMPROMPTU.*

MAY you, fraught with ev'ry grace,
All the charms of mind and face,
Ripen fair in wisdom's beam;
Thine the bliss that poets dream.
Happier still thy prospects shine,
And each wish fulfill'd be thine!

Riches make them wings and fly;
Envy blasts the buds of joy;
Deadly pangs may youth invade,
When the rosy cheek must fade;
Only virtue can impart
Our defence—it soothes the heart,
Death disarms, or blunts his dart.

AN
O D E.
ADDRESSED TO LAURA.

OH, lovely Laura! may a youth,
Inspir'd by beauty, urg'd by truth,
Disclose the heart's alarms,
The fire in youthful blood that glows,
Th' impassion'd pang on love that grown,
And dare to sing thy charms!

Enough with war my lay has rung;
A softer theme awakes my tongue;
'Tis beauty's force divine;
Can I resist that air, that grace,
The charms of motion, figure, face?
For ev'ry charm is thine.

---

* Addressed to a young lady about to embark for Europe, who desired to have some manuscript verses written by the author. Her name will be discovered in them.

Of health, of youth, th' expanding flush,
Of virgin fear the flying blush,
Distain thy lily cheek:
The bee such nectar never sips,
As yields the rose-bud of thy lips,
Thy lips that sweetly speak.

'Tis thine the heaviest heart to cheer,
Those accents caught with eager ear,
So musically roll:
While swells the breast, the snow-white skin
Scarce hides the secret thoughts within,
Nor needs disguise that soul.

Where down thy waist, and o'er thy breast,
In light brown ringlets neatly drest,
Devolves thy beauteous hair:
Eager I gaze—and, gazing, dream
Of halcyon days; while on me beam
Those blue-eyes, mild and fair.

Unblam'd, oh let me gaze and gaze,
While love-sick fancy fondly strays,
And feasts on many a kiss;—
For us let tides of rapture roll,
Thus intermingling soul with soul,
In ecstacies of bliss!

AN
EPISTLE
TO
DR. DWIGHT.

On board the Courier de l'Europe, July 30, 1784.

FROM the wide wat'ry waste, where nought but skies
And mingling waves salute the aching eyes;
Where the same moving circle bounds the view,
And paints *with* vap'ry tints the billows blue;
To thee, my early friend! to thee, dear *Dwight!*
Fond recollection turns, while thus I write;

While I reflect, no change of time or place,
Th' impressions of our friendship can efface—
Nor peace or war—though chang'd for us the scene—
Though mountains rise, or oceans roll between—
Too deep that sacred passion was imprest
On my young heart—too deep it mark'd your breast—
Your breast, which asks the feelings of your friend,
What chance betides him, or what toils attend?
Then hear the muse, in sea-born numbers tell
In mind how cheerful, and in health how well;
And ev'n that muse will deign to let you know
What things concur to make and keep him so.—

We go, protected by supernal care,
With cloudless skies, and suns serenely fair;
While o'er th' unruffled main the gentle gale
Consenting breathes, and fills each swelling sail;
Conscious of safety in the self-same hand,
Which guides us on the ocean or the land.

Of thee, fair bark! the muse prophetic sings,
" *Europe's swift Messenger!* expand thy wings,
" Rear thy tall masts, extend thine ample arms,
" Catch the light breeze, nor dread impending harms—
" Full oft shalt thou—if aught the muse avails—
" Wing the broad deep with such delightful gales;
" Full oft to either world announce glad news,
" Of allied realms promote the friendly views;
" So shall each distant age assert thy claim,
" And *Europe's Messenger* be known to fame!"

What though this plain, so uniform and vast,
Illimitably spreads its dreary waste;
What though no isles, nor vales, nor hills, nor groves,
Meet the tir'd eye that round th' horizon roves;
Yet, still collected in a narrow bound,
Ten thousand little pleasures may be found.—

Here we enjoy accommodations good,
With pleasant liquors, and well-flavour'd food;
Meats nicely fatten'd in Columbian fields,
And luscious wines, that Gallia's vintage yields,
On which you bards ('twas so in former days)
Might feast your wit, and lavish all your praise.

Within our ship, well-furnish'd, roomy, clean,
Come see the uses of each diff'rent scene—
Far in the prow, for culinary use,
Fires, not poetic, much good cheer produce;
The ovens there our daily bread afford,
And thence the viands load our plenteous board.

See various landscapes shade our dining hall,
Where mimic nature wantons round the wall;
There no vain pomp appears—there all is neat—
And there cool zephyrs, fanning as we eat,
Avert the fervours of the noon-tide ray,
And give the mildness of the vernal day.

See the great cabin nigh, its doors unfold,
Show fleeting forms from mirrors fix'd in gold!
O'er painted ceilings brighter prospects rise,
And rural scenes again delight our eyes—
There oft from converse or from social sports,
We drink delight less dash'd than that of courts.

But when more sober cares the hour requires,
Each to his cell of solitude retires;
His bed—his books—his paper, pen and ink—
Present the choice, to rest, to read, or think.

Yet what would all avail to prompt the smile,
Cheer the sad breast, or the dull hour beguile;
If well-bred passengers, discreet and free,
Were not at hand to mix in social glee?
Such my companions—such the muse shall tell,
Him first, whom once you knew in war full well,
Our Polish friend,[*] whose name still sounds so hard,
To make it rhyme would puzzle any bard;
That youth, whose bays and laurels early crown'd,
For virtue, science, arts and arms renown'd!
Next him, behold, to grace our wat'ry scene,
An honest German[†] lifts his gen'rous mein;
Him Carolina sends to Europe's shore,
Canals and inland waters to explore;
From thence return'd, she hopes to see her tide,
In commerce rich, through ampler channels glide.

[*] General Kosciuszko.

[†] Colonel Senf.

Next comes the bleak Quebec's well-natur'd son:
And last our naval chief, the friend of fun,
Whose plain, frank manners, form'd on fickle seas,
Are cheerful still, and always aim to please:
Nor less the other chiefs their zeal display,
To make us happy as themselves are gay.

Sever'd from all society but this,
Half way from either world we plough th' abyss;
Save the small sea-bird, and the fish that flies
On yon blue waves, no object meets my eyes.—
Nor has th' insidious hook, with lures, beguil'd
Of peopled ocean scarce a single child—
Yet luckless Dolphin, erst to Arion[*] true,
Nought could avail thy beauteous, transient hue,
As o'er the deck, in dying pang you roll'd,
Wrapp'd in gay rainbows and pellucid gold.

Now see that wand'rer bird, fatigu'd with flight
O'er many a wat'ry league, is forc'd to light
High on the mast—the bird our seamen take,
Though scar'd, too tir'd its refuge to forsake:
Fear not sweet bird, nor judge our motives ill,
No barb'rous man now means thy blood to spill,
Or hold thee cag'd—soon as we reach the shore
Free shalt thou fly, and gaily sing and soar!

Another grateful sight now cheers the eye,
At first a snow-white spot in yon clear sky;
Then through the optic tube a ship appears,
And now distinct athwart the billows veers:
Daughter of ocean, made to bless mankind!
Go, range wide waters on the wings of wind—
With friendly intercourse far climes explore,
Their produce barter, and increase their store—
Ne'er saw my eyes so fair a pageant swim,
As thou appear'st, in all thy gallant trim!

Amus'd with trivial things, reclin'd at ease,
While the swift bark divides the summer seas,

---

[*] Ille sedet, citharamque tenet, pretiumque vehendi
Cantat, et æquoreas carmine mulcet aquas. Ovid. Fast. 2.

Your bard (for past neglects to make amends)
Now writes to you—anon to other friends.—

Anon the scene, in Europe's polish'd climes,
Will give new themes for philosophic rhymes,
Ope broader fields for reason to explore,
Improvements vast of scientific lore!

Through nations blest with peace, but strong in arms,
Refin'd in arts, and apt for social charms,
Your friend will stray, and strive with studious care
To mark whate'er is useful, great, or rare;
Search the small shades of manners in their lives,
What policy prevails, how commerce thrives;
How morals form of happiness the base,
How others differ from Columbia's race;
And, gleaning knowledge from the realms he rov'd,
Bring home a patriot heart, enlarg'd, improv'd.

EPISTLE

FROM

DR. DWIGHT TO COL. HUMPHREYS.

Greenfield, 1785.

FROM realms, where nature sports in youthful prime,
Where Hesper lingers o'er his darling clime,
Where sunny genius lights his sacred flame,
Where rising science casts her morning beam,
Where empire's final throne in pomp ascends,
Where pilgrim freedom finds her vanish'd friends,
The world renews, and man from eastern fires,
Phœnix divine, again to heaven aspires,
Health to my friend this happy verse conveys,
His fond attendant o'er th' Atlantic seas.

Health to my friend let every wish prolong;
Be this the burden of each artless song;
This in the prayer of every morn arise;
Thou angel guardian, waft it to the skies!
His devious course let fostering heaven survey;
Nor ills betide, nor foes arrest his way.

Nor health alone—may bliss thy path attend;
May truth direct thee, and may peace befriend;
From virtue's fount thy taintless actions flow;
The shield of conscience blunt the dart of woe;
To rising bliss refin'd above alloy,
Where budding wishes blossom into joy,
Where glory dwells, where saints and seraphs sing,
Let heaven, in prospect, tempt thy lifted wing.

Me the same views, the same soft tide of cares,
Bear gently onward down the stream of years,
Still the same duties call my course along;
Still grows, at times, the pain-deluding song;
Still scenes domestic earthly joys refine,
Where bless'd Maria mingles cares with mine;
The same fond circle still my life endears,
Where Fairfield's elms, or Stamford's groupe appears;
Or where, in rural guise, around me smile
Mansions of peace, and Greenfield's beauteous hill,
Still to my cot the friend delighted hies,
And one lov'd parent waits beneath the skies.

To thee, far summon'd from each native scene,
With half the breadth of this wide world between,
How bless'd the news my happy verse conveys,
Of friends, divided by interfluent seas?
Health, peace, and competence, their walks surround,
On the bright margin of yon beauteous Sound,
Where Hartford sees the first of waters glide,
Or where thy Avon winds his silver tide.

Yet thou must mourn a friend,[*] a brother dear,
And o'er departed merit drop a tear.
Him sense illum'd, the hero's warmth inspir'd,
Grace taught to please, and patriot virtue fir'd;
Alike in peace, in war, at home, abroad,
Worth gain'd him honour, where his footsteps trode;
Yet all in vain, his laurel'd garlands bloom,
But waste their beauty on th' untimely tomb.

[*] Major Elijah Humphreys, brother of Colonel Humphreys, who died in the West-Indies, 1785.

Meantime, invited o'er th' Atlantic tide,
Where arts refin'd allure thy feet aside,
May'st thou, unmov'd by splendour's painted charms,
And steel'd, when pleasure smiling spreads her arms,
The great simplicity of soul retain,
The humble fear of heaven, and love of man,
When round thy course temptations sweetly throng,
When warbling syren's chant the luscious song,
When wealth's fair bubble beams its hues afar,
When grandeur calls thee to her golden car,
When pleasure opes the bosom bright of joy,
And the dy'd serpent gazes to destroy;
Oh! may the heavenly Guide thy passions warm,
Up virtue's hills thy feet resistless charm,
Show thee what crowns reward the glorious strife,
And quicken fainting duty into life.

Oft has thine eye with glance indignant seen
Columbia's youths, unfolding into men,
Their minds t' improve, their manners to adorn,
To Europe's climes by fond indulgence borne;
Oft hast thou seen those youths, at custom's shrine,
Victims to pride, to folly, and to sin,
Of worth bereft, of real sense forlorn,
Their land forget, their friends, their freedom spurn;
Each noble cause, each solid good desert,
For splendour happiness, and truth for art;
The plain frank manners of their race despise,
Fair without fraud, and great beyond disguise;
Where through the life the heart uncover'd ran,
And spoke the native dignity of man.

For these, the gain let virtue blush to hear,
And each sad parent drop the plaintive tear!
Train'd in foul stews, impoison'd by the stage,
Hoyl'd into gaming, Keyser'd into age,
To smooth hypocrisy by Stanhope led,
To truth an alien, and to virtue dead,
Swoln with an English butcher's sour disdain,
Or to a fribble dwindled from a man,
Homeward again behold the jackdaw run,
And yield his sire the ruins of a son!

What though his mind no thought has e'er perplex'd,
Converse illum'd, nor observations vex'd;
Yet here, in each debate, a judge he shines,
Of all that man enlarges or refines;
Religion, science, politics, and song;
A prodigy his parts, an oracle his tongue.
Hist! hist! ye mere Americans, attend;
Ope wide your mouths; your knees in homage bend;
While Curl discloses to the raptur'd view
What Peter, Paul, and Moses never knew;
The light of new-born wisdom sheds abroad,
And adds a leanto* to the word of God.
What Creole wretch shall dare, with home-made foils,
Attack opinions brought three thousand miles?
Sense, in no common way to mortals given,
But on Atlantic travellers breath'd by heaven;
A head, en queue, by Monsieur Frizzle dress'd;
Manners, a Paris taylor's arts invest;
Pure criticism, form'd from *acted* plays,
And graces that would even Stanhope grace!
Commercial wisdom merchants here inhale
From him, whose eve hath seen th' unfinish'd bale,
Whose feet have pass'd the shop where pins were sold,
The wire was silver'd, and the heads were roll'd!
Conven'd, ye lawyers, make your humblest leg!
Here stands the man, has seen Lord Mansfield's wig!
Physicians hush'd, hear Galen's lips distil,
From Buchan's contents, all the art to heal!
Divines, with reverence cease your scripture whims,
And learn this male Minerva's moral schemes;
Schemes theologic found in Drury-Lane,
That prove the Bible false, and virtue vain!
Heavens! shall a child in learning and in wit,
O'er Europe's climes a bird of passage flit;
There, as at home, his stripling self unknown,
By novel wonders stupified to stone,
Shut from the wise, and by no converse taught,
No well-read day, nor hour of serious thought,
His head by pleasure, vice, and hurry, turn'd,
All prudence trampled, all improvements spurn'd;
Shall he, with less of Europe in his cap
Than satchell'd school-boy guesses from the map,

---

* An awkward addition to a dwelling-house, very common in New-England.

On every subject strutingly decree,
Ken the far shore and search th' unfathom'd sea,
Where learning has her lamp for ages oil'd,
Where Newton ponders and where Berkeley toil'd?
Of all the plagues that rise in human shape,
Good heaven, preserve us from the travell'd ape!
"Peace to all such:"* but were there one whose mind
Bold genius wing'd, and converse pure refin'd,
By nature prompted science realms to roam,
And both her Indies bring with rapture home;
Who men and manners search'd with eagle eye,
Exact to weigh, and curious to descry;
Himself who burnish'd with the hand of care,
Till kings might boast so bright a gem to wear;
Should he, deep plung'd in Circe's sensual bowl,
Imbrue his native manliness of soul,
With eye estrang'd, from fair Columbia turn,
Her youth, her innocence, and beauty scorn;
To that foul harlot, Europe, yield his mind,
Witch'd by her smiles, and to her snares resign'd;
To nature's bloom prefer the rouge of art,
A tinsell'd out-side to a golden heart;
Show to the bliss by simple freedom giv'n,
To virtue Stanhope, and Voltaire to heaven;
Who but must wish th' apostate youth to see?
Who but must agonize, were Humphreys he?
But all thy soul shall 'scape, th' escape to aid,
Fair to thy view be every motive spread,
Of each gay cause the dire effects survey,
And bring the painted tomb disclos'd to day.
Though there proud pomp uprears his throne on high,
Though there the golden palace lights the sky,
Though wealth unfolds her gay Edenian seats,
Her walk of grandeur, and her wild of sweets;
The stage, the park, the ring, the dance, the feast
Charm the pall'd eye, and lure the loathing taste;
Yet there fierce war unceasing sounds alarms;
Pride blows the trump, and millions rush to arms;
See steel and fire extinguish human good!
See realms manur'd with corses, and with blood!
At slaughter's shrine expires the new-born joy,
And all Jehovah's bounty fiends destroy.

---

* Pope's prologue to the Satires

See the huge jail in gloomy grandeur rise,
Low'r o'er mankind, and mock the tempted skies!
Hear the chain clank! the bursting groan attend!
And mark the neighbouring gibbet's pride ascend.
See earth's fair face insatiate luxury spoils!
For one poor tyrant, lo, a province toils!
To brothels half the female world is driven,
Lost to themselves, and reprobates of heaven.
There too refinement glances o'er the mind,
And nought but vice and outside is refin'd;
To vice auspicious brilliant manners blend,
The waxen saint, and sinner, foe and friend,
Melt from the soul each virtue, as they shine,
And warm th' impoison'd blossom into sin.
In fair Columbia's realms how chang'd the plan,
Where all things bloom, but first of all things man!
Lord of himself, the independent swain
Sees no superior stalk the happy plain:
His house, his herd, his harvest, all his own,
His farm a kingdom, and his chair a throne.
Unblench'd by foul hypocrisy, the soul
Speaks in her face, and bids his accents roll;
(Her wings unclipp'd) with fire instinctive warms,
Strong pulses feels, and bold conceptions forms;
At noblest objects aims her flight supreme,
The purpose vast, and enterprize extreme.
Hence round the pole her sons exalt the sail,
Search southern seas, and rouse the Falkland whale;
Or on bold pinions hail the Asian skies,
And bid new stars in spicy oceans rise.
Hence in bright arms her chiefs superior flame,
Even now triumphant on the steep of fame,
Where Vernon's hero mounts the throne sublime,
And sees no rival grace the reign of time.
Hence countless honours rising med'cine claims;
Hence Law presents her constellated names;
The sacred science sees her concave bright
Instarr'd, and beauteous, with the sons of light:
Hence Edwards cheer'd the world with moral day,
And Franklin walk'd, unhurt, the realms where lightnings play.
Mechanic genius hence exalts his eye,
All powers to measure, and all scenes descry,
Bids Rittenhouse the heav'nly system feign,
And Bushnell search the chambers of the main.

Hence too, where Trumbull leads the ardent throng,
Ascending bards begin th' immortal song:
Let glowing friendship wake the cheerful lyre,
Blest to commend, and pleas'd to catch the fire.
Be theirs the fame, to bards how rarely given!
To fill with worth the part assign'd by heaven;
Distinguish'd actors on life's busy stage,
Lov'd by mankind, and useful to the age;
While science round them twines her vernal bays,
And sense directs, and genius fires their lays.
While this fair land commands thy feet to roam,
And, all Columbian, still thou plan'st for home,
From those bright sages, with whose mission join'd,
Thou seek'st to build the interests of mankind,
Experience, wisdom, honour, may'st thou gain,
The zeal for country, and the love of man:
There through the civil science may'st thou run;
There learn how empires are preserv'd, or won;
How arts politic wide dominions sway;
How well-train'd navies bid the world obey;
How war's imperial car commands the plain,
Or rolls majestic o'er the subject main;
Through earth, how commerce spreads a softer sway,
And Gallia's sons negociate realms away.

Then, crown'd with every gift, and grace, return,
To add new glories to the western morn;
With sages, heroes, bards, her charms display,
Her arts, arms, virtues, and her happy sway;
Bid o'er the world her constellation rise,
The brightest splendour in th' unmeasur'd skies,
Her genial influence through all nations roll,
And hush the sound of war from pole to pole.

And oh, may he, who still'd the stormy main,
And lightly wing'd thee o'er the glassy plain,
Through life's rough-billow'd sea, with kinder gales,
With skies serener, and with happier sails,
Each shoal escap'd, afar each tempest driven,
And nought but raptures round th' enchanted heaven,
To bliss, fair shore, thy prosperous course convey,
And join my peaceful bark, companion of thy way.

THE SHEPHERD:

A SONG.

Translated from the French.

" It rains, it rains, my fair,
Come drive your white sheep fast:
To shelter quick repair,
Haste, shepherdess, make haste.

I hear—the water pours,
With patt'ring on the vines:
See here! see here! it lours—
See there the lightning shines.

The thunder dost thou hear?
Loud roars the rushing storm:
Take (while we run, my dear)
Protection from my arm.

I see our cot, ah hold!
Mamma and sister Nance,
To open our sheep-fold,
Most cheerily advance.

God bless my mother dear,
My sister Nancy too!
I bring my sweet-heart here,
To sleep to-night with you.

Go, dry yourself, my friend,
And make yourself at home—
Sister, on her attend:
Come in, sweet lambkins, come.—

Mamma, let's take good care
Of all her pretty sheep;
Her little lamb we'll spare
More straw whereon to sleep.

'Tis done—now let us haste
To her;—you here, my fair!
Undress'd, oh what a waist!
My mother, look you there.

Let's sup; come take this place,
You shall be next to me;
This pine-knot's cheerful blaze
Shall shine direct on thee.

Come taste this cream so sweet,
This syllabub so warm;
Alas! you do not eat:
You feel e'en yet the storm.

'Twas wrong—I press'd too much
Your steps, when on the way:
But here, see here your couch—
There sleep till dawn of day,

With gold the mountain tips:—
Good night, good night, my dove!
Now let me on your lips
Imprint one kiss of love.

Mamma and I will come,
As soon as morn shall shine,
To see my sweet-heart home,
And ask her hand for mine."

MOUNT-VERNON:

AN ODE.*

By broad Potowmack's azure tide,
Where Vernon's mount, in sylvan pride,
Displays its beauties far,
Great Washington, to peaceful shades,
Where no unhallow'd wish invades,
Retir'd from fields of war.

---

* Written at Mount-Vernon, August, 1786.

Angels might see, with joy, the sage,
Who taught the battle where to rage,
Or quench'd its spreading flame,
On works of peace employ that hand,
Which wav'd the blade of high command,
And hew'd the path to fame.

Let others sing his deeds in arms,
A nation sav'd, and conquest's charms:
Posterity shall hear,
'Twas mine, return'd from Europe's courts,
To share his thoughts, partake his sports,
And sooth his partial ear.

To thee, my friend, these lays belong:
Thy happy seat inspires my song,
With gay, perennial blooms,
With fruitage fair, and cool retreats,
Whose bow'ry wilderness of sweets
The ambient air perfumes.

Here spring its earliest buds displays,
Here latest on the leafless sprays
The plumy people sing;
The vernal show'r, the rip'ning year,
Th' autumnal store, the winter drear,
For thee new pleasures bring.

Here lapp'd in philosophic ease,
Within thy walks, beneath thy trees,
Amidst thine ample farms,
No vulgar converse heroes hold,
But past or future scenes unfold,
Or dwell on nature's charms.

What wond'rous æra have we seen,
Plac'd on this isthmus, half between
A rude and polish'd state!
We saw the war tempestuous rise,
In arms a world, in blood the skies,
In doubt an empire's fate.

The storm is calm'd, seren'd the heav'n,
And mildly o'er the climes of ev'n
Expands th' imperial day:

"O God, the source of light supreme,
"Shed on our dusky morn a gleam,
"To guide our doubtful way!

"Restrain, dread Pow'r, our land from crimes!
"What seeks, though blest beyond all times,
"So querulous an age?
"What means to freedom such disgust;
"Of change, of anarchy the lust,
"The fickleness and rage?"

So spake his country's friend, with sighs,
To find that country still despise
The legacy he gave—
And half he fear'd his toils were vain,
And much that man would court a chain,
And live through vice a slave.

A transient gloom o'ercast his mind:
Yet, still on providence reclin'd,
The patriot fond believ'd,
That pow'r benign too much had done,
To leave an empire's task begun,
Imperfectly achiev'd.

Thus buoy'd with hope, with virtue blest,
Of ev'ry human bliss possess'd,
He meets the happier hours:
His skies assume a lovelier blue,
His prospects brighter rise to view,
And fairer bloom his flow'rs.

THE GENIUS OF AMERICA.*

A SONG.

TUNE—*The Watery God, &c.*

WHERE spirits dwell, and shad'wy forms,
On Andes' cliffs, 'mid black'ning storms,
With livid lightnings curl'd;

---

* Written during the insurrections in Massachusetts, in the year 1787.

The awful genius of our clime,
In thunder rais'd his voice sublime,
And hush'd the list'ning world.

" In lonely waves and wastes of earth,
" A mighty empire claims its birth,
" And heav'n asserts the claim;
" The sails that hang in yon dim sky,
" Proclaim the promis'd æra nigh,
" Which wakes a world to fame.

" Hail ye first bounding barks that roam,
" Blue tumbling billows topp'd with foam,
" Which keel ne'er plough'd before!
" Here suns perform their useless round,
" Here rove the naked tribes embrown'd,
" Who feed on living gore.

" To midnight orgies, off'ring dire,
" The human sacrifice on fire,
" A heav'nly light succeeds—
" But, lo! what horrors intervene,
" The toils severe, the carnag'd scene,
" And more than mortal deeds!

" Ye fathers, spread your fame afar,
" 'Tis yours to still the sounds of war,
" And bid the slaughter cease;
" The peopling hamlets wide extend,
" The harvests spring, the spires ascend,
" 'Mid grateful songs of peace.

" Shall steed to steed, and man to man,
" With discord thund'ring in the van,
" Again destroy the bliss?
" Enough my mystic words reveal,
" The rest the shades of night conceal
" In fate's profound abyss."

THE MONKEY,

Who shaved himself and his Friends.

A FABLE.

Addressed to the Hon. —— ——.

A MAN who own'd a barber's shop
At York, and shav'd full many a fop,
A monkey kept for their amusement;
He made no other kind of use on't—
This monkey took great observation,
Was wonderful at imitation,
And all he saw the barber do,
He mimic'd straight, and did it too.

It chanc'd in shop, the dog and cat,
While friseur din'd, demurely sat,
Jacko found nought to play the knave in,
So thought he'd try his hand at shaving.
Around the shop in haste he rushes,
And gets the razors, soap, and brushes;
Now puss he fix'd (no muscle miss stirs)
And lather'd well her beard and whiskers,
Then gave a gash, as he began—
The cat cry'd "waugh!" and off she ran.

Next Towser's beard he try'd his skill in,
Though Towser seem'd somewhat unwilling:
As badly here again succeeding,
The dog runs howling round, and bleeding.

Nor yet was tir'd our roguish elf;
He'd seen the barber shave himself;
So by the glass, upon the table,
He rubs with soap his visage sable,
Then with left hand holds smooth his jaw,—
The razor in his dexter paw;
Around he flourishes and slashes,
Till all his face is seam'd with gashes.
His cheeks dispatch'd—his visage thin
He cock'd, to shave beneath his chin;
Drew razor swift as he could pull it,
And cut, from ear to ear, his gullet.

MORAL.

Who cannot write, yet handle pens,
Are apt to hurt themselves and friends.
Though others use them well, yet fools
Should never meddle with edge tools.

PROLOGUE
TO
THE WIDOW OF MALABAR:
A TRAGEDY.

Spoken by Mr. Hallam, at the Theatre in Philadelphia, May 7, 1790.

THE Gallic muse, this night, prepares our tale,
And shows what rites in other lands prevail;
Displays the widow'd fair a sacrifice,
And draws compassion's drops from melting eyes.
Oh! if your hearts have ever learn'd to feel,
Let sweet compassion o'er your bosoms steal;
Believe the plot, from Eastern story, true,
Believe the shores of Malabar ye view.
The haughty Bramin, with imperious smile,
Propels the fair one to the fun'ral pile:
There—see her mounting, with retorted eyes,
And hear, 'midst bursting flames, her dying cries.

Such tragic strains the noblest charms dispense,
To purge the passions, and refine the sense:
Each virtuous tear confers a new-born grace,
And adds fresh beauty to the fairest face.—

Oh! born to bless, and meliorate mankind,
With manners winning, and with taste refin'd,
What wrongs, ye fair! your gentle bosoms bore,
In each rude age—on ev'ry barb'rous shore!
Doom'd the mean vassals of unfeeling lords,
By western savages, and Tartar hords!
Through Asian climes, see custom reason braves,
And marks the fairest of their sex for slaves:

Hearts form'd for love, but doom'd in vain to glow
In prison'd pomp, and weep in splendid woe:—
Or see their fate in India more severe,
The sad companions of a husband's bier!—

Not such their doom, where genial science shines,
And heav'n-born freedom human souls refines,
Where polish'd manners social life improve,
And teach us to respect the sex we love;
Confirm their claims in equal rights to share,
Friends in our bliss, and partners in our care:—
And hail, ye fair, of ev'ry charm possess'd—
Who grace this rising empire of the west;
With better fates, and nobler genius born,
Your sex to honour, and your land adorn;
In this blest age, to share our fond regard,
The friends of heroes, and their blest reward!—

Yet when o'er foreign woes ye shed a tear,
And find your bliss by contrast still more dear;
With humble joy adore th' Almighty hand,
Which fix'd your birth in this auspicious land!

Ye gen'rous patrons who protect our stage,
Friends to the arts, and guardians of the age;
To tragic woes now lend the list'ning ear,
Attend with candour, with indulgence hear!
While we display, in pleading nature's cause,
Our best attempts to merit your applause!

* * *

EPILOGUE

TO

THE WIDOW OF MALABAR.

Spoken by Mrs. Henry, in the Character of Lauisa.

WELL, here I come—and almost out of breath,
'Twixt love, fire, fear, and widowhood and death;
While I for such fictitious strife am harness'd—
I feel—I suffer—more than half in earnest:

By Bramins' seiz'd—those bloody-minded fellows—
My hair-breadth 'scapes were greater than Othello's!
Nought could have sav'd me from the jaws of fate,
Had my French lover came one breath too late.—
The pile prepar'd and kindling brisk as tinder,
They'd burn'd your poor Lanissa to a cinder!

But well our author had contriv'd the whole,
And seems, in truth, a right good-natur'd soul:
He swears himself his drama, without vanity,
Is founded on the basis of humanity;
Without one RULE or UNITY infringing,
He sav'd his heroine from a mortal singing—
So after all this mighty fire and rattle,
Our bloodless play is like a bloodless battle.

Am I to blame, if, this dear life to save,
I lik'd a lover better than a grave;
Prefer'd your christian maxims for a drama,
To all the murd'rous rites of pagan Brama;
And held, retreating from my fun'ral urn,
" 'Twas better far to marry than to burn?"
No—I'll be burn'd, but ev'ry maid and widow
Would do, in such a case, just as I did do.

Yes—thank your stars, Columbia's happy dames!
Ye need not fear those frightful fun'ral flames:—
Of other lands let foreign bards be dreaming,
But this, this only is the land for women:—
Here ye invert the Bramins' barb'rous plan,
And stretch your sceptre o'er the tyrant—man.

Ye men, if I offend, I ask your pardon,
I would not for the world your sex bear hard on.
Ye are the fathers, founders of a nation,
The gods on earth, the lords of this creation!
And let philosophers say what they please,
You're not *grown less* by coming o'er the seas:—
We know your worth, and dare proclaim your merit.—
The world may ask your foes, " if you want spirit?"
Your vict'ries won—your revolution ended—
Your constitution newly made—and mended—
Your fund of wit—your intellectual riches—
Plans in the closet—in the senate speeches—

Will make this age of heroes, wits, and sages,
The first in story to the latest ages!
Go on—and prosper with your projects blest,
Till your millennium rises in the west:—
We wish success to your politic scheming,
Rule ye the world!—and then—be rul'd by women!—

For here, ye fair, no servile rites bear sway,
Nor force ye—(though ye promise)—to obey:
Blest in the mildness of this temp'rate zone,
Slaves to no whims, or follies—but your own.—
Here custom, check'd in ev'ry rude excess,
Confines its influence to the arts of dress,
O'er charms eclips'd the side-long hat displays,
Extends the hoop, or pares away the stays,
Bedecks the fair with artificial geer,
Breast-works in front, and bishops in the rear:—
The idol rears, on beauty's dazzling throne,
Mankind her slaves, and all the world her own;
Bound by no laws a husband's whims to fear,
Obey in life, or burn upon his bier;
She views with equal eye, sublime o'er all,
A lover perish—or a lap-dog fall—
Coxcombs or monkeys from their chains broke loose—
And now a husband dead—and now a goose.

But jesting all apart—and such droll strictures;
We'll strive to charm you with still fairer pictures—
For 'tis our object to divert—not tease you—
To make you laugh or cry—as best shall please you—
So as it suits each kind spectator's turn,
You'll come to see me play the fool—or burn—
Ladies and gentlemen! on this condition,
I humbly offer my sincere petition,
That you'll come oft to hear me sing or say—
" And poor Lanissa will for ever pray."

SONNETS.

There are remarkable periods and events, which may serve, figuratively speaking, as points of view, to guide the memory in retracing our wanderings through this world of vicissitudes and care. The times on which we have fallen, and the situations in which I have been placed, may have furnished, perhaps, an unusual number. Upon lately looking over my papers, I found a few Sonnets which recalled to recollection some of the feelings with which they were written. It is presumed, the dates and titles will generally point out what shall be sufficient to be known respecting these compositions, without illustration.

New-Haven, November, 1802.

SONNET I.

Addressed to my Friends at Yale College, on my leaving them to join the Army.

ADIEU, thou Yale! where youthful poets dwell,
No more I linger by thy classic stream.
Inglorious ease and sportive songs farewell!
Thou startling clarion! break the sleeper's dream!

And sing, ye bards! the war-inspiring theme.
Heard ye the din of battle? clang of arms?
Saw ye the steel 'mid starry banners beam?
Quick throbs my breast at war's untried alarms,
Unknown pulsations stirr'd by glory's charms.

While dear Columbia calls, no danger awes,
Though certain death to threaten'd chains be join'd.
Though fails this flesh devote to freedom's cause,
Can death subdue th' unconquerable mind?
Or adamantine chains ethereal substance bind?

SONNET II.

ON THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR IN AMERICA.

WHEN civil war awak'd his wrathful fire,
I saw the Britons' burnings stain the sky;
I saw the combat rage with ruthless ire,
Welt'ring in gore the dead and dying lye!

How devastation crimson'd on my eye,
When swoon'd the frighten'd maid; the matron fled
And wept her missing child with thrilling cry;
Old men on staves, and sick men from their bed
Crept, while the foe the conflagration sped!

So broods, in upper skies, that tempest dire,
Whence fiercer heat these elements shall warm;
What time, in robes of blood and locks of fire,
Th' exterminating angel's awful form
Blows the grave-rending blast, and guides the redd'ning storm.

SONNET III.

ON THE PROSPECT OF PEACE, IN 1783.

FROM worlds of bliss, above the solar bounds,
Thou, Peace! descending in these skirts of day,
Bring heav'nly balm to heal my country's wounds,
Joy to my soul, and transport to my lay!

Too long the cannon, 'mid the grim array
Of charging hosts, insufferably roar'd;
When rose th' Almighty pow'r, with sovereign sway,
To end the battle mutual inroads gor'd,
Spare squander'd blood, and sheath the wearied sword,

Now bids that voice divine th' invaders yield,
From glooms of midnight morn's gay prospects rise:
There, see the dawn of heav'n's great day reveal'd,
Where new auroras dim our dazzled eyes,
Flash o'er th' Atlantic waves, and fire the western skies!

SONNET IV.

ON DISBANDING THE ARMY.[*]

YE brave Columbian bands! a long farewell!
Well have ye fought for freedom—nobly done
Your martial task—the meed immortal won—
And time's last records shall your triumphs tell.

Once friendship made their cup of suff'rings sweet—
The dregs how bitter now those bands must part!
Ah! never, never more on earth to meet:
Distill'd from gall that inundates the heart,
What tears from heroes' eyes are seen to start!

Ye, too, farewell, who fell in fields of gore,
And chang'd tempestuous toil for rest serene;
Soon shall we join you on the peaceful shore,
(Though gulfs irremeable roll between)
Thither by death-tides borne, as ye full soon have been.

SONNET V.

ON LIFE.

ERE we can think of time—the moment's past—
And straight another since that thought began:
So swift each instant mingles with the last,
The flying *now* exists—no more [†] for man.

With consciousness suspended ev'n by sleep,
To what this phantom, life, then likest seems?
Say, thou! whose doubtful being (lost in dreams)
Allows the wilder'd but to wake and weep,
So thoughtless hurried to th' eternal deep!

'Tis like a moon-light vision's airy shade,
A bubble driving down the deep beneath—
Then, ere the bubble burst, the vision fade,
Dissolv'd in air this evanescent breath!
Let man, not mortal, learn true life begins at death.

---

[*] It will be difficult for any person who was not present with the troops at the conclusion of the war, to form an adequate idea of the affecting circumstances which attended the disbanding of the army.

[†] With the Deity, past, present, and future, (as they respect man, who recognizes the parts of duration by succession) are the same.

SONNET VI.

ON A NIGHT-STORM AT SEA.*

HEAV'N'S! what a sight my startled eyes behold!
'Mid peals of thunder how the lightnings play!
Now dark'ning clouds, in dire confusion roll'd,
Hide the last glimm'rings of departed day.

Now night in tenfold gloom begins her reign;
Wild bounds our bark with all her canvass furl'd.
How howls the madd'ning wind along the main,
The breaking billows o'er the topmast hurl'd,
And fearful yawns, by fits, th' unfathom'd world!

Oh, thou! whom not the heav'n of heav'ns contains,
Who oft has sav'd me from the wat'ry grave,
And leaden deaths that cours'd the crimson plains;
Thy arm Omnipotent extend to save,
Oh, speed the halcyon dawn and still the stormy wave.

SONNET VII.

On a calm Morning which succeeded a Night-Storm at Sea.

THAT pow'r, whose voice from Chaos' vast inane
Call'd this fair orb, when sang the sister-stars,
Hath lull'd the tumult of the madden'd main,
And hush'd the rage of elemental wars.

Where rav'd the tempest—yields the blast of night
To matin gales that smooth the liquid way,—
And orient morn, in beams of beauty bright,
Awakes the rapture of the hymning lay,
Thy tribute due, eternal source of day!

Where night more dismal dwells, with gladd'ning light
So will a day-star spring; to cheer the gloom
Where chills of death the buds of being blight;
To wake the sleeping tenants of the tomb,
And make their faded forms in youth immortal bloom.

---

* The two Sonnets, on a storm and calm at sea, were composed on board the brig Sophia, a dispatch vessel of the United States, purchased by the American government to carry the author to Europe in 1795.

SONNET VIII.

ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

My Heav'n-born soul! by body unconfin'd,
Leave that low tenement, and roam abroad;
Forestall the time, when, left each clog behind,
Thy flight shall mount where never mortal trod.

Ev'n now, methinks, upborne in tranced dreams,
The disencumber'd essence tries its wings;
Sees better planets, basks in brighter beams,
To purer sight mysterious symbols brings,
Of unconceiv'd, unutterable things.

Though dust return'd to dust the worms devour,
Thee, can dread death annihilate or bind?
There, king of terrors! stops thy dreaded pow'r;
The bright assurgent from all dross refin'd,
High o'er th' immense of space regains the world of mind.

SONNET IX.

On the Death of Major JOHN PALLSGRAVE WYLLYS.

Belov'd in life! and mourn'd in death! when slain,
Where flow'd the sanguine flood of savage war—
Where white with red[*] men mingling press'd the plain,
Thy bones long bleaching in lone fields afar:

Thee, Wyllys! thee, the sighing winds deplore,
Through wilds where axe-men erst no branch had fell'd:
Still mourns for thee, Ohio's peopling shore,
His groves (where late the painted warriors yell'd)
Vocal with grief, with tears his waters swell'd.

No friend was nigh to lave thy clotted wound,
Catch thy last breath, and close thy bursting eyes;
Yet thee full cities wail in woe profound—
Thy friends, thy sire, beyond funereal cries,
Stifle in dumb despair abortive groans and sighs.—

---

[*] The aboriginal inhabitants of America denominate the Europeans the *pale*, and themselves the *red* flesh.

SONNET X.

On the Murders committed by the Jacobin Faction in the early Period of the French Revolution.

WHEN heads by guillotines all ghastly fell,
As, mad for gore, o'er Gaul a faction hung;
Then giant Terror toll'd his nightly knell,
Wide on the winds the sounds of murder flung!

With agonizing shrieks each prison rung—
Nor yet the tocsin ceas'd its louder roar,
But every time it undulating swung,
Cold horror froze through every shivering pore,
For victims doom'd to view the dawn no more.

Those blood-stain'd Jacobins in turn shall fall,
Murd'rers of millions under freedom's name!
But not the blood that delug'd frantic Gaul,
In calm Columbia quenches reason's flame,
Or blots with bloody slur our fair Republic's fame.

SONNET XI.

Addressed to his Royal Highness the Prince of Brazil, on my taking leave of the Court of Lisbon, July, 1797.

FAREWELL ye flow'ry fields! where nature's hand
Profusely sheds her vegetable store,
Nurtur'd by genial suns and zephyrs bland!
Farewell thou Tagus! and thy friendly shore:

Long shall my soul thy lost retreats deplore,
Thy haunts where shades of heroes met my eyes—
As oft I mus'd where Camoëns trod before,
I saw the godlike form of Gama rise,
With chiefs renown'd beneath yon eastern skies.

Oh, long may peace and glory crown thy scene—
Farewell, just Prince! no sycophantic lay
Insults thy ear—be what thy sires have been,
Thy great progenitors! who op'd the way
Through seas unsail'd before to climes of orient day.

This Sonnet was translated into Portuguese verse by the Marshall-General, and Commander in Chief, Duke de Alafoens, the uncle of the Queen of Portugal.

SONNET XII.

On receiving the News of the Death of General WASHINGTON.

HARK! friends! what sobs of sorrow, moans of grief,
On every gale, through every region spread!
Hark! how the western world bewails our chief,
Great Washington, his country's father dead!

Our living light expiring with his breath,
His bright example still illumes our way
Through the dark valley of thy shadow, death!
To realms on high of life without decay,

Faint, he relied on heav'nly help alone,
While conscience cheer'd th' inevitable hour;
When fades the glare of grandeur, pomp of pow'r,
And all the pageantry that gems a throne:
Then from his hallow'd track, who shall entice
Columbia's sons to tread the paths of vice?

FAREWELL,

FROM THE ABBE O'MOORE,

ADDRESSED

TO THE HONOURABLE DAVID HUMPHREYS,

Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States of America, at the Court of Madrid.

THEE, Humphreys! I address, since ev'n thy name
Can in cold bosoms light a poet's flame;
And well it suits an humble muse like mine,
Prostrate to own the dignity of thine.
This day each maid that haunts the sacred spring,
Salutes the infant year from every string;
Save mine, who lonely vales and woods among,
Her hair dishevell'd and her harp unstrung,
Weeps that, like Philomel, thou soon wilt fly
To distant groves, beneath another sky.

Oh, how unlike the *proud* when rais'd to rank,
Too swol'n to move within their nat'ral bank,
Who, soon o'erflowing, with resistless force,
Break down each bridge of social intercourse!

Humphreys has strength of character to bear,
Unmov'd, all fortunes in a lofty sphere;
Beneath his feet repulsive pride to throw,
And stoop with dignity to those below.
But if his country bids, in arduous hour,
He, bold, asserts his ministerial power;
And mildly stubborn, ev'n before a throne,
Supports his nation's honour and his own.

So of himself an emblem is his muse,
Both ever quick the proper tone to choose;—
From her how unaffected flows the strain,
Whene'er she treads the woodland and the plain;
But when her trumpet sounds the rough alarms,
And calls Columbia's patriot sons to arms;
Then fierce and spirited the note she pours,
And hosts rise thund'ring, " *Freedom shall be ours!*"

Blest Poet, Patriot, Warrior, oh, that long
Thy life may charm with virtue and with song!
FAREWELL! and gentle as thy partner's mind,
May'st thou thy passage to thy country find:
Charm'd OCEAN emulate her placid soul,
Nor storms arise, nor angry billows roll;
But waft both swiftly o'er his rude domains,
To those, by Humphreys made, immortal plains;
Where first by Freedom and by genius taught,
Alike he sweetly sung and bravely fought.

WILLIAM O'MOORE,
Chaplain to his Catholic Majesty's Foot Walloon Guard.

Madrid, Jan. 1, 1802.

AN

ESSAY

ON THE

LIFE

OF THE

HONOURABLE MAJOR-GENERAL

ISRAEL PUTNAM.

ADDRESSED TO THE

STATE SOCIETY OF THE CINCINNATI IN CONNECTICUT,

AND

PUBLISHED BY THEIR ORDER.

TO THE

HON. COL. JEREMIAH WADSWORTH,

President of the State Society of the Cincinnati
in Connecticut, &c.

My dear Sir,

UNAVOIDABLE absence will prevent me from performing the grateful task assigned me by the State Society of the Cincinnati on the fourth day of July next. Though I cannot personally address them, I wish to demonstrate, by some token of affectionate remembrance, the sense I entertain of the honour they have more than once conferred upon me by their suffrages.

Meditating in what manner to accomplish this object, it occurred to me, that an attempt to preserve the actions of General Putnam, in the archives of our State Society, would be acceptable to its members, as they had all served with great satisfaction under his immediate orders. An essay on the life of a person so elevated in military rank, and so conversant in extraordinary scenes, could not be destitute of amusement and instruction, and would possess the advantage of presenting for imitation a respectable model of public and private virtues.

General Putnam is universally acknowledged to have been as brave and as honest a man as ever America produced; but the distinguishing features of his character, and the particular transactions of his life, are but imperfectly known. He seems to have been formed on purpose for the age in which he lived. His native courage, unshaken integrity, and established reputation as a soldier, were necessary in the early stages of our opposition to the designs of Great-Britain, and gave unbounded confidence to our troops in their first conflicts in the field of battle.

The enclosed manuscript justly claims indulgence for its venial errors, as it is the first effort in Biography that has been made on this continent. The attempt, I am conscious, is laudable, whatever may be the failure in point of execution.

I am happy to find the Society of the Cincinnati is now generally regarded in a favourable manner. Mankind, with few exceptions, are disposed to do justice to the motives on which it was founded. For ourselves, we can never recall to mind the occasion, without feeling the most tender emotions of friendship and sensibility. At the dissolution of the army, when we retired to separate walks of life, from the toils of a successful war, in which we had been associated during a very important part of our lives, the pleasing idea, and the fond hope of meeting once a year, *which gave birth to our fraternal institution*, were necessary consolations to sooth the pangs that tore our bosoms at the melancholy hour of parting. When our hands touched, perhaps for the last time, and our tongues refused to perform their office in bidding farewell, heaven witnessed and approved the purity of our intentions in the ardour of our affections. May we persevere in the union of our friendship, and the exertion of our benevolence; regardless of the censures of jealous suspicion, which charges our designs with selfishness, and ascribes our actions to improper motives; while we realize sentiments of a nobler nature in our anniversary festivities, and our hearts dilate with an honest joy, in opening the hand of beneficence to the indigent widow and unprotected orphan of our departed friends.

I pray you, my dear Sir, to present my most respectful compliments to the members of the Society, and to assure them, on my part, that whensoever it shall be in my power, I shall esteem it the felicity of my life to attend their anniversaries.

I have the honour to be,
With sentiments of the highest consideration and esteem,
Your most obedient and most humble servant,
D. HUMPHREYS.

Mount-Vernon, in Virginia,
June 4, 1788.

AN

ESSAY

ON THE

LIFE OF GENERAL PUTNAM.

TO treat of recent transactions and persons still living, is always a delicate, and frequently a thankless office. Yet, while the partiality of friends, or the malignity of enemies, decides with rashness on every delineation of character, or recital of circumstances, a consolation remains, that distant nations, and remoter ages, free from the influence of prejudice or passion, will judge with impartiality, and appreciate with justice. We have fallen upon an æra singularly prolific in extraordinary personages, and dignified by splendid events. Much is expected from the selections of the judicious biographer, as well as from the labours of the faithful historian. Whatever prudential reasons may now occur to postpone the portrait of our own times, the difficulties which oppose themselves to the execution, instead of being diminished, will increase with the lapse of years. Every day will extinguish some life that was dear to fame, and obliterate the memorial of some deed which would have constituted the delight and admiration of the world.

So transient and indistinguishable are the traits of character, so various and inexplicable the springs of action, so obscure and perishable the remembrance of human affairs, that, unless attempts are made to sketch the picture, while the present generation is living, the likeness will be for ever lost, or only preserved by a vague recollection; disguised, perhaps, by the whimsical colourings of a creative imagination.

It will, doubtless, hereafter be an object of regret, that those who, having themselves been conspicuous actors on the theatre of public life, and who, in conjunction with a knowledge of facts, possess abilities to paint those characters, and describe those events which, during the progress of the American Revolution, interested and astonished mankind, should feel an insuperable reluctance to assume the task—a task which, if executed with fidelity, must, from the dignity of its subject, become grateful to the patriots of all nations, and profitable in example to the remotest posterity. Equally severe will be the mortification of contemplating the reveries and fictions which have been substituted by hackneyed writers in the place of historical facts. Nor should we suppress our indignation against that class of professional authors, who, placed in the vale of penury and obscurity, at an immense distance from the scenes of action, and all opportunities of acquiring the necessary documents, with insufferable effrontery, obtrude their fallacious and crude performances on a credulous public. Did the result of their lucubrations terminate only in relieving their own distresses, or gratifying their individual vanity, it might be passed in silent contempt. But the effect is extensive, permanent, and pernicious. The lie,* however improbable or monstrous, which has once assumed the semblance of truth, by being often repeated with minute and plausible particulars, is, at length, so thoroughly established, as to obtain universal credit, defy contradiction, and frustrate every effort of refutation. Such is the mischief, such are the unhappy consequences on the bewildered mind, that the reader has no alternative, but to become the dupe of his credulity, or distrust the veracity of almost all human testimony. After having long been the sport of fiction, he will, perhaps, probably run into the opposite extreme, and give up all confidence in the annals of ancient as well as modern times; and thus the easy believer of fine fables and marvellous stories will find, at last, his historical faith change to scepticism, and end in infidelity.

The numerous errors and falsehoods relative to the birth and achievements of Major-General Putnam, which have (at a former period) been circulated with assiduity on both sides of the Atlantic, and the uncertainty which appeared to prevail with respect to his real character,† first produced the resolution of writing this

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* The writer had here particularly in his eye the Rhapsody palmed upon the public, under the name of a history, by a certain Frenchman, called D'Auberteiul: Perhaps so much falsehood, folly, and calumny was never before accumulated in a single performance.

† The following lines are extracted from a Poem, entitled, "The Prospect of America," written by the late ingenious Dr. Ladd.

"Hail Putnam! hail thou venerable name!
"Though dark oblivion threats thy mighty fame,
"It threats in vain—for long shalt thou be known,
"Who first in virtue and in battle shone,
"When fourscore years had blanch'd thy laurel'd head,
"Strong in thine age, the flame of war was spread."

On which Dr. Ladd made this note:

"The brave Putnam seems to have been almost obscured amidst the "glare of succeeding worthies; but his early and gallant services entitle "him to an everlasting remembrance."

Other bards have also asserted the glory of this venerable veteran. In essay on his life, and induced the Editor to obtain[*] materials from that hero himself. If communications of such authenticity, if personal intimacy as an aid-de-camp to that General, or if subsequent military employments, which afforded access to sources[†] of intel-

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the first concise review of the principal American heroes who signalized themselves in the last war, the same character is thus represented:

"There stood stern Putnam, seam'd with many a scar,
"The veteran honours of an early war."

The Vision of Columbus, Book V.

[*] The Editor seizes, with eagerness, an opportunity of acknowledging his obligations to Dr. Albigence Waldo, who was so obliging as to commit to writing many anecdotes, communicated to him by General Putnam in the course of the present year.

[†] A multitude of proofs might be produced to demonstrate that military facts cannot always be accurately known but by the Commander in Chief, and his confidential officers. The Marquis de Chastelleux (whose opportunity to acquire genuine information, respecting those parts of the American war which he hath casually mentioned, was better than that of any other writer) gives an account of a grand forage which General Heath ordered to be made towards King's-bridge in the autumn of 1780. The Marquis, who was present when the detachment marched, and to whom General Heath showed the orders that were given to General Stark, the commanding officer of the expedition, observes, that he had never seen, in manuscript or print, more pertinent instructions. Now the fact is, that this detachment, under the pretext of a forage, was intended by the Commander in Chief to co-operate with the main army in an attempt against the enemy's posts on York Island; and that General Heath himself was then ignorant of the real design. The Commander in Chief spent a whole campaign in ripening this project. Boats, mounted on travelling carriages, were kept constantly with the army. The Marquis de la Fayette, at the head of the light infantry, was to have made the attack in the night on Fort Washington. The period chosen for this enterprize was the very time when the army were to break up their camp, and march into winter quarters; so that the Commander in Chief, moving in the dusk of the evening, would have been on the banks of the Hudson, with his whole force, to have supported the attack. The cautious manner in which the co-operation on the part of the troops sent by General Heath, on the pretended forage, was to have been conducted, will be understood from the following secret instructions.

"To Brigadier-General Stark.
Head Quarters, Passaic-Falls, Nov. 21, 1780.

"Sir,

"Colonel Humphreys, one of my Aids-de-camp, is charged "by me, with orders of a private and particular nature, which he is to deligence not open to others, give the writer any advantages, the unbiassed mind will decide how far they exculpate him from the

" liver to you, and which you are to obey. He will inform you of the ne-" cessity of this mode of communication.

" I am, Sir, &c.

" G. WASHINGTON."

" To Lieutenant-Colonel **David Humphreys**, A. D. Camp.

" Sir,

" You are immediately to proceed to West-Point, and " communicate the business committed to you, in confidence, to Major-" General Heath, and to no other person whatsoever; from thence you " will repair to the detachment at the White-Plains, on Friday next, tak-" ing measures to prevent their leaving that place before you get to " them. And, in the course of the succeeding night, you may inform the " commanding officer of the enterprize in contemplation against the " enemy's posts on York Island.

" As the troops are constantly to lie on their arms, no previous notice " should be given; but they may be put in motion precisely at four o'clock, " and commence a slow and regular march to King's-bridge, until they " shall discover, or be informed of the concerted signals being made—when " the march must be pressed with the greatest rapidity. Parties of horse " should be sent forward to keep a look out for the signals.

" Although the main body ought to be kept compact, patroles of horse " and light parties might be sent towards East and West Chester: and " upon the signals being discovered, Sheldon's regiment, and the Connec-" ticut State troops (which may also be put in motion as soon as the or-" ders can be communicated after four o'clock) should be pushed forward " to intercept any of the enemy who may attempt to gain Frog's Neck, " and to cut off the Refugee-corps at Morissania. A few men, with " some address, may spread such an alarm as to prevent an attempt of " the enemy to retreat to Frog's Neck, from an apprehension of sur-" rounding parties.

" You will communicate these instructions to the commanding officer " of the detachment, who, upon his approach to King's-bridge, will re-" ceive orders from me as early as possible.

" Should the signals not be discovered, the troops will halt at least six " miles from the bridge, until further intelligence can be obtained.

" The absolute necessity of the most perfect secrecy is the occasion of " communicating my orders through this channel.

" *Given at Head Quarters, Passaic-Falls, this 22d day of Nov.* 1780.

" G. WASHINGTON."

Never was a plan better arranged: and never did circumstances promise more sure or complete success. The British were not only unalarmed, but our own troops were likewise entirely misguided in their expectations.

imputations of that officiousness, ignorance and presumption, which, in others, have been reprehended with severity. He only wishes that a premature and unfavourable construction may not be formed of his motive or object. Should this essay have any influence in correcting mistakes, or rescuing from oblivion the actions of that distinguished veteran; should it create an emulation to copy his domestic, manly and heroic virtues; or should it prompt some more skilful hand to pourtray the illustrious groupe of patriots, sages, and heroes, who have guided our councils, fought our battles, and adorned the memorable epocha of independence, it will be an ample compensation for the trouble, and excite a consolatory reflection through every vicissitude of life.

ISRAEL PUTNAM, who, through a regular gradation of promotion, became the senior Major-General in the army of the United States, and next in rank to General Washington, was born at Salem, in the Province (now State) of Massachusetts, on the 7th day of January, 1718. His father, Captain Joseph Putnam, was the son of Mr. John Putnam, who, with two brothers, came from the south of England, and were among the first settlers of Salem.

When we thus behold a person, from the humble walks of life, starting unnoticed in the career of fame, and, by an undeviating progress through a life of honour, arriving at the highest dignity in the state, curiosity is strongly excited, and philosophy loves to trace the path of glory from the cradle of obscurity to the summit of elevation.

Although our ancestors, the first settlers of this land, amidst the extreme pressure of poverty and danger, early instituted schools for the education of youth designed for the learned pro-

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The accidental intervention of some vessels prevented, at this time, the attempt; which was more than once resumed afterwards. Notwithstanding this favourite project was not ultimately effected, it was evidently not less bold in conception or feasible in accomplishment, than that attempted so successfully at Trenton, or than that which was brought to so glorious an issue in the successful siege of York-Town.

It is true, the Marquis de Chastelleux, whose professional knowledge and fountain-head intelligence have enabled him to describe several actions better than they are elsewhere described, speaks in this instance of an ulterior object; and says, that secrets were preserved more inviolably in the American than in the French army. His words are:

" C'est que le secret est garde tres exactement a l'armee Americaine;
" peu de personnes ont part a la confiance du Chef, et en general on y
" parle moins que dans les armees Francoises des operations de la guerre,
" et de ce que l'on appelle chez nous *les Nouvelles*."

fessions, yet it was thought sufficient to instruct those destined to labour on the earth, in reading, writing, and such rudiments of arithmetic as might be requisite for keeping the accounts of their little transactions with each other. Few farmers' sons had more advantages, none less. In this state of mediocrity it was the lot of young Putnam to be placed. His early instruction was not considerable, and the active scenes of life in which he was afterwards engaged, prevented the opportunity of great literary improvement. His numerous original letters, though deficient in scholastic accuracy, always display the goodness of his heart, and frequently the strength of his native genius. He had a certain laconic mode of expression, and an unaffected epigrammatic turn, which characterised most of his writings.

To compensate partially for the deficiency of education (though nothing can remove or counterbalance the inconveniencies experienced from it in public life) he derived from his parents the source of innumerable advantages in the stamina of a vigorous constitution. Nature, liberal in bestowing on him bodily strength, hardiness, and activity, was by no means parsimonious in mental endowments. While we leave the qualities of the understanding to be developed in the process of life, it may not be improper, in this place, to designate some of the circumstances which were calculated to distinguish him afterwards as a partizan officer.

Courage, enterprize, activity, and perseverance were the first characteristics of his mind. There is a kind of mechanical courage, the offspring of pride, habit, or discipline, that may push a coward not only to perform his duty, but even to venture on acts of heroism. Putnam's courage was of a different species. It was ever attended with a serenity of soul, a clearness of conception, a degree of self-possession, and a superiority to all the vicissitudes of fortune, entirely distinct from any thing that can be produced by the ferment of blood, and flutter of spirits; which, not unfrequently, precipitate men to action, when stimulated by intoxication or some other transient exhilaration. The heroic character, thus founded on constitution and animal spirits, cherished by education and ideas of personal freedom, confirmed by temperance and habits of exercise, was completed by the dictate of reason, the love of his country, and an invincible sense of duty. Such were the qualities and principles that enabled him to meet unappalled, the shafts of adversity, and to pass in triumph through the furnace of affliction.

His disposition was as frank and generous as his mind was fearless and independent. He disguised nothing; indeed he seemed incapable of disguise. Perhaps, in the intercourse he was ultimately obliged to have with an artful world, his sincerity, on some occasions, outwent his discretion. Although he had too much suavity in his nature to commence a quarrel, he had too much sensibility not to feel, and too much honour not to resent an intended insult. The first time he went to Boston he was insulted for his rusticity by a boy of twice his size and age; after bearing the sarcasms until his patience was worn out, he challenged, engaged, and vanquished his unmannerly antagonist, to the great diversion of a crowd of spectators. While a stripling, his ambition was to perform the labour of a man, and to excel in athletic diversions. In that rude, but masculine age, whenever the village-youth assembled on their usual occasions of festivity, pitching the bar, running, leaping, and wrestling were favourite amusements. At such gymnastic exercises (in which, during the heroic times of ancient Greece and Rome, conquest was considered as the promise of future military fame) he bore the palm from almost every ring.

Before the refinements of luxury, and the consequent increase of expenses had rendered the maintenance of a family inconvenient or burdensome in America, the sexes entered into matrimony at an early age. Competence, attainable by all, was the limit of pursuit. After the hardships of making a new settlement were overcome, and the evils of penury removed, the inhabitants enjoyed, in the lot of equality, innocence and security, scenes equally delightful with those pictured by the glowing imagination of the poets in their favourite pastoral life, or fabulous golden age. Indeed, the condition of mankind was never more enviable. Neither disparity of age and fortune, nor schemes of ambition and grandeur, nor the pride and avarice of high-minded and mercenary parents, interposed those obstacles to the union of congenial souls, which frequently in more polished society prevent, imbitter or destroy all the felicity of the connubial state. Mr. Putnam, before he attained the twenty-first year of his age, married Miss Pope, daughter of Mr. John Pope, of Salem, by whom he had ten children, seven of whom are still living. He lost the wife of his youth in 1764. Some time after he married Mrs. Gardiner, widow of the late Mr. Gardiner, of Gardiner's Island, by whom he had no issue. She died in 1777.

In the year 1739, he removed from Salem to Pomfret, an inland fertile town in Connecticut, forty miles east of Hartford. Having here purchased a considerable tract of land, he applied himself successfully to agriculture.

The first years, on a new farm, are not, however, exempt from disasters and disappointments, which can only be remedied by stubborn and patient industry. Our farmer, sufficiently occupied in building an house and barn, felling woods, making fences, sowing grain, planting orchards, and taking care of his stock, had to encounter, in turn, the calamities occasioned by drought in summer, blast in harvest, loss of cattle in winter, and the desolation of his sheep-fold by wolves. In one night he had seventy fine sheep and goats killed, besides many lambs and kids wounded. This havock was committed by a she-wolf, which, with her annual whelps, had for several years infested the vicinity. The young were commonly destroyed by the vigilance of the hunters, but the old one was too sagacious to come within reach of gun-shot: upon being closely pursued, she would generally fly to the western woods, and return the next winter with another litter of whelps.

This wolf, at length, became such an intolerable nuisance that Mr. Putnam entered into a combination with five of his neighbours to hunt alternately until they could destroy her. Two, by rotation, were to be constantly in pursuit. It was known, that, having lost the toes from one foot, by a steel-trap, she made one track shorter than the other. By this vestige the pursuers recognized, in a light snow, the route of this pernicious animal. Having followed her to Connecticut river, and found she had turned back in a direct course towards Pomfret, they immediately returned, and by ten o'clock the next morning the blood-hounds had driven her into a den, about three miles distant from the house of Mr. Putnam: The people soon collected with dogs, guns, straw, fire, and sulphur, to attack the common enemy. With this apparatus, several unsuccessful efforts were made to force her from the den. The hounds came back badly wounded, and refused to return. The smoke of blazing straw had no effect. Nor did the fumes of burnt brimstone, with which the cavern was filled, compel her to quit the retirement. Wearied with such fruitless attempts, (which had brought the time to ten o'clock at night) Mr. Putnam tried once more to make his dog enter, but in vain. He proposed to his negro man to go down into the cavern and shoot the wolf: the negro declined the hazardous service. Then it was that the master, angry at the disappointment, and declaring that he was ashamed to have a coward in his family, resolved himself to destroy the ferocious beast, lest she should escape through some unknown fissure of the rock. His neighbours strongly remonstrated against the perilous enterprize: but he, knowing that wild animals were intimidated by fire, and having provided several strips of birch-bark, the only combustible material which he could obtain that would afford light in this deep and darksome cave, prepared for his descent. Having, accordingly, divested himself of his coat and waistcoat, and having a long rope fastened round his legs, by which he might be pulled back, at a concerted signal, he entered head-foremost, with the blazing torch in his hand.

The aperture of the den, on the east side of a very high ledge of rocks, is about two feet square; from thence it descends obliquely fifteen feet, then running horizontally about ten more, it ascends gradually sixteen feet towards its termination. The sides of this subterraneous cavity are composed of smooth and solid rocks, which seem to have been divided from each other by some former earthquake. The top and bottom are also of stone, and the entrance, in winter, being covered with ice, is exceedingly slippery. It is in no place high enough for a man to raise himself upright, nor in any part more than three feet in width.

Having groped his passage to the horizontal part of the den, the most terrifying darkness appeared in front of the dim circle of light afforded by his torch. It was silent as the house of death. None but monsters of the desert had ever before explored this solitary mansion of horror. He, cautiously proceeding onward, came to the ascent, which he slowly mounted on his hands and knees, until he discovered the glaring eye-balls of the wolf, who was sitting at the extremity of the cavern. Started at the sight of fire, she gnashed her teeth, and gave a sullen growl. As soon as he had made the necessary discovery, he kicked the rope as a signal for pulling him out. The people at the mouth of the den, who had listened with painful anxiety, hearing the growling of the wolf, and supposing their friend to be in the most imminent danger, drew him forth with such celerity that his shirt was stripped over his head, and his skin severely lacerated. After he had adjusted his clothes, and loaded his gun with nine buck-shot, holding a torch in one hand, and the musquet in the other, he descended the second time. When he drew nearer than before, the wolf, assuming a still more fierce and terrible appearance, howling, rolling her eyes, snapping her teeth, and dropping her head between her legs, was evidently in the attitude, and on the point of springing at him. At the critical instant he levelled and fired at her head. Stunned with the shock, and suffocated with the smoke, he immediately found himself drawn out of the cave. But having refreshed himself, and permitted the smoke to dissipate, he went down the third time. Once more he came within sight of the wolf, who appearing very passive, he applied the torch to her nose; and perceiving her dead, he took hold of her ears, and then kicking the rope (still tied round his legs) the people above, with no small exultation, dragged them both out together.

I have offered these facts in greater detail, because they contain a display of character; and because they have been erroneously related in several European publications, and very much mutilated in the history of Connecticut, a work as replete with falsehood as destitute of genius, lately printed in London.

Prosperity, at length, began to attend the agricultural affairs of Mr. Putnam. He was acknowledged to be a skilful and indefatigable manager. His fields were mostly enclosed with stone walls. His crops commonly succeeded, because the land was well tilled and manured. His pastures and meadows became luxuriant. His cattle were of the best breed, and in good order. His garden and fruit-trees prolific. With the avails of the surplusage of his produce, foreign articles were purchased. Within doors he found the compensation of his labours in the plenty of excellent provisions, as well as in the happiness of domestic society.

A more particular description of his transition from narrow to easy circumstances might be given; but the mind that shall have acquired an idea of the habits of labour and simplicity, to which the industrious colonists were accustomed, will readily supply the omission. The effect of this gradual acquisition of property, generally favourable to individual virtue and public felicity, should not, however, be passed over in silence. If there is something fascinating in the charms of a country life, from the contemplation of beautiful landscapes, there is likewise something elevating to the soul, in the consciousness of being lord of the soil, and having the power of creating them. The man can scarcely be guilty of a sordid action, or even descend to an ungenerous thought, who, removed from the apprehension of want, sees his farm daily meliorating and assuming whatever appearance he pleases to prescribe. This situation converts the farmer into a species of rural philosopher, by inspiring an honest pride in his rank as a freeman, flattering the natural propensity for personal independence, and nourishing an unlimited hospitality and philanthropy in his social character.

But the time had now arrived which was to turn the instruments of husbandry into weapons of hostility, and to exchange the hunting of wolves, who had ravaged the sheep-folds, for the pursuit after savages, who had desolated the frontiers. Mr. Putnam was about thirty-seven years old when the war between England and France, which preceded the last, broke out in America. His reputation must have been favourably known to the government, since among the first troops that were levied by Connecticut in 1755, he was appointed to the command of a company in Lyman's regiment of Provincials. I have mentioned his age at this period expressly to obviate a prevalent opinion, that he was far advanced in life when he commenced his military service.

As he was extremely popular, he found no difficulty in enlisting his complement of. recruits from the most hardy, enterprizing, and respectable young men of his neighbourhood. The regiment joined the army, at the opening of the campaign, not far distant from Crown-Point. Soon after his arrival at camp, he became acquainted with the famous partizan Captain, afterwards Major Rogers, with whom he was frequently associated in traversing the wilderness, reconnoitering the enemy's lines, gaining intelligence, and taking straggling prisoners, as well as in beating up the quarters and surprising the advanced pickets of their army. For these operations, a corps of rangers were formed from the irregulars. The first time Rogers and Putnam were detached with a party of these light troops, it was the fortune of the latter to preserve, with his own hand, the life of the former, and to cement their friendship with the blood of one of their enemies.

The object of this expedition was to obtain an accurate knowledge of the position and state of the works at Crown-Point. It was impracticable to approach with their party near enough for this purpose, without being discovered. Alone, the undertaking was sufficiently hazardous, on account of the swarms of hostile Indians who infested the woods. Our two partizans, however, left all their men at a convenient distance, with strict orders to continue concealed until their return. Having thus cautiously taken their arrangements, they advanced with the profoundest silence in the evening; and lay, during the night, contiguous to the fortress. Early in the morning they approached so close as to be able to give satisfactory information to the General who had sent them, on the several points to which their attention had been directed: but Captain Rogers, being at a little distance from Captain Putnam, fortuitously met a stout Frenchman, who instantly seized his fuzee with one hand, and with the other attempted to stab him, while he called to an adjacent guard for assistance. The guard answered. Putnam, perceiving the imminent danger of his friend, and that no time was to be lost, or farther alarm given by firing, ran rapidly to them, while they were yet struggling, and with the but-end of his piece, laid the Frenchman dead at his feet. The partizans, to elude pursuit, precipitated their flight, joined the party, and returned without loss to the encampment. Not many occasions occurred for partizans to display their talents in the course of this summer. The war was chequered with various fortune in different quarters—

such as the total defeat of General Braddock, and the splendid victory of Sir William Johnson over the French troops, commanded by the Baron Dieskau. The brilliancy of this success was necessary to console the Americans for the disgrace of that disaster. Here I might, indeed, take a pride in contrasting the conduct of the British Regulars, who had been ambuscaded on the Monongahela, with that of the Provincials (under Johnson) who, having been attacked in their lines, gallantly repulsed the enemy, and took their General prisoner, did I consider myself at liberty to swell this essay with reflections on events, in which Putnam was not directly concerned. The time for which the colonial troops engaged to serve terminated with the campaign. Putnam was re-appointed, and again took the field in 1756.

Few are so ignorant of war as not to know, that military adventures in the night are always extremely liable to accidents. Captain Putnam having been commanded to reconnoitre the enemy's camp at *the Ovens*, near *Ticonderoga*, took the brave Lieutenant Robert Durkee as his companion. In attempting to execute these orders, he narrowly missed being taken himself in the first instance, and killing his friend in the second. It was customary for the British and Provincial troops to place their fires round their camp, which frequently exposed them to the enemy's scouts and patroles. A contrary practice, then unknown in the English army, prevailed among the French and Indians. The plan was much more rational; they kept their fires in the centre, lodged their men circularly at a distance, and posted their centinels in the surrounding darkness. Our partizans approached the camp—and supposing the centries were within the circle of fires, crept upon their hands and knees with the greatest possible caution, until, to their utter astonishment, they found themselves in the thickest of the enemy. The centinels, discovering them, fired, and slightly wounded Durkee in the thigh. He and Putnam had no alternative. They fled. The latter being foremost, and scarcely able to see his hand before him, soon plunged into a clay-pit. Durkee, almost at the identical moment, came tumbling after. Putnam, by no means pleased at finding a companion, and believing him to be one of the enemy, lifted his tomahawk to give the deadly blow—when Durkee (who had followed so closely as to know him) inquired whether he had escaped unhurt. Captain Putnam, instantly recognizing the voice, dropped his weapon; and both, springing from the pit, made good their retreat to the neighbouring ledges, amidst a shower of random shot. There they betook themselves to a large log, by the side of which they lodged the remainder of the night. Before they lay down, Captain Putnam said he had a little rum in his canteen, which could never be more acceptable or necessary; but, on examining the canteen, which hung under his arm, he found the enemy had pierced it with their balls, and that there was not a drop of liquor left. The next day he found fourteen bullet holes in his blanket.

In the same summer, a body of the enemy, consisting of six hundred men, attacked the baggage and provision waggons at a place called the Half-Way-Brook; it being equi-distant from Fort Edward and the south end of Lake George. Having killed the oxen, and plundered the waggons, they retreated with their booty without having met with such resistance as might have been expected from the strength of the escort. General Webb, upon receiving intelligence of this disaster, ordered the Captains Putnam and Rogers "to take one hundred volunteers in boats, with two "wall-pieces, and two blunderbusses, and to proceed down Lake "George to a certain point, there to leave the batteaux under a proper guard, and thence to cross by land, so as to harass, and, if practicable, intercept the retreating enemy at the "Narrows." These orders were executed with so much punctuality, that the party arrived at the destined place half an hour before the hostile boats came in view. Here they waited, under cover, until the enemy (ignorant of these proceedings) entered the Narrows, with their batteaux loaded with plunder. Then the volunteers poured upon them volley after volley, killed many of the oarsmen, sunk a number of the batteaux, and would soon have destroyed the whole body of the enemy, had not the unusual precipitancy of their passage (favoured by the wind) carried them through the Narrows into the wide part of South-Bay, where they were out of the reach of musket-shot. The shattered remnant of the little fleet soon arrived at Ticonderoga, and gave information that Putnam and Rogers were at the Narrows. A fresh party was instantly detached to cut them in pieces, on their return to Fort Edward. Our partizans, sensible of the probability of such an attempt, and being full twenty miles from their boats, strained every nerve to reach them as soon as possible; which they effected the same night. Next day, when they had returned as far as Sabbath-Day-Point, they discovered, on shore, the before-mentioned detachment of three hundred men, who had passed them in the night, and who now, on perceiving our party, took to their boats with the greatest alacrity, and rowed out to give battle. They advanced in line, maintaining a good mein, and felicitating themselves upon the prospect of an easy conquest, from the great superiority of their numbers. Flushed with these expectations, they were permitted to come within pistol-shot before a gun was fired. At once the wall-pieces and blunderbusses, which had been brought to rake them in the most vulnerable point, were discharged. As no such reception had been foreseen, the assailants were thrown into the utmost disorder. Their terror and confusion were greatly increased by a well-directed and most destructive fire of the small arms. The larger pieces being re-loaded, without annoyance, continued, alternately with the musketry, to make dreadful havock, until the rout was completed, and the enemy driven back to Ticonderoga. In this action, one of the bark canoes contained twenty Indians, of whom fifteen were killed. Great numbers, from other boats, both of French and Indians, were seen to fall overboard: but the account of their total loss could never be ascertained. Rogers and Putnam had but one man killed, and two slightly wounded. They now landed on the Point, and having refreshed their men at leisure, returned in good order to the British camp.

Soon after these rencounters, a singular kind of race was run by our nimble-footed Provincial and an active young Frenchman. The liberty of each was by turns at stake. General Webb, wanting a prisoner for the sake of intelligence, sent Captain Putnam, with five men, to procure one. The Captain concealed himself near the road which leads from Ticonderoga to the Ovens. His men seemed fond of showing themselves, which unsoldier-like conduct he prohibited with the severest reprehension. This rebuke they imputed to unnecessary fear. The observation is as true as vulgar, that persons distinguishable for temerity, when there is no apparent danger, are generally poltroons whenever danger approaches. They had not lain long in the high grass before a Frenchman and an Indian passed—the Indian was considerably in advance. As soon as the former had gone by, Putnam, relying on the fidelity of his men, sprang up, ran, and ordered them to follow. After running about thirty rods, he seized the Frenchman by the shoulders, and forced him to surrender: But his prisoner, looking round, perceiving no other enemy, and knowing the Indian would be ready in a moment to assist him, began to make an obstinate resistance. Putnam, finding himself betrayed by his men into a perilous dilemma, let go his hold, stepped back and snapped his piece, which was levelled at the Frenchman's breast. It missed fire. Upon this he thought it most prudent to retreat. The Frenchman, in turn, chased him back to his men, who, at last, raised themselves from the grass; which his pursuer espying in good time for himself, made his escape. Putnam, mortified that these men had frustrated his success, dismissed them with disgrace; and not long after accomplished his object. Such little feats as the capture of a single prisoner may be of infinitely more consequence than some, who are unacquainted with military affairs, would be apt to imagine. In a country covered with woods, like that part of America, then the seat of war, the difficulty of procuring, and the importance of possessing good intelligence, can scarcely be conceived even by European commanders. They, however, who know its value, will not appreciate lightly the services of an able partizan.

Nothing worthy of remark happened during this campaign, except the loss of Oswego. That fort, which had been built by General Shirley, to protect the peltry trade, cover the country on the Mohawk-River, and facilitate an invasion of Canada, by Frontenac and Niagara, fell into the hands of the enemy, with a garrison of sixteen hundred men, and one hundred pieces of cannon.

The active services of Captain Putnam, on every occasion, attracted the admiration of the public, and induced the Legislature of Connecticut to promote him to a majority in 1757.

Lord Loudon was then Commander in Chief of the British forces in America. The expedition against Crown-Point, which, from the commencement of hostilities, had been in contemplation, seemed to give place to a more important operation that was meditated against Louisbourg. But the arrival of the Brest squadron at that place prevented the attempt; and the loss of Fort William Henry served to class this with the two former unsuccessful campaigns. It was rumoured, and partially credited at the time, that General Webb, who commanded in the northern department, had early intimation of the movement of the French army, and might have effectually succoured the garrison. The subsequent facts will place the affair in its proper light.

A few days before the siege, Major Putnam, with two hundred men, escorted General Webb from Fort Edward to Fort William Henry. The object was to examine the state of this fortification, which stood at the southern extremity of Lake George. Several abortive attempts having been made by Major Rogers and others in the night season, Major Putnam proposed to go down the lake in open day-light, land at Northwest-Bay, and tarry on shore until he could make satisfactory discovery of the enemy's actual situation at Ticonderoga and the adjacent posts. The plan (which he suggested) of landing with only five men, and sending back the boats, to prevent detection, was deemed too hazardous by the General. At length, however, he was permitted to proceed with eighteen volunteers in three whale-boats; but before he arrived at Northwest-Bay, he discovered a body of men on an island. Immediately upon this he left two boats to fish at a distance, that they might not occasion an alarm, and returned himself with the information. The General, seeing him rowing back with great velocity, in a single boat, concluded the others were captured, and sent a skiff, with orders for him alone to come on shore. After advising the General of the circumstances, he urged the expediency of returning to make further discoveries, and bring off the boats. Leave was reluctantly given. He found his people, and, passing still onward, discovered (by the aid of a good perspective glass) a large army in motion. By this time several of the advanced canoes had nearly surrounded him, but by the swiftness of his whaleboats, he escaped through the midst of them. On his return, he informed the General minutely of all he had seen, and intimated his conviction that the expedition must obviously be destined against Fort William Henry. That Commander, strictly enjoining silence on the subject, directed him to put his men under an oath of secrecy, and to prepare, without loss of time, to return to the Head-Quarters of the army. Major Putnam observed, "he "hoped his Excellency did not intend to neglect so fair an opportunity of giving battle, should the enemy presume to land." "What do you think we should do here?" replied the General. Accordingly, the next day he returned, and the day after Colonel Monro was ordered from Fort Edward, with his regiment, to reinforce the garrison. That officer took with him all his rich baggage and camp equipage, notwithstanding Major Putnam's advice to the contrary. The day following his arrival, the enemy landed and besieged the place.

The Marquis de Montcalm, Commander in Chief for the French in Canada (intending to take advantage of the absence of a large proportion of the British force, which he understood to be employed under Lord Loudon against Louisbourg) had assembled whatever men could be spared from Ticonderoga, Crown-Point and the other garrisons: with these he had combined a considerable corps of Canadians, and a larger body of Indians than had ever before been collected; making, in the whole, an army of nearly eight thousand men. Our garrison consisted of twenty-five hundred, and was commanded by Colonel Monro, a very gallant officer, who found the means of sending express after express to General Webb, with an account of his situation, and the most pressing solicitation for succour. In the mean time, the army at Fort Edward, which originally amounted to about four thousand, had been considerably augmented by Johnson's troops and the militia. On the eighth or ninth day after the landing of the French. General Johnson (in consequence of repeated applications) was suffered to march for the relief of the garrison, with all the Provincials, Militia, and Putnam's Rangers: but before they had proceeded three miles, the order was countermanded, and they returned. M. de Montcalm informed Major Putnam, when a prisoner in Canada, that one of his running Indians saw and reported this movement; and, upon being questioned relatively to the numbers, answered in their figurative stile, "*If you can count the leaves on the trees, you can count them.*" In effect, the operations of the siege were suspended, and preparations made for re-embarking, when another of the runners reported that the detachment had gone back. The Marquis de Montcalm, provided with a good train of artillery, meeting with no annoyance from the British army, and but inconsiderable interruption from the garrison, accelerated his approaches so rapidly, as to obtain possession of the fort in a short time after completing the investiture. An intercepted letter from General Webb, advising the surrender, was sent into the fort to Colonel Monro by the French General.

The garrison engaged not to serve for eighteen months, and were permitted to march out with the honours of war. But the savages regarded not the capitulation, nor could they be restrained, by the utmost exertion of the commanding officer, from committing the most outrageous acts of cruelty. They stripped and plundered all the prisoners, and murdered great numbers in cold blood. Those who escaped by flight, or the protection of the French, arrived in a forlorn condition at Fort Edward: among these was the commandant of the garrison.

The day succeeding this deplorable scene of carnage and barbarity, Major Putnam having been dispatched with his Rangers to watch the motions of the enemy, came to the shore, when their rear was scarcely beyond the reach of musket-shot. They had carried off all the cannon, stores and water-craft. The fort was demolished. The barracks, the out-houses and suttlers' booths were heaps of ruins. The fires, not yet extinct, and the smoke, offensive from the mucilaginous nature of the fuel, but illy concealed innumerable fragments of human skulls and bones, and, in some instances, carcases half consumed. Dead bodies, weltering in blood, were every where to be seen, violated with all the wanton mutilations of savage ingenuity. More than one hundred women, some with their brains still oozing from the battered heads, others with their whole hair wrenched collectively with the skin from the bloody skulls, and many (with their throats cut) most inhumanly stabbed and butchered, lay stripped entirely naked, with their bowels torn out, and afforded a spectacle too horrible for description.

Not long after this misfortune, General Lyman succeeded to the command of Fort Edward. He resolved to strengthen it. For this purpose one hundred and fifty men were employed in cutting timber. To cover them, Captain Little was posted (with fifty British Regulars) at the head of a thick swamp, about one hundred rods eastward of the fort—to which his communication lay over a tongue of land, formed on the one side by the swamp, and by a creek on the other.

One morning at day-break, a centinel saw indistinctly several birds, as he conceived, come from the swamp and fly over him with incredible swiftness. While he was ruminating on these wonderful birds, and endeavouring to form some idea of their colour, shape and size, an arrow buried itself in the limb of a tree just above his head. He now discovered the quality and design of these winged messengers of fate, and gave the alarm. Instantly the working party began to retreat along the defile. A large body of savages had concealed themselves in the morass before the guard was posted, and were attempting in this way to kill the centinel without noise, with design to surprise the whole party. Finding the alarm given, they rushed from the covert, shot and tomahawked those who were nearest at hand, and pressed hard on the remainder of the unarmed fugitives. Captain Little flew to their relief, and, by pouring on the Indians a well-timed fire, checked the pursuit, and enabled such of the fatigue-men as did not fall in the first onset, to retire to the fort. Thither he sent for assistance, his little party being almost overpowered by numbers. But the commandant, imagining that the main body of the enemy were approaching for a general assault, called in his outposts and shut the gates.

Major Putnam lay with his Rangers on an island adjacent to the fort. Having heard the musketry, and learned that his friend Captain Little was in the utmost peril, he plunged into the river at the head of his corps, and waded through the water towards the place of engagement. This brought him so near to the fort, that General Lyman, apprized of his design, and unwilling that the lives of a few more brave men should be exposed to what he deemed inevitable destruction, mounted the parapet and ordered him to proceed no further. The Major only took time to make the best short apology he could, and marched on. This is the only instance in the whole course of his military service wherein he did not pay the strictest obedience to orders; and in this instance his motive was highly commendable. But when such conduct, even if sanctified by success, is passed over with impunity, it demonstrates that all is not right in the military system. In a disciplined army, such as that of the United States became under General Washington, an officer guilty of a slighter violation of orders, however elevated in rank or meritorious in service, would have been brought before the bar of a court-martial. Were it not for the seductive tendency of a brave man's example, I might have been spared the mortification of making these remarks on the conduct of an officer, whose distinguishing characteristics were promptitude for duty and love of subordination, as well as cheerfulness to encounter every species of difficulty and danger.

The Rangers of Putnam soon opened their way for a junction with the little handful of Regulars, who still obstinately maintained their ground. By his advice, the whole rushed impetuously with shouts and huzzas into the swamp. The savages fled on every side, and were chased, with no inconsiderable loss on their part, as long as the day-light lasted. On our's only one man was killed in the pursuit. His death was immediately revenged by that of the Indian who shot him. This Indian was one of the runners—a chosen body of active young men, who are made use of, not only to procure intelligence and convey tidings, but also to guard the rear on a retreat.

Here it will not be unseasonable to mention some of the customs in war peculiar to the aborigines, which, on the present as well as other occasions, they put in practice. Whenever a retreating, especially a flying party had gained the summit of a rising ground, they secreted one or two runners behind trees, copses, or bushes to fire at the enemy upon their ascending the hill. This commonly occasioned the enemy to halt and form for battle. In the interim, the runners used such dexterity as to be rarely discovered, or if discovered, they vanished behind the height and rejoined their brother-warriors, who having thus stolen a distance, were oftentimes seen by their pursuers no more. Or if the pursuers were too eager, they seldom failed to atone for their rashness by falling into an ambuscade. The Mohawks, who were afterwards much employed in scouts under the orders of Major Putnam, and who were perfectly versed in all the wiles and stratagems of their countrymen, showed him the mode of avoiding the evils of either alternative. In suspicious thickets, and at the borders of every considerable eminence, a momentary pause was made, while they, in different parts, penetrated or ascended with a cautiousness that cannot be easily described. They seemed all eye and ear. When they found no lurking mischief, they would beckon with the hand, and pronounce the word "Owish," with a long labial hissing, the *O* being almost quiescent. This was ever the watch-word for the main body to advance.

Indians who went to war together, and who, for any reason found it necessary to separate into different routes, always left two or three runners at the place of separation, to give timely notice to either party in case of pursuit.

If a warrior chanced to straggle and lose himself in the woods, or be retarded by accident or wound, the party missing him would frequently, on their march, break down a bush or a shrub, and leave the top pointing in the direction they had gone, that the straggler, when he should behold it, might shape his course accordingly.

We come to the campaign when General Abercrombie took the command at Fort Edward. That General ordered Major Putnam, with sixty men, to proceed by land to South-Bay, on Lake George, for the purpose of making discoveries, and intercepting the enemy's parties. The latter, in compliance with these orders, posted himself at Wood-Creek, near its entrance into South-Bay. On this bank, which forms a jutting precipice ten or twelve feet above the water, he erected a stone parapet thirty feet in length, and masked it with young pine-trees, cut at a distance, and so artfully planted as to imitate the natural growth. From hence he sent back fifteen of his men, who had fallen sick. Distress for want of provisions, occasioned by the length of march, and time spent on this temporary fortification, compelled him to deviate from a rule he had established, never to permit a gun to be fired but at an enemy while on a scout. He was now obliged himself to shoot a buck, which had jumped into the Creek, in order to eke out their scanty subsistence until the fourth day after the completion of the works. About ten o'clock that evening, one of the men on duty at the margin of the bay, informed him that a fleet of bark canoes, filled with men, was steering towards the mouth of the Creek. He immediately called in all his centinels, and ordered every man to his post. A profound stillness reigned in the atmosphere, and the full moon shone with uncommon brightness. The creek, which the enemy entered, is about six rods wide, and the bank opposite to the parapet above twenty feet high. It was intended to permit the canoes in front to pass—they had accordingly just passed, when a soldier accidentally struck his firelock against a stone. The commanding officer in the van canoe heard the noise, and repeated several times the savage watch-word,—Owish! Instantly the canoes huddled together, with their centre precisely in front of the works, covering the creek for a considerable distance above and below. The officers appeared to be in deep consultation, and the fleet on the point of returning, when Major Putnam, who had ordered his men in the most peremptory manner not to fire until he should set the example, gave the signal, by discharging his piece. They fired. Nothing could exceed the inextricable confusion and apparent consternation occasioned by this well-concerted attack. But, at last, the enemy finding, from the unfrequency (though there was no absolute intermission) in the firing, that the number of our men must be small, resolved to land below, and surround them. Putnam, apprehensive of this from the movement, sent Lieutenant Robert Durkee,* with twelve men, about thirty rods down the creek, who arrived in time to repulse the party which attempted to land. Another small detachment, under Lieutenant Parsons, was ordered up the creek to prevent any similar attempt. In the mean time Major Putnam kept up, through the whole night, an incessant and deadly fire on the main body of the enemy, without receiving any thing in return but shot void of effect, accompanied with dolorous groans, miserable shrieks, and dismal savage yells. After day-break he was advised that one part of the enemy had effected a landing considerably below, and were rapidly advancing to cut off his retreat. Apprised of the great superiority still opposed to him, as well as of the situation of his own soldiers, some of whom were entirely destitute of ammunition, and the rest reduced to one or two rounds per man, he commanded them to swing their packs. By hastening the retreat, in good order, they had just time to retire far enough up the creek to prevent being enclosed. During this long-continued action, in which the Americans had slain at least five times their own number, only one Provincial and one Indian were wounded on their side. These unfortunate men had been sent off for camp in the night, with two men to assist them, and directions to proceed by Wood-Creek as the safest, though not the shortest route. But having taken a nearer way, they were pursued and overtaken by the Indians, who, from the blood on the leaves and bushes, believed that they were on the trail of our whole party. The wounded, despairing of mercy, and unable to fly, insisted that the well soldiers should make their escape, which, on a moment's deliberation, they effected. The Provincial, whose thigh was broken by a ball, upon the approach of the savages, fired his piece, and killed three of them; after which he was quickly hacked in pieces. The Indian, however, was saved alive. This man Major Putnam saw afterwards in Canada, where he likewise learned that his enemy, in the rencounter at Wood-Creek, consisted of five hundred French and Indians, under the command of the celebrated partizan Molang, and that no party, since the war, had suffered so severely, as more than one-half of those who went out never returned.

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* As the name of the brave Durkee will occur no more in these sheets, I may be indulged in mentioning his melancholy fate. He survived this war, and was appointed a Captain in that war which terminated in the acknowledgment of our Independence. In 1778 he was wounded and taken prisoner by the savages at the battle of Wioming, on the Susquehannah. Having been condemned to be burnt, the Indians kept him in the flames with pitch-forks, until he expired in the most excruciating torments.

Our brave little company, reduced to forty in number, had proceeded along the bank of the creek about an hour's march, when Major Putnam, being in front, was fired upon by a party just at hand. He, rightly appreciating the advantage often obtained by assuming a bold countenance on a critical occasion, in a stentorophonick tone, ordered his men to rush on the enemy, and promised that they should soon give a good account of them. It proved to be a scout of Provincials, who conceived they were firing upon the French; but the commanding officer, knowing Putnam's voice, cried out, " that they were all friends."—Upon this the Major told him abruptly, " that, friends or enemies, they all " deserved to be hanged for not killing more when they had so fair " a shot." In fact, but one man was mortally wounded. While these things were transacted, a faithful soldier, whose ammunition had been early exhausted, made his way to the fort, and gave such information, that General Lyman was detached with five hundred men to cover the retreat. Major Putnam met them at only twelve miles distance from the fort, to which they returned the next day.

In the winter of 1757, when Colonel Haviland was Commandant at Fort Edward, the barracks adjoining to the north-west bastion took fire. They extended within twelve feet of the magazine, which contained three hundred barrels of powder. On its first discovery, the fire raged with great violence. The Commandant endeavoured, in vain, by discharging some pieces of heavy artillery against the supporters of this flight of barracks, to level them with the ground. Putnam arrived from the island where he was stationed at the moment when the blaze approached that end which was contiguous to the magazine. Instantly a vigorous attempt was made to extinguish the conflagration. A way was opened by a postern gate to the river, and the soldiers were employed in bringing water; which he, having mounted on a ladder to the eves of the building, received and threw upon the flame. It continued, notwithstanding their utmost efforts, to gain upon them. He stood, enveloped in smoke, so near the sheet of fire, that a pair of thick blanket mittens were burnt entirely from his hands; he was supplied with another pair dipt in water. Colonel Haviland, fearing that he would perish in the flames, called to him to come down. But he entreated that he might be suffered to remain, since destruction must inevitably ensue if their exertions should be remitted. The gallant Commandant, not less astonished than charmed at the boldness of his conduct, forbade any more effects to be carried out of the Fort, animated the men to redoubled diligence, and exclaimed, "if we must be blown up, we will go all together." At last, when the barracks were seen to be tumbling, Putnam descended, placed himself at the interval, and continued from an incessant rotation of replenished buckets to pour water upon the magazine. The outside planks were already consumed by the proximity of the fire, and as only one thickness of timber intervened, the trepidation now became general and extreme. Putnam, still undaunted, covered with a cloud of cinders, and scorched with the intensity of the heat, maintained his position until the fire subsided, and the danger was wholly over. He had contended for one hour and an half with that terrible element. His legs, his thighs, his arms, and his face were blistered; and when he pulled off his second pair of mittens, the skin from his hands and fingers followed them. It was a month before he recovered. The Commandant, to whom his merits had before endeared him, could not stifle the emotions of gratitude, due to the man who had been so instrumental in preserving the magazine, the fort, and the garrison.

The repulse before Ticonderoga took place in 1758. General Abercrombie, the British Commander in Chief in America, conducted the expedition. His army, which amounted to nearly sixteen thousand Regulars and Provincials, was amply supplied with artillery and military stores. This well-appointed corps passed over Lake George, and landed, without opposition, at the point of destination. The troops advanced in columns. Lord Howe having Major Putnam with him, was in front of the centre. A body of about five hundred men, (the advance or pickets of the French army) which had fled at first, began to skirmish with our left. "Putnam," said Lord Howe, "what means that firing?" "I know not, but with your Lordship's leave will see," replied the former. "I will accompany you," rejoined the gallant young nobleman. In vain did Major Putnam attempt to dissuade him, by saying—"My Lord, if I am killed, the loss of my life will be of

" little consequence. but the preservation of your's is of infinite im-" portance to this army." The only answer was, " Putnam, your " life is as dear to you as mine is to me; I am determined to go." One hundred of the van, under Major Putnam, filed off with Lord Howe. They soon met the left flank of the enemy's advance, by whose first fire his Lordship fell.—It was a loss indeed; and particularly felt in the operations which occurred three days afterwards. His manners and his virtues had made him the idol of the army. From his first arrival in America he had accommodated himself * and his regiment to the peculiar nature of the service. Exemplary to the office, a friend of the soldier, the model of discipline, he had not failed to encounter every hardship and hazard. Nothing could be more calculated to inspire men with the rash animation of rage, or to temper it with the cool perseverance of revenge, than the sight of such a hero, so beloved, fallen in his country's cause. It had the effect. Putnam's party, having cut their way obliquely through the enemy's ranks, and having been joined by Captain D'Ell, with twenty men, together with some other small parties, charged them so furiously in rear, that nearly three hundred were killed on the spot, and one hundred and forty-eight made prisoners. In the mean time, from the unskilfulness of the guides, some of our columns were bewildered. The left wing, seeing Putnam's party in their front, advancing over the dead bodies towards them, commenced a brisk and heavy fire, which killed a serjeant and several privates. Nor could they, by sounds or signs, be convinced of their mistake, until Major Putnam, preferring (if heaven had thus ordained it) the loss of his own life to the loss of the lives of his brave associates, ran through the midst of the flying balls, and prevented the impending catastrophe.

The tender feelings which Major Putnam possessed taught him to respect an unfortunate foe, and to strive, by every lenient art in his power, to alleviate the miseries of war. For this purpose he remained on the field until it began to grow dark, employed in collecting such of the enemy as were left wounded, to one place; he gave them all the liquor and little refreshments which he could procure; he furnished to each of them a blanket; he put three blankets under a French serjeant who was badly wounded through the body, and placed him in an easy posture by the side of a tree: the poor fellow could only squeeze his hand

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* He cut his hair short, and induced the regiment to follow the example. He fashioned their cloathing for the activity of service, and divested himself and them of every article of superfluous baggage.

with an expressive grasp. " Ah," said Major Putnam, " depend " upon it, my brave soldier, you shall be brought to the camp as " soon as possible, and the same care shall be taken of you as if " you were my brother." The next morning Major Rogers was sent to reconnoitre the field, and to bring off the wounded prisoners; but finding the wounded unable to help themselves, in order to save trouble, he dispatched every one of them to the world of spirits. Putnam's was not the only heart that bled. The Provincial and British officers who became acquainted with the fact, were struck with inexpressible horror.

Ticonderoga is surrounded on three sides by water; on the fourth, for some distance, extends a dangerous morass; the remainder was then fortified with a line eight feet high, and planted with artillery. For one hundred yards in front the plain was covered with great trees, cut for the purpose of defence, whose interwoven and sharpened branches projected outwards. Notwithstanding these impediments, the engineer who had been employed to reconnoitre, reported as his opinion, that the works might be carried with musketry. The difficulty and delay of dragging the battering cannon over grounds almost impracticable, induced the adoption of this fatal advice—to which, however, a rumour that the garrison, already consisting of four or five thousand men, was on the point of being augmented with three thousand more, probably contributed. The attack was as spirited in execution as ill-judged in design. The assailants, after having been for more than four hours exposed to a most fatal fire, without making any impression by their reiterated and obstinate proofs of valour, were ordered to retreat. Major Putnam, who had acted as an aid in bringing the Provincial regiments successively to action, assisted in preserving order. It was said that a great number of the enemy were shot in the head, every other part having been concealed behind their works. The loss on our side was upwards of two thousand killed and wounded. Twenty-five hundred stands of arms were taken by the French. Our army, after sustaining this havock, retreated with such extraordinary precipitation, that they regained their camp at the southward of Lake George the evening after the action.

The successes in other parts of America made amends for this defeat. Louisbourg, after a vigorous siege, was reduced by the Generals Amherst and Wolfe: Frontenac, a post of importance on the communication between Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence, surrendered to Colonel Bradstreet: and Fort Du Quesne, situated at the confluence of Monongahela with the Ohio, (the possession of which had kindled the flame of war that now spread through the four quarters of the globe) was captured by General Forbes.

A few adventures, in which the public interests were little concerned, but which, from their peculiarity, appear worthy of being preserved, happened before the conclusion of the year. As one day Major Putnam chanced to lie with a batteau and five men, on the eastern shore of the Hudson, near the Rapids, contiguous to which Fort Miller stood, his men on the opposite bank had given him to understand, that a large body of savages were in his rear, and would be upon him in a moment. To stay and be sacrificed—to attempt crossing and be shot—or to go down to the falls, with an almost absolute certainty of being drowned, were the sole alternatives that presented themselves to his choice. So instantaneously was the latter adopted, that one man who had rambled a little from the party, was, of necessity, left, and fell a miserable victim to savage barbarity. The Indians arrived on the shore soon enough to fire many balls on the batteau before it could be got under way. No sooner had our batteau-men escaped, by favour of the rapidity of the current, beyond the reach of musket shot, than death seemed only to have been avoided in one form to be encountered in another not less terrible. Prominent rocks, latent shelves, absorbing eddies, and abrupt descents, for a quarter of a mile, afforded scarcely the smallest chance of escaping without a miracle. Putnam, trusting himself to a good Providence, whose kindness he had often experienced, rather than to men, whose tenderest mercies are cruelty, was now seen to place himself sedately at the helm, and afford an astonishing spectacle of serenity. His companions, with a mixture of terror, admiration and wonder, saw him incessantly changing the course, to avoid the jaws of ruin, that seemed expanded to swallow the whirling boat. Twice he turned it fairly round to shun the rifts of rocks. Amidst these eddies, in which there was the greatest danger of its foundering, at one moment the sides were exposed to the fury of the waves; then the stern, and next the bow glanced obliquely onward, with inconceivable velocity.—With not less amazement the savages beheld him sometimes mounting the billows, then plunging abruptly down, at other times skilfully veering from the rocks, and shooting through the only narrow passage; until, at last, they viewed the boat safely gliding on the smooth surface of the stream below. At this sight, it is asserted, that these rude sons of nature were affected with the same kind of superstitious veneration which the Europeans, in the dark ages, entertained for some of their most valorous champions. They deemed the man invulnerable, whom their balls, on his pushing from shore, could not touch; and whom they had seen steering in safety down the rapids that had never before been passed. They conceived it would be an affront against the *Great Spirit* to attempt to kill this favoured mortal with powder and ball, if they should ever see and know him again.

In the month of August five hundred men were employed, under the orders of Majors Rogers and Putnam, to watch the motions of the enemy near Ticonderoga. At South-Bay they separated the party into two equal divisions, and Rogers took a position on Wood-Creek, twelve miles distant from Putnam.

Upon being, some time afterwards, discovered, they formed a re-union, and concerted measures for returning to Fort Edward. Their march through the woods was *in three divisions by* FILES: the right commanded by Rogers, the left by Putnam, and the centre by Captain D'Ell. The first night they encamped on the banks of *Clear River*, about a mile from old Fort Ann, which had been formerly built by General Nicholson. Next morning Major Rogers, and a British officer, named Irwin, incautiously suffered themselves, from a spirit of false emulation, to be engaged in firing at a mark. Nothing could have been more repugnant to the military principles of Putnam than such conduct, or reprobated by him in more pointed terms. As soon as the heavy dew which had fallen the preceding night would permit, the detachment moved in one body, Putnam being in front, D'Ell in centre, and Rogers in the rear. The impervious growth of shrubs and under-brush that had sprung up, where the land had been partially cleared some years before, occasioned this change in the order of march. At the moment of moving, the famous French partizan Molang, who had been sent with five hundred men to intercept our party, was not more than one mile and an half distant from them. Having heard the firing, he hasted to lay an ambuscade precisely in that part of the wood most favourable to his project. Major Putnam was just emerging from the thicket, into the common forest, when the enemy rose, and with discordant yells and whoops, commenced an attack upon the right of his division. Surprized, but undismayed, Putnam halted, returned the fire, and passed the word for the other divisions to advance for his support. D'Ell came. The action, though widely scattered, and principally fought between man and man, soon grew general and intensely warm. It would be as difficult as useless to describe this irregular and ferocious mode of fighting. Rogers came not up; but, as he declared afterwards, formed a circular file between our party and Wood-Creek, to prevent their being taken in rear or enfiladed. Successful as he commonly was, his conduct did not always pass without unfavourable imputation. Notwithstanding, it was a current saying in the camp, " that Rogers always *sent*, but Putnam *led* his men to action," yet, in justice, it ought to be remarked here, that the latter has never been known, in relating the story of this day's disaster, to affix any stigma upon the conduct of the former.

Major Putnam, perceiving it would be impracticable to cross the creek, determined to maintain his ground. Inspired by his example, the officers and men behaved with great bravery: sometimes they fought aggregately in open view, and sometimes individually under cover; taking aim from behind the bodies of trees, and acting in a manner independent of each other. For himself, having discharged his fuzee several times, at length it missed fire, while the muzzle was pressed against the breast of a large and well-proportioned savage. This *warrior*, availing himself of the indefensible attitude of his adversary, with a tremendous warhoop, sprang forward, with his lifted hatchet, and compelled him to surrender; and having disarmed and bound him fast to a tree, returned to the battle.

The intrepid Captains D'Ell and Harman, who now commanded, were forced to give ground for a little distance: the savages, conceiving this to be the certain harbinger of victory, rushed impetuously on, with dreadful and redoubled cries. But our two partizans, collecting a handful of brave men, gave the pursuers so warm a reception as to oblige them, in turn, to retreat a little beyond the spot at which the action had commenced. Here they made a stand. This change of ground occasioned the tree to which Putnam was tied to be directly between the fire of the two parties. Human imagination can hardly figure to itself a more deplorable situation. The balls flew incessantly from either side, many struck the tree, while some passed through the sleeves and skirts of his coat. In this state of jeopardy, unable to move his body, to stir his limbs, or even to incline his head, he remained more than an hour. So equally balanced, and so obstinate was the fight! At one moment, while the battle swerved in favour of the enemy, a young savage chose an odd way of discovering his humour. He found Putnam bound. He might have dispatched him at a blow. But he loved better to excite the terrors of the prisoner, by hurling a tomahawk at his head, or rather it should seem his object was to see how near he could throw it without touching him—the weapon struck in the tree a number of times at a hair's breadth distance from the mark. When the Indian had finished his amusement, a French bas-officer (a much more inveterate savage by nature, though descended from so humane and polished a nation) perceiving Putnam, came up to him, and, levelling a fuzee within a foot of his breast, attempted to discharge it—it missed fire. Ineffectually did the intended victim solicit the treatment due to his situation, by repeating that he was a prisoner of war. The degenerate Frenchman did not understand the language of honour or of nature: deaf to their voice, and dead to sensibility, he violently, and repeatedly, pushed the muzzle of his gun against Putnam's ribs, and finally gave him a cruel blow on the jaw with the but of his piece. After this dastardly deed he left him.

At length the active intrepidity of D'Ell and Harman,* seconded by the persevering valour of their followers, prevailed. They drove from the field the enemy, who left about ninety dead behind them. As they were retiring, Putnam was untied by the Indian who had made him prisoner, and whom he afterwards called master. Having been conducted for some distance from the place of action, he was stripped of his coat, vest, stockings and shoes; loaded with as many of the packs of the wounded as could be piled upon him; strongly pinioned, and his wrists tied as closely together as they could be pulled with a cord. After he had marched, through no pleasant paths, in this painful manner, for many a tedious mile, the party (who were excessively fatigued) halted to breathe. His hands were now immoderately swelled from the tightness of the ligature; and the pain had become intolerable. His feet were so much scratched, that the blood dropped fast from them. Exhausted with bearing a burden above his strength, and frantic with torments exquisite beyond endurance, he entreated the Irish interpreter to implore, as the last and only grace he desired of the savages, that they would knock him on the head and take his scalp at once, or loose his hands. A French officer, instantly interposing, ordered his hands to be unbound, and some of the packs to be taken off. By this time the Indian who captured him, and had been absent with the wounded, coming up, gave him a pair of mocasons, and expressed great indignation at the unworthy treatment his prisoner had suffered.

That savage chief again returned to the care of the wounded, and the Indians, about two hundred in number, went before the rest of the party to the place where the whole were that night to encamp. They took with them Major Putnam, on whom, besides innumerable other outrages, they had the barbarity to inflict a deep wound with a tomahawk in the left cheek. His sufferings were in this place to be consummated. A scene of horror, infinitely greater than had ever met his eyes before, was now preparing. It was determined to roast him alive. For this purpose they led him into a dark forest, stripped him naked, bound him to a tree, and piled dry brush, with other fuel, at a small distance, in a circle round him. They accompanied their labours, as if for his funeral dirge, with screams and sounds inimitable but by savage voices. Then they set the piles on fire. A sudden shower damped the rising flame. Still they strove to kindle it, until, at last, the blaze ran fiercely round the circle. Major Putnam soon began to feel the scorching heat. His hands were so tied that he could move his body. He often shifted sides as the fire approached. This sight, at the very idea of which all but savages must shudder, afforded the highest diversion to his inhuman tormentors, who demonstrated the delirium of their joy by correspondent yells, dances, and gesticulations. He saw clearly that his final hour was inevitably come. He summoned all his resolution, and composed his mind, as far as the circumstances could admit, to bid an eternal farewell to all he held most dear. To quit the world would scarcely have cost a single pang; but for the idea of home, but for the remembrance of domestic endearments, of the affectionate partner of his soul, and of their beloved offspring. His thought was ultimately fixed on a happier state of existence, beyond the tortures he was beginning to endure. The bitterness of death, even of that death which is accompanied with the keenest agonies, was, in a manner, past—nature, with a feeble struggle, was quitting its last hold on sublunary things—when a French officer rushed through the crowd, opened a way by scattering the burning brands, and unbound the victim. It was Molang himself—to whom a savage, unwilling to see another human sacrifice immolated, had run and communicated the tidings. That commandant spurned and severely reprimanded the barbarians, whose nocturnal powwas and hellish orgies he suddenly ended. Putnam did not want for feeling or gratitude. The French commander, fearing to trust him alone with them, remained until he could deliver him in safety into the hands of his master.

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* This worthy officer is still living at Marlborough, in the State of Massachusetts.

The savage approached his prisoner kindly, and seemed to treat him with particular affection. He offered him some hard biscuit; but finding that he could not chew them, on account of the blow he had received from the Frenchman, this more humane savage soaked some of the biscuit in water, and made him suck the pulp-like part. Determined, however, not to loose his captive (the refreshment being finished) he took the mocasons from his feet, and tied them to one of his wrists: then directing him to lie down on his back upon the bare ground, he stretched one arm to its full length, and bound it fast to a young tree; the other arm was extended and bound in the same manner—his legs were stretched apart and fastened to two saplings. Then a number of tall, but slender poles were cut down, which, with some long bushes, were laid across his body from head to foot: on each side lay as many Indians as could conveniently find lodging, in order to prevent the possibility of his escape. In this disagreeable and painful posture he remained until morning. During this night, the longest and most dreary conceivable, our hero used to relate that he felt a ray of cheerfulness come casually across his mind, and could not even refrain from smiling when he reflected on this ludicrous groupe for a painter, of which he himself was the principal figure.

The next day he was allowed his blanket and mocasons, and permitted to march without carrying any pack, or receiving any insult. To allay his extreme hunger, a little bear's meat was given, which he sucked through his teeth. At night the party arrived at Ticonderoga, and the prisoner was placed under the care of a French guard. The savages, who had been prevented from glutting their diabolical thirst for blood, took other opportunity of manifesting their malevolence for the disappointment, by horrid grimaces and angry gestures; but they were suffered no more to offer violence or personal indignity to him.

After having been examined by the Marquis de Montcalm, Major Putnam was conducted to Montreal by a French officer, who treated him with the greatest indulgence and humanity.

At this place were several prisoners. Colonel Peter Schuyler, remarkable for his philanthropy, generosity, and friendship, was of the number. No sooner had he heard of Major Putnam's arrival, than he went to the interpreter's quarters, and inquired whether he had a Provincial Major in his custody? He found Major Putnam in a comfortless condition—without coat, waistcoat, or hose—the remnant of his cloathing miserably dirty and ragged—his beard long and squalid—his legs torn by thorns and briars—his face gashed with wounds and swolen with bruises. Colonel Schuyler, irritated beyond all sufferance at such a sight, could scarcely restrain his speech within limits, consistent with the prudence of a prisoner and the meekness of a christian. Major Putnam was immediately treated according to his rank, cloathed in a decent manner, and supplied with money by that liberal and sympathetic patron of the distressed.

The capture of Frontenac by General Bradstreet afforded occasion for an exchange of prisoners. Colonel Schuyler was comprehended in the cartel. A generous spirit can never be satisfied with imposing tasks for its generosity to accomplish. Apprehensive if it should be known that Putnam was a distinguished partizan, his liberation might be retarded, and knowing that there were officers who, from the length of their captivity, had a claim of priority to exchange, he had, by his happy address, induced the Governor to offer, that whatever officer he might think proper to nominate should be included in the present cartel. With great politeness in manner, but seeming indifference as to object, he expressed his warmest acknowledgments to the Governor, and said, " There is an old man here, who is a Provincial Major, and " wishes to be at home with his wife and children; he can do no " good here or any where else: I believe your Excellency had " better keep some of the young men, who have no wife or children to care for, and let the old fellow go home with me." This justifiable finesse had the desired effect.

At the house of Colonel Schuyler, Major Putnam became acquainted with Mrs. Howe, a fair captive, whose history would not be read without emotion, if it could be written in the same affecting manner in which I have often heard it told. She was still young and handsome herself, though she had two daughters of marriageable age. Distress, which had taken somewhat from the original redundancy of her bloom, and added a softening paleness to her cheeks, rendered her appearance the more engaging. Her face, that seemed to have been formed for the assemblage of dimples and smiles, was clouded with care. The natural sweetness was not, however, soured by despondency and petulance, but chastened by humility and resignation. This mild daughter of sorrow looked as if she had known the day of prosperity, when serenity and gladness of soul were the inmates of her bosom. That day was past, and the once lively features now assumed a tender melancholy, which witnessed her irreparable loss. She needed not the customary weeds of mourning, or the fallacious pageantry of woe, to prove her widowed state. She was in that stage of affliction when the excess is so far abated as to permit the subject to be drawn into conversation, without opening the wound afresh. It is then rather a source of pleasure than pain to dwell upon the circumstances in narration. Every thing conspired to make her story interesting. Her first husband had been killed and scalped by the Indians some years before. By an unexpected assault, in 1756, upon Fort Dummer, where she then happened to be present with Mr. Howe, her second husband, the savages carried the fort, murdered the greater part of the garrison, mangled in death her husband, and led her away with seven children into captivity. She was for some months kept with them; and during their rambles she was frequently on the point of perishing with hunger, and as often subjected to hardships seemingly intolerable to one of so delicate a frame. Some time after the career of her miseries began, the Indians selected a couple of their young men to marry her daughters. The fright and disgust which the intelligence of this intention occasioned to these poor young creatures, added infinitely to the sorrows and perplexities of their frantic mother. To prevent the hated connection, all the activity of female resource was called into exertion. She found an opportunity of conveying to the Governor a petition, that her daughters might be received into a convent for the sake of securing the salvation of their souls. Happily the pious fraud succeeded.

About the same time the savages separated, and carried off her other five children into different tribes. She was ransomed by an elderly French officer for four hundred livres. Of no avail were the cries of this tender mother—a mother desolated by the loss of her children, who were thus torn from her fond embraces, and removed many hundred miles from each other, into the utmost recesses of Canada. With them (could they have been kept together) she would most willingly have wandered to the extremities of the world, and accepted as a desirable portion the cruel lot of slavery for life. But she was precluded from the sweet hope of ever beholding them again. The insufferable pang of parting, and the idea of eternal separation, planted the arrows of despair deep in her soul. Though all the world was no better than a desert, and all its inhabitants were then indifferent to her, yet the loveliness of her appearance in sorrow had awakened affections, which, in the aggravation of her troubles, were to become a new source of afflictions.

The officer who bought her of the Indians had a son who also held a commission, and resided with his father. During her continuance in the same house, at St. John's, the double attachment of the father and the son rendered her situation extremely distressing. It is true, the calmness of age delighted to gaze respectfully on her beauty; but the impetuosity of youth was fired to madness by the sight of her charms. One day, the son, whose attentions had been long lavished upon her in vain, finding her alone in a chamber, forcibly seized her hand, and solemnly declared that he would now satiate the passion which she had so long refused to indulge. She recurred to entreaties, struggles, and tears, those prevalent female weapons which the distraction of danger not less than the promptness of genius is wont to supply; while he, in the delirium of vexation and desire, snatched a dagger, and swore he would put an end to her life if she persisted to struggle.

Mrs. Howe, assuming the dignity of conscious virtue, told him it was what she most ardently wished, and begged him to plunge the poignard through her heart, since the mutual importunities and jealousies of such rivals had rendered her life, though innocent, more irksome and insupportable than death itself. Struck with a momentary compunction, he seemed to relent, and relax his hold; and she, availing herself of his irresolution, or absence of mind, escaped down the stairs. In her disordered state she told the whole transaction to his father, who directed her, in future, to sleep in a small bed at the foot of that in which his wife lodged. The affair soon reached the Governor's ears, and the young officer was, shortly afterwards, sent on a tour of duty to *Detroit*.

This gave her a short respite; but she dreaded his return, and the humiliating insults for which she might be reserved. Her children, too, were ever present to her melancholy mind. A stranger, a widow, a captive, she knew not where to apply for relief. She had heard of the name of Schuyler—she was yet to learn, that it was only another appellation for the friend of suffering humanity. As that excellent man was on his way from Quebec to the Jerseys, under a parole, for a limited time, she came, with feeble and trembling steps, to him. The same maternal passion which sometimes overcomes the timidity of nature in the birds, when plundered of their callow nestlings, emboldened her, notwithstanding her native diffidence, to disclose those griefs which were ready to devour her in silence. While her delicate aspect was heightened to a glowing blush, for fear of offending by an inexcusable importunity, or of transgressing the rules of propriety, by representing herself as being an object of admiration, she told, with artless simplicity, all the story of her woes. Colonel Schuyler, from that moment, became her protector, and endeavoured to procure her liberty. The person who purchased her from the savages, unwilling to part with so fair a purchase, demanded a thousand livres as her ransom. But Colonel Schuyler, on his return to Quebec, obtained from the Governor an order, in consequence of which Mrs. Howe was given up to him for four hundred livres; nor did his active goodness rest until every one of her five sons was restored to her.

Business having made it necessary that Colonel Schuyler should precede the prisoners who were exchanged, he recommended the fair captive to the protection of his friend Putnam. She had just recovered from the meazles when the party was preparing to set off for New-England. By this time the young French officer had returned, with his passion rather increased than abated by absence. He pursued her wheresoever she went, and, although he could make no advances in her affection, he seemed resolved, by perseverance, to carry his point. Mrs. Howe, terrified by his treatment, was obliged to keep constantly near Major Putnam, who informed the young officer that he should protect that lady at the risk of his life.*

In the long march from captivity, through an inhospitable wilderness, encumbered with five small children, she suffered incredible hardships. Though endowed with masculine fortitude, she was truly feminine in strength, and must have fainted by the way, had it not been for the assistance of Major Putnam. There were a thousand good offices which the helplessness of her condition demanded, and which the gentleness of his nature delighted to perform. He assisted in leading her little ones, and in carrying them over the swampy grounds and runs of water, with which their course was frequently intersected. He mingled his own mess with that of the widow and the fatherless, and assisted them in supplying and preparing their provisions. Upon arriving within the settlements, they experienced a reciprocal regret at separation, and were only consoled by the expectation of soon mingling in the embraces of their former acquaintances and dearest connections.

After the conquest of Canada, in 1760, she made a journey to Quebec, in order to bring back her two daughters, whom she had left in a convent. She found one of them married to a French officer. The other having contracted a great fondness for the religious sisterhood, with reluctance consented to leave them and return.

We now arrive at the period when the prowess of Britain, victorious alike by sea and by land, in the new and in the old world, had elevated that name to the zenith of national glory. The conquest of Quebec opened the way for the total reduction of Canada. On the side of the Lakes, Amherst having captured the posts of Ticonderoga and Crown-Point, applied himself to strengthen the latter. Putnam, who had been raised to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and present at these operations, was employed the remainder of this and some part of the succeeding season, in superintending the parties which were detached to procure timber and other materials for the fortification.

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* Two or three incidents respecting Mrs. Howe, which were received by the author from General Putnam, and inserted in the former editions, are omitted in this, as they appeared, on farther information, to be mistakes.

In 1760, General Amherst, a sagacious, humane, and experienced commander, planned the termination of the war in Canada, by a bloodless conquest. For this purpose, three armies were destined to co-operate, by different routes, against Montreal, the only remaining place of strength the enemy held in that country. The corps formerly commanded by General Wolfe, now by General Murray, was ordered to ascend the river St. Lawrence; another, under Colonel Haviland, to penetrate by the Isle Aux Noix; and the third, consisting of about ten thousand men, commanded by the General himself, after passing up the Mohawk-River, and taking its course by the Lake Ontario, was to form a junction by falling down the St. Lawrence. In this progress, more than one occasion presented itself to manifest the intrepidity and soldiership of Lieutenant-Colonel Putnam. Two armed vessels obstructed the passage, and prevented the attack on Oswegatchie. Putnam, with one thousand men, in fifty batteaux, undertook to board them. This dauntless officer, ever sparing of the blood of others, as prodigal of his own, to accomplish it with the less loss, put himself (with a chosen crew, a beetle and wedges) in the van, with a design to wedge the rudders, so that the vessels should not be able to turn their broadsides, or perform any other manœuvre. All the men in his little fleet were ordered to strip to their waistcoats, and advance at the same time. He promised, if he lived, to join and show them the way up the sides. Animated by so daring an example, they moved swiftly, in profound stillness, as to certain victory or death. The people on board the ships, beholding the good countenance with which they approached, ran one of the vessels on shore, and struck the colours of the other. Had it not been for the dastardly conduct of the ship's company in the latter, who compelled the Captain to haul down his ensign, he would have given the assailants a bloody reception: for the vessels were well provided with spars, nettings, and every customary instrument of annoyance as well as defence.

It now remained to attack the fortress, which stood on an island, and seemed to have been rendered inaccessible by an high abattis of black-ash, that every where projected over the water. Lieutenant-Colonel Putnam proposed a mode of attack, and offered his services to carry it into effect. The General approved the proposal. Our partizan, accordingly, caused a sufficient number of boats to be fitted for the enterprize. The sides of each boat were surrounded with fascines, musket proof, which covered the men completely. A wide plank, twenty feet in length, was then fitted to every boat in such manner, by having an angular piece sawed from one extremity, that, when fastened by ropes on both sides of the bow, it might be raised or lowered at pleasure. The design was, that the plank should be held erect, while the oarsmen forced the bow with the utmost exertion against the abatis; and that afterwards being dropped on the pointed brush, it should serve as a kind of bridge to assist the men in passing over them. Lieutenant-Colonel Putnam having made his dispositions to attempt the escalade in many places at the same moment, advanced with his boats in admirable order. The garrison perceiving these extraordinary and unexpected machines, waited not the assault, but capitulated. Lieutenant-Colonel Putnam was particularly honoured by General Amherst, for his ingenuity in this invention, and promptitude in its execution. The three armies arrived at Montreal within two days of each other; and the conquest of Canada became complete without the loss of a single drop of blood.

At no great distance from Montreal stands the savage village called Cochnawaga. Here our partizan found the Indian chief who had formerly made him prisoner. That Indian was highly delighted to see his old acquaintance, whom he entertained in his own well-built stone house with great friendship and hospitality; while his guest did not discover less satisfaction in an opportunity of shaking the brave savage by the hand, and proffering him protection in this reverse of his military fortunes.

When the belligerent powers were considerably exhausted, a rupture took place between Great-Britain and Spain, in the month of January, 1762, and an expedition was formed that campaign, under Lord Albemarle, against the Havannah. A body of Provincials, composed of five hundred men from the Jerseys, eight hundred from New-York, and one thousand from Connecticut, joined his Lordship. General Lyman, who raised the regiment of one thousand men in Connecticut, being the senior officer, commanded the whole: of course, the immediate command of his regiment devolved upon Lieutenant-Colonel Putnam. The fleet that carried these troops sailed from New-York, and arrived safely on the coast of Cuba. There a terrible storm arose, and the transport in which Lieutenant-Colonel Putnam had embarked with five hundred men, was wrecked on a rift of craggy rocks. The weather was so tempestuous, and the surf, which ran mountain-high, dashed with such violence against the ship, that the most experienced seamen expected it would soon part asunder. The rest of the fleet, so far from being able to afford assistance, with difficulty rode out the gale. In this deplorable situation, as the only expedient by which they could be saved, strict order was maintained, and all those people who best understood the use of tools, instantly employed in constructing rafts from spars, plank, and whatever other materials could be procured. There happened to be on board a large quantity of strong cords, (the same that are used in the whale fishery) which, being fastened to the rafts, after the first had with inconceivable hazard reached the shore, were of infinite service in preventing the others from driving out to sea, as also in dragging them athwart the billows to the beach; by which means every man was finally saved. With the same presence of mind to take advantage of circumstances, and the same precaution to prevent confusion on similar occasions, how many valuable lives, prematurely lost, might have been preserved as blessings to their families, their friends, and their country! As soon as all were landed, Lieutenant-Colonel Putnam fortified his camp, that he might not be exposed to insult from the inhabitants of the neighbouring districts, or from those of Carthagena, who were but twenty-four miles distant. Here the party remained unmolested several days, until the storm had so much abated as to permit the convoy to take them off. They soon joined the troops before the Havannah, who, having been several weeks in that unhealthy climate, already began to grow extremely sickly.[*] The opportune arrival of the Provincial reinforcement, in perfect health, contributed not a little to forward the works, and hasten the reduction of that important place. But the Provincials suffered so miserably by sickness afterwards, that very few ever returned to their native land again.

Although a general peace among the European powers was ratified in 1763, yet the savages on our western frontiers still continued their hostilities. After they had taken several posts, General Bradstreet was sent, in 1764, with an army, against them. Colonel Putnam, then, for the first time, appointed to the command of a regiment, was on the expedition, as was the Indian chief whom I have several times had occasion to mention as his capturer, at the head of one hundred Cochnawaga warriors. Be-

Colonel Haviland, an accomplished officer, several times mentioned in these memoirs, who brought to America a regiment of one thousand Irish veterans, had but seventy men remaining alive when he left the Havannah. Colonel Haviland, during this siege, having once with his regiment engaged and routed five hundred Spaniards, met Colonel Putnam on his return, and said—"Putnam, give me a pinch of snuff." "I never "carry any," returned Putnam. "I have always just such luck," cried Haviland; "the rascally Spaniards have shot away my pocket, snuff-box "and all."

fore General Bradstreet reached Detroit, which the savages invested, Captain D'Ell, the faithful friend and intrepid fellow-soldier of Colonel Putnam, had been slain in a desperate sally. He having been detached with five hundred men, in 1763, by General Amherst, to raise the siege, found means of throwing the succour into the fort. But the garrison, commanded by Major Gladwine, a brave and sensible officer, had been so much weakened, by the lurking and insidious mode of war practised by the savages, that not a man could be spared to co-operate in an attack upon them. The Commandant would even have dissuaded Captain D'Ell from the attempt, on account of the great disparity in numbers; but the latter, relying on the discipline and courage of his men, replied, "God forbid that I should ever disobey the orders "of my General," and immediately disposed them for action. It was obstinate and bloody; but the vastly superior number of the savages enabled them to enclose Captain D'Ell's party on every side, and compelled him, finally, to fight his way, in retreat from one stone-house to another. Having halted to breathe a moment, he saw one of his bravest serjeants lying at a small distance, wounded through the thigh, and wallowing in his blood. Whereupon he desired some of the men to run and bring the serjeant to the house, but they declined it. Then declaring, "that he never "would leave so brave a soldier in the field to be tortured by the "savages," he ran and endeavoured to help him up—at the instant a volley of shot dropped them both dead together. The party continued retreating from house to house until they regained the fort; where it was found the conflict had been so sharp, and lasted so long, that only fifty men remained alive of the five hundred who had sallied.

Upon the arrival of General Bradstreet, the savages saw that all further efforts, in arms, would be vain, and accordingly, after many fallacious proposals for a peace, and frequent tergiversations in the negociation, they concluded a treaty, which ended the war in America.

Colonel Putnam, at the expiration of ten years from his first receiving a commission, after having seen as much service, endured as many hardships, encountered as many dangers, and acquired as many laurels as any officer of his rank, with great satisfaction laid aside his uniform, and returned to his plough. The various and uncommon scenes of war in which he had acted a respectable part, his intercourse with the world, and intimacy with some of the first characters in the army, joined with occasional reading, had not only brought into view whatever talents he possessed from nature, but, at the same time, had extended his knowledge, and polished his manners, to a considerable degree. Not having become inflated with pride, or forgetful of his old connections, he had the good fortune to possess entirely the good will of his fellow citizens. No character stood fairer in the public eye for integrity, bravery, and patriotism. He was employed in several offices in his own town, and not unfrequently elected to represent it in the General Assembly. The year after his return to private life, the minds of men were strangely agitated, by an attempt of the British Parliament to introduce the memorable Stamp Act in America. This germe policy, whose growth was repressed by the moderate temperature in which it was kept by some administrations, did not fully disclose its fruit until nearly eleven years afterwards. All the world knows how it then ripened into a civil war.

On the twenty-second day of March, 1765, the Stamp Act received the royal assent. It was to take place in America on the first day of November following. This innovation spread a sudden and universal alarm. The political pulse in the Provinces, from *Main* to *Georgia*, throbbed in sympathy. The Assemblies, in most of these colonies, that they might oppose it legally and in concert, appointed Delegates to confer together on the subject. This first Congress met, early in October, at New-York. They agreed upon a Declaration of Rights and Grievances of the Colonists; together with separate Addresses to the King, Lords, and Commons of Great-Britain. In the mean time, the people had determined, in order to prevent the stamped paper from being distributed, that the Stamp-Masters should not enter on the execution of their office. That appointment, in Connecticut, had been conferred upon Mr. Ingersol, a very dignified, sensible, and learned native of the colony, who, upon being solicited to resign, did not, in the first instance, give a satisfactory answer. In consequence of which, a great number of the substantial yeomanry, on horseback, furnished with provisions for themselves, and provender for their horses, assembled in the eastern counties, and began their march for New-Haven, to receive the resignation of Mr. Ingersol. A junction with another body was to have been formed in Branford. But having learned at Hartford, that Mr. Ingersol would be in town the next day to claim protection from the Assembly, they took quarters there, and kept out patroles during the whole night, to prevent his arrival without their knowledge. The succeeding morning they resumed their march, and met Mr. Ingersol in Wethersfield. They told him their business.

and he, after some little hesitation, mounted on a round table, read his resignation.* That finished, the multitude desired him to cry out "liberty and property" three times; which he did, and was answered by three loud huzzas. He then dined with some of the principal men at a tavern, by whom he was treated with great politeness, and afterwards was escorted by about five hundred horse to Hartford, where he again read his resignation, amidst the unbounded acclamations of the people. I have chosen to style this collection the *yeomanry*, the *multitude*, or the *people*, because I could not make use of the English word *mob*, which generally signifies a disorderly concurrence of the rabble, without conveying an erroneous idea. It is scarcely necessary to add, that the people, their objects being effected, without offering disturbance, dispersed to their homes.†

Colonel Putnam, who instigated the people to these measures, was prevented from attending by accident. But he was deputed soon after, with two other gentlemen, to wait on Governor Fitch on the same subject. The questions of the Governor, and answers of Putnam, will serve to indicate the spirit of the times. After some conversation, the Governor asked, "What he should "do if the stamped paper should be sent to him by the King's "authority?" Putnam replied, "lock it up until we shall visit

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* The curious may be pleased to know that the resignation was expressed in these explicit terms:

Wethersfield, September 9th, 1765.

"I do hereby promise, that I never will receive any stamped papers "which may arrive from Europe, in consequence of an act lately passed "in the Parliament of Great-Britain; nor officiate as Stamp-Master or "Distributer of Stamps, within the colony of Connecticut, either directly "or indirectly. And I do hereby notify to all the inhabitants of his Ma"jesty's colony of Connecticut (notwithstanding the said office or trust "has been committed to me) not to apply to me, ever after, for any "stamped paper; *hereby declaring that I do resign the said office*, and execute "*these* PRESENTS of my OWN FREE WILL AND ACCORD, without any "equivocation or mental reservation.

"In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand,

"J. INGERSOL."

† To give a trait of the urbanity that prevailed, it may not be amiss to mention a jest that passed in the cavalcade to Hartford, and was received with the most perfect good humour. Mr. Ingersol, who by chance rode a white horse, being asked "What he thought, to find himself attended "by such a retinue?"—replied, "that he had now a clearer idea than "ever he had before conceived of that passage in the Revelations, "which describes *Death on a pale horse, and hell following him.*"

"you again." "And what will you do then?" "We shall expect you to give us the key of the room in which it is deposited; "and, if you think fit, in order to screen yourself from blame, "you may forewarn us, upon our peril, not to enter the "room." "And what will you do afterwards?" "Send it safely "back again." "But if I should refuse admission?" "In such "a case, your house will be levelled with the dust in five minutes." It was supposed, that a report of this conversation was one reason why the stamped paper was never sent from New-York to Connecticut.

Such unanimity in the Provincial Assemblies, and decision in the yeomanry, carried beyond the Atlantic a conviction of the inexpediency of attempting to enforce the new Revenue System. The Stamp Act being repealed, and the measures in a manner quieted, Colonel Putnam continued to labour with his own hands, at farming, without interruption, except, for a little time, by the loss of the first joint of his right thumb from one accident, and the compound fracture of his right thigh from another: that thigh, being rendered nearly an inch shorter than the left, occasioned him ever to limp in his walk.

The Provincial officers and soldiers from Connecticut, who survived the conquest of the Havannah, appointed General Lyman to receive the remainder of their prize-money, in England. A company, composed partly of military, and partly of other gentlemen, whose object was to obtain from the Crown a grant of land on the Mississippi, also committed to him the negociation of their affairs. When several years had elapsed in applications, a grant of land was obtained. In 1770, General Lyman, with Colonel Putnam, and two or three others, went to explore the situation. After a tedious voyage, and a laborious passage up the Mississippi, they accomplished their business.

General Lyman came back to Connecticut with the explorers, but soon returned to the Natchez: there formed an establishment and laid his bones. Colonel Putnam placed some labourers with provisions and farming utensils upon his location; but the increasing troubles shortly after ruined the prospect of deriving any advantage from that quarter.

In speaking of the troubles that ensued, I not only omit to say any thing on the obnoxious claim asserted in the British declaratory act, the continuation of the duty on tea, the attempt to obtrude that article upon the Americans, the abortion of this project, the Boston Port Bill, the alteration of the charter of Massachusetts, and other topics of universal notoriety; but even wave all discussion of irritations on the one part, and supplications on the other, which preceded the war between Great-Britain and her colonies on this continent. It will ever be acknowledged by those who were best acquainted with facts, and it should be made known to posterity, that the king of England had not, in his extensive dominions, subjects more loyal, more dutiful, or more zealous for his glory than the Americans; and that nothing short of a melancholy persuasion, that the "measures which for many years had "been systematically pursued by his ministers, were calculated to "subvert their constitutions," could have dissolved their powerful attachment to that kingdom which they fondly called their *parent country*. Here, without digression to develope the cause, or describe the progress, it may suffice to observe, the dispute now verged precipitately to an awful crisis. Most considerate men foresaw it would terminate in blood. But rather than suffer the chains, which they believed in preparation, to be rivetted, they nobly determined to sacrifice their lives. In vain did they deprecate the infatuation of those transatlantic counsels which drove them to deeds of desperation. Convinced of the rectitude of their cause, and doubtful of the issue, they felt the most painful solicitude for the fate of their country, on contemplating the superior strength of the nation with which it was to contend. America, thinly inhabited, under thirteen distinct colonial governments, could have little hope of success, but from the protection of providence, and the unconquerable spirit of freedom which pervaded the mass of the people. It is true, since the peace she had surprisingly increased in wealth and population; but the resources of Britain almost exceeded credibility or conception. It is not wonderful, then, that some good citizens, of weaker nerves, recoiled at the prospect; while others, who had been officers in the late war, or who had witnessed, by travelling, the force of Britain, stood aloof. All eyes were now turned to find the men who, possessed of military experience, would dare, in the approaching hour of severest trial, to lead their undisciplined fellow-citizens to battle. For none were so stupid as not to comprehend, that want of success would involve the leaders in the punishment of rebellion. Putnam was among the first and most conspicuous who stepped forth. Although the Americans had been, by many who wished their subjugation, indiscreetly as indiscriminately stigmatized with the imputation of cowardice—he felt—he knew for himself, he was no coward; and from what he had seen and known, he believed that his countrymen, driven to the extremity of defending their rights by arms, would find no difficulty in wiping away the ungenerous aspersion. As he happened to be often at Boston, he held many conversations, on these subjects, with General Gage, the British Commander in

Chief, Lord Percy, Colonel Sheriff, Colonel Small, and many officers with whom he had formerly served, who were now at the Head-Quarters. Being often questioned, " in case the dispute " should proceed to hostilities, what part he would really take?" he always answered, " with his country; and that, let whatever " might happen, he was prepared to abide the consequence." Being interrogated, " whether *he*, who had been a witness to the " prowess and victories of the British fleets and armies, did not " think them equal to the conquest of a country which was not the " owner of a single ship, regiment, or magazine?" he rejoined, that " he could only say, justice would be on our side, and the " event with providence: but that he had calculated, if it required " six years for the combined forces of England and her colonies " to conquer such a feeble country as Canada, it would, at least, " take a very long time for England alone to overcome her own " widely extended colonies, which were much stronger than Ca- " nada: That when men fought for every thing dear, in what " they believed to be the most sacred of all causes, and in their own " native land, they would have great advantages over their ene- " mies, who were not in the same situation; and that, having " taken into view all circumstances, for his own part, he fully be- " lieved that America would not be so easily conquered by Eng- " land as those gentlemen seemed to expect." Being once, in particular, asked, " whether he did not seriously believe that a well " appointed British army of five thousand veterans could march " through the whole continent of America?" he replied briskly, " no doubt, if they behaved civilly, and paid well for every thing " they wanted;—but"—after a moment's pause added—" if they " should attempt it in a hostile manner (though the American men " were out of the question) the women, with their ladles and broom- " sticks, would knock them all on the head before they had got " half way through." This was the tenor, our hero hath often told me, of these amicable interviews; and thus, as it commonly happens in disputes about future events which depend on opinion, they parted without conviction, no more to meet in a friendly manner, until after the appeal should have been made to Heaven, and the issue confirmed by the sword. In the mean time, to provide against the worst contingency, the militia in the several colonies was sedulously trained; and those select companies, the flower of our youth, which were denominated minutemen, agreeably to the indication of their name, held themselves in readiness to march at a moment's warning.

At length the fatal day arrived, when hostilities commenced. General Gage, in the evening of the 18th of April, 1775, detached from Boston, the grenadiers and light infantry of the army, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, to destory some military and other stores deposited by the province at Concord. About sunrise the next morning, the detachment, on marching into Lexington, fired upon a company of militia who had just re-assembled; for having been alarmed late at night, with reports that the regulars were advancing to demolish the stores, they collected on their parade, and were dismissed with orders to re-assemble at beat of drum. It is established by the affidavits of more than thirty persons who were present, that the first fire, which killed eight of the militia, then beginning to disperse, was given by the British, without provocation. The spark of war, thus kindled, ran with unexampled rapidity, and raged with unwonted violence. To repel the aggression, the people of the bordering towns spontaneously rushed to arms, and poured their scattering shot from every convenient station upon the regulars, who, after marching to Concord, and destroying the magazine, would have found their retreat intercepted, had they not been reinforced by Lord Percy, with the battalion companies of three regiments, and a body of marines. Notwithstanding the junction, they were hard pushed, and pursued until they could find protection from their ships. Of the British, two hundred and eighty-three were killed, wounded, and taken. The Americans had thirty-nine killed, nineteen wounded, and two made prisoners.

Nothing could exceed the celerity with which the intelligence flew every where, that blood had been shed by the British troops. The country, in motion, exhibited but one scene of hurry, preparation and revenge. Putnam, who was plowing when he heard the news, left his plough in the middle of the field, unyoked his team, and without waiting to change his clothes, set off for the theatre of action. But finding the British retreated to Boston, and invested by a sufficient force to watch their movements, he came back to Connecticut, levied a regiment, under authority of the legislature, and speedily returned to Cambridge.* He was now promoted to be a Major-General on the Provincial staff, by his colony; and, in a little time, confirmed by Congress, in the same rank on the Continental establishment. General Ward, of Massachusetts, by common consent, commanded the whole; and the celebrated Dr. Warren was made a Major-General.

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* An article, void of foundation, mentioning an interview between General Gage and General Putnam, appeared in the English Gazettes, in these words: 'General Gage, viewing the American army with his telescope, 'saw General Putnam in it, which surprised him; and he contrived to 'get a message delivered to him, that he wanted to speak to him. Put-'nam, without any hesitation, waited upon him. General Gage showed 'him his fortifications, and advised him to lay down his arms. General 'Putnam replied', he could force his fortifications in half an hour, and ad-'vised General Gage to go on board the ships with his troops.

Not long after this period, the British Commander in Chief found the means to convey a proposal, privately, to General Putnam, that if he would relinquish the rebel party, he might rely upon being made a Major-General on the British establishment, and receiving a great pecuniary compensation for his services. General Putnam spurned at the offer; which, however, he thought prudent at that time to conceal from public notice.

It could scarcely have been expected, but by those credulous patriots who were prone to believe whatever they ardently desired, that officers assembled from colonies distinct in their manners and prejudices, selected from laborious occupations, to command a heterogeneous crowd of their equals, compelled to be soldiers only by the spur of occasion, should long be able to preserve harmony among themselves, and subordination among their followers. As the fact would be a phenomenon, the idea was treated with mirth and mockery by the friends to the British government. Yet this unshaken embryo of a military corps, composed of militia, minute-men, volunteers, and levies, with a burlesque appearance of multiformity in arms, accoutrements, cloathing and conduct, at last grew into a regular army—an army which, having vindicated the rights of human nature, and established the independence of a new empire, merited and obtained the glorious distinction of the patriot army—the patriot army, whose praises for their fortitude in adversity, bravery in battle, moderation in conquest, perseverance in supporting the cruel extremities of hunger and nakedness without a murmur or sigh, as well as for their magnanimity in retiring

The apprehension of an attack is adduced with much more verisimilitude in M'Fingal, as the reason why General Gage would not suffer the inhabitants to go from the town of Boston, after he had promised to grant permission:

'So Gage of late agreed, you know,
'To let the Boston people go:
'Yet when he saw, 'gainst troops that brav'd him,
'They were the only guards that sav'd him,
'Kept off that Satan of a *Putnam*,
'From breaking in to maul and mutt'n him,
'He'd too much wit such leagues t' observe,
'And shut them in again to starve.' M'FINGAL. Canto I.

to civil life, at the moment of victory, with arms in their hands, and without any just compensation for their services, will only cease to be celebrated when time shall exist no more.

Enthusiasm for the cause of liberty, substituted in the place of discipline, not only kept these troops together, but enabled them at once to perform the duties of a disciplined army. Though the commanding officers from the four colonies of New-England were in a manner independent, they acted harmoniously in concert. The first attention had been prudently directed towards forming some little redoubts and intrenchments; for it was well known that lines, however slight or untenable, were calculated to inspire raw soldiers with a confidence in themselves. The next care was to bring the live stock from the islands in Boston bay, in order to prevent the enemy (already surrounded by land), from making use of them for fresh provisions. In the latter end of May, between two and three hundred men were sent to drive off the stock from Hog and Noddle islands, which are situated on the north-east side of Boston harbour. Advantage having been taken of the ebb-tide, when the water is fordable between the main and Hog-island, as it is between that and Noddle-island, the design was effected. But a skirmish ensued, in which some of the marines, who had been stationed to guard them, were killed: and as the firing continued between the British water-craft and our party, a reinforcement of three hundred men, with two pieces of artillery, was ordered to join the latter. General Putnam took the command, and having himself gone down on the beach, within conversing distance, and *ineffectually* ordered the people on board an armed schooner to strike, he plied her with shot so furiously that the crew made their escape, and the vessel was burnt. An armed sloop was likewise so much disabled as to be towed off by the boats of the fleet. Thus ended this affair, in which several hundred sheep, and some cattle were removed from under the muzzles of the enemy's cannon, and our men, accustomed to stand fire, by being for many hours exposed to it, without meeting with any loss.

The Provincial Generals having received advice that the British Commander in Chief designed to take possession of the heights on the peninsula of Charles-Town, detached a thousand men in the night of the 16th of June, under the orders of General Warren, to intrench themselves upon one of these eminences, named Bunker-Hill. Though retarded by accidents, from beginning the work until nearly midnight, yet, by dawn of day, they had constructed a redoubt about eight rods square, and commenced a breast-work from the left to the low grounds; which an insufferable fire from the shipping, floating batteries, and cannon on Cop's Hill, in Boston, prevented them from completing. At mid-day four battalions of foot, ten companies of grenadiers, ten companies of light-infantry, with a proportion of artillery, commanded by Major-General Howe, landed under a heavy cannonade from the ships, and advanced in three lines to the attack. The light-infantry being formed on the right, was directed to turn the left flank of the Americans; and the grenadiers, supported by two battalions, to storm the redoubt in front. Meanwhile, on application, these troops were augmented by the 47th regiment, the 1st battalion of marines, together with some companies of light-infantry and grenadiers, which formed an aggregate force of between two and three thousand men. But so difficult was it to reinforce the Americans, by sending detachments across the Neck, which was raked by the cannon of the shipping, that not more than fifteen hundred men were brought into action. Few instances can be produced in the annals of mankind, where soldiers, who never had before faced an enemy, or heard the whistling of a ball, behaved with such deliberate and persevering valour. It was not until after the grenadiers had been twice repulsed to their boats, General Warren slain, his troops exhausted of their ammunition, their lines in a manner enfiladed by artillery, and the redoubt half filled with British regulars, that the word was given to retire. In that forlorn condition, the spectacle was astonishing as new, to behold these undisciplined men, most of them without bayonets, disputing with the but-end of their muskets against the British bayonet, and receding in sullen despair. Still the light-infantry on their left would certainly have gained their rear, and exterminated this gallant corps, had not a body of four hundred Connecticut men, with the Captains Knowlton and Chester, after forming a temporary breast-work, by pulling up one post-and-rail fence and putting it upon another, performed prodigies of bravery. They held the enemy at bay until the main body had relinquished the heights, and then retreated across the Neck with more regularity, and less loss, than could have been expected. The British, who effected nothing but the destruction of Charles-Town by a wanton conflagration, had more than one half of their whole number killed and wounded: the Americans only three hundred and fifty-five killed, wounded, and missing. In this battle, the presence and example of General Putnam, who arrived with the reinforcement, were not less conspicuous than useful. He did every thing that an intrepid and experienced officer could accomplish. The enemy pursued to Winter-Hill—Putnam made a stand, and drove them back under cover of their ships.

The premature death of Warren, one of the most illustrious patriots that ever bled in the cause of freedom; the veteran appearance of Putnam, collected, yet ardent in action; together with the astonishing scenery and interesting groupe around Bunker-Hill, rendered this a magnificent subject for the historic pencil. Accordingly Trumbull, formerly an Aid-de-Camp to General Washington, afterwards Deputy-Adjutant-General of the northern army, now an artist of great celebrity in Europe, hath finished this picture with that boldness of conception, and those touches of art which demonstrate the master. Heightened in horror by the flames of a burning town, and the smoke of conflicting armies, the principal scene, taken the moment when Warren fell, represents that hero in the agonies of death, a grenadier on the point of bayoneting him, and Colonel Small, to whom he was familiarly known, arresting the soldier's arms; at the head of the British line, Major Pitcairne is seen falling dead into the arms of his son; and not far distant General Putnam is placed at the rear of our retreating troops, in the light blue and scarlet uniform he wore that day, with his head uncovered, and his sword waving towards the enemy, as it were to stop their impetuous pursuit. In nearly the same attitude he is exhibited by Barlow in that excellent poem, the Vision of Columbus.

" There strides bold Putnam, and from all the plains
" Calls the third host, the tardy rear sustains,
" And, 'mid the whizzing deaths that fill the air,
" Waves back his sword, and dares the foll'wing war."*

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* The writer of this Essay had occasion of remarking to the poet and the painter, while they were three thousand miles distant from each other, at which distance they had formed and executed the plans of their respective productions, the similarity observable in their descriptions of General Putnam. These *Chiefs d'œuvres* are mentioned not with a vain presumption of adding eclat of duration to works which have received the seal of immortality, but because they preserve, in the sister arts, the same illustrious action of our hero. I persuade myself I need not apologize for annexing the beautiful lines from the poem in question, on the death of General Warren.

" There, hapless Warren, thy cold earth was seen:
" There spring thy laurels in immortal green;
" Dearest of Chiefs that ever press'd the plain,
" In freedom's cause, with early honours, slain,

After this action, the British strongly fortified themselves on the peninsulas of Boston and Charles-Town; while the Provincials remained posted in the circumjacent country in such a manner as to form a blockade. In the beginning of July, General Washington, who had been constituted by Congress, Commander in Chief of the American forces, arrived at Cambridge, to take the command. Having formed the army into three grand divisions, consisting of about twelve regiments each, he appointed Major-General Ward to command the right wing, Major-General Lee the left wing, and Major-General Putnam the reserve. General Putnam's alertness in accelerating the construction of the necessary defences was particularly noticed and highly approved by the Commander in Chief.

About the 20th of July, the declaration of Congress, setting forth the reasons of their taking up arms, was proclaimed at the head of the several divisions. It concluded with these patriotic and noble sentiments: "In our own native land, in defence of the "freedom that is our birth-right, and which we ever enjoyed until "the late violation of it; for the protection of our property, acquired solely by the honest industry of our forefathers and ourselves; against violence actually offered, we have taken up "arms. We shall lay them down when hostilities shall cease on "the part of the aggressors, and all danger of their being renewed shall be removed, and not before.

"With an humble confidence in the mercies of the supreme "and impartial Judge and Ruler of the universe, we most devoutly implore his divine goodness to conduct us happily through "this great conflict, to dispose our adversaries to reconciliation "on reasonable terms, and, thereby, to relieve the empire from "the calamities of civil war."

As soon as these memorable words were pronounced to General Putnam's division, which he had ordered to be paraded on Prospect-Hill, they shouted in three huzzas aloud, Amen! whereat (a cannon from the fort being fired as a signal) the new *Standard*, lately sent from Connecticut, was suddenly seen to rise and unrol itself to the wind. On one side was inscribed, in large letters of gold, "AN APPEAL TO HEAVEN," and on the other were delineated the armorial bearings of Connecticut, which, without supporters or crest, consist, unostentatiously, of *three Vines;* with

"Still dear in death, as when in fight you mov'd,
"By hosts applauded and by heav'n approv'd;
"The faithful muse shall tell the world thy fame,
"And unborn realms resound th' immortal name."

this motto, "*Qui transtulit, sustinet;*"* alluding to the pious confidence our forefathers placed in the protection of Heaven, on those three allegorical scions—KNOWLEDGE—LIBERTY—RELIGION—which they had been instrumental in transplanting to America.

The strength of position on the enemy's part, and want of ammunition on our's, prevented operations of magnitude from being attempted. Such diligence was used in fortifying our camps, and such precaution adopted to prevent surprise, as to ensure tranquillity to the troops during the winter. In the spring, a position was taken so menacing to the enemy, as to cause them, on the 17th of March, 1776, to abandon Boston, not without considerable precipitation and dereliction of royal stores.

As a part of the hostile fleet lingered for some time in Nantasket-Road, about nine miles below Boston, General Washington continued himself in Boston, not only to see the coast entirely clear, but also to make many indispensible arrangements. His Excellency, proposing to leave Major-General Ward, with a few regiments, to finish the fortifications intended as a security against an attack by water, in the mean time dispatched the greater part of the army to New-York, where it was most probable the enemy would make a descent. Upon the sailing of a fleet with troops in the month of January, Major-General Lee had been sent to the defence of that city; who, after having caused some works to be laid out, proceeded to follow that fleet to South-Carolina. The Commander in Chief was now exceedingly solicitous that these works should be completed as soon as possible, and accordingly gave the following

" *Orders and Instructions for Major-General Putnam.*

" As there are the best reasons to believe that the enemy's fleet
" and army, which left Nantasket-Road last Wednesday evening,
" are bound to New-York, to endeavour to possess that important
" post, and, if possible, to secure the communication by Hudson's
" river to Canada, it must be our care to prevent them from ac-
" complishing their designs. To that end I have detached Bri-
" gadier-General Heath, with the whole body of riflemen, and five
" battalions of the Continental army, by the way of Norwich, in
" Connecticut, to New-York. These, by an express arrived yes-
" terday from General Heath, I have reason to believe, are in
" New-York. Six more battalions, under General Sullivan, march

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* Literally, "*He who transplanted them will support them.*"

" this morning by the same route, and will, I hope, arrive there
" in eight or ten days at farthest. The rest of the army will im-
" mediately follow in divisions, leaving only a convenient space be-
" tween each division, to prevent confusion, and want of accom-
" modation upon their march. You will, no doubt, make the best
" dispatch in getting to New-York. Upon your arrival there, you
" will assume the command, and immediately proceed in con-
" tinuing to execute the *plan* proposed by Major-General Lee, for
" fortifying that city, and securing the passes of the East and
" North rivers. If, upon consultation with the Brigadiers Gene-
" ral and Engineers, any alteration in that *plan* is thought neces-
" sary, you are at liberty to make it: cautiously avoiding to break
" in too much upon his main design, unless where it may be ap-
" parently necessary so to do, and that by the general voice and
" opinion of the gentlemen above-mentioned.

" You will meet the Quarter-Master-General, Colonel Mifflin,
" and Commissary-General,* at New-York. As these are both
" men of excellent talents in their different departments, you will
" do well to give them all the authority and assistance they re-
" quire: And should a council of war be necessary, it is my direc-
" tion they assist at it.

" *Your long service and experience* will, better than my parti-
" cular directions at this distance, point out to you the works most
" proper to be first raised; and your perseverance, activity, and
" zeal will lead you, without my recommending it, to exert every
" *nerve* to disappoint the enemy's designs.

" Devoutly praying that the POWER which has hitherto sustained
" the American arms, may continue to bless them with the divine
" protection, I bid you—FAREWELL.

" Given at Head-Quarters, in Cambridge, this twenty-ninth of
" March, 1776.

" G. WASHINGTON."

Invested with these commands, General Putnam travelled by long and expeditious stages to New-York. His first precaution, upon his arrival, was to prevent disturbance, or surprise in the night season. With these objects in view, after posting the necessary guards, he issued his orders.† He instituted, likewise,

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* Colonel Joseph Trumbull, eldest son to the Governor of that name.

† GENERAL ORDERS.

" *Head-Quarters, New-York, April 5,* 1776.

" The soldiers are strictly enjoined to retire to their barracks and quar-
" ters at tattoo-beating, and to remain there until the reveille is beat.

" Necessity obliges the General to desire the inhabitants of the city to other wholesome regulations to meliorate the police of the troops, and to preserve the good agreement that subsisted between them and the citizens.

Notwithstanding the war had now raged, in other parts, with unaccustomed severity for nearly a year, yet the British ships at New-York, one of which had once fired upon the town to intimidate the inhabitants, found the means of being supplied with fresh water and provisions. General Putnam resolved to adopt effectual measures for putting a period to this intercourse, and accordingly expressed his prohibition * in the most pointed terms.

Nearly at the same moment, a detachment of a thousand Continentals was sent to occupy Governor's Island, a regiment to fortify Red Hook, and some companies of riflemen to the Jersey shore. Of two boats, belonging to two armed vessels, which attempted to take on board fresh water from the watering-place on Staten-Island, one was driven off by the riflemen, with two or three seamen killed in it, and the other captured with thirteen. A few days afterwards, Captain Vandeput, of the Asia man of war, the senior officer of the ships on this station, finding the intercourse with the shore interdicted, their limits contracted, and that no good purposes could be answered by remaining there, sailed, with all the armed vessels, out of the harbour. These arrangements and transactions, joined to an unremitting attention to the completion of the defences, gave full scope to the activity of

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" observe the same rule, as no person will be permitted to pass any sen-
" tery after this night, without the countersign.

" The inhabitants, whose business require it, may know the counter-
" sign, by applying to any of the Brigade-Majors."

* PROHIBITION.

Head-Quarters, New-York, April 8, 1776.

" The General informs the inhabitants, that it is become absolutely ne-
" cessary, that all communication between the ministerial fleet and the
" shore should be immediately stopped; for that purpose he has given
" positive orders, the ships should no longer be furnished with provisions.
" Any inhabitants, or others, who shall be taken that have been on board,
" after the publishing this order, or near any of the ships, or going on
" board, will be considered as enemies, and treated accordingly.

" All boats are to sail from Beekman-slip. Captain James Alner is ap-
" pointed inspector, and will give permits to oystermen. It is ordered and
" expected that none attempt going without a pass.

" ISRAEL PUTNAM,
" Major-General in the Continental Army, and Commander in Chief
" of the Forces in New-York."

General Putnam, until the arrival of General Washington, which happened about the middle of April.

The Commander in Chief, in his first public orders, "*complimented the officers who had successively commanded at New-York,* "and returned his thanks to them as well as to the officers and soldiers under their command, for the many works of defence which "had been so expeditiously erected: at the same time he expressed "an expectation that the same spirit of zeal for the service would "continue to animate their future conduct." Putnam, who was then the only Major-General with the main army, had still a chief agency in forwarding the fortifications, and, with the assistance of the Brigadiers Spencer and Lord Stirling, in assigning to the different corps their alarm posts.

Congress having intimated a desire of consulting with the Commander in Chief, on the critical posture of affairs, his Excellency repaired to Philadelphia accordingly, and was absent from the twenty-first of May until the sixth of June. General Putnam, who commanded in that interval, had it in charge to open all letters directed to General Washington, *on public service*, and, if important, after regulating his conduct by their contents, to forward them by express; to expedite the works then erecting; to begin others which were specified; to establish signals for communicating an alarm; to guard against the possibility of surprise; to secure well the powder-magazine; to augment, by every means in his power, the quantity of cartridges; and to send Brigadier-General Lord Stirling to put the posts in the *Highlands* into a proper condition of defence. He had also *a private and confidential instruction*, to afford whatever aid might be required by the Provincial Congress of New-York, for apprehending certain of their disaffected citizens: and as it would be most convenient to take the detachment for this service from the troops on Long-Island, under the command of Brigadier-General Greene, it was recommended that this officer should be advised of the plan, and that the execution should be conducted with secrecy and celerity, as well as with decency and good order. In the records of the army are preserved the daily orders which were issued in the absence of the Commander in Chief, who, on his return, was not only satisfied that the works had been prosecuted with all possible dispatch, but also that the other duties had been properly discharged.

It was the latter end of June, when the British fleet, which had been at Halifax waiting for reinforcements from Europe, began to arrive at New-York. To obstruct its passage, some marine preparations had been made. General Putnam, to whom the direction of the whale-boats, fire-rafts, flat-bottomed boats, and armed vessels, was committed, afforded his patronage to a project for destroying the enemy's shipping by explosion. A *machine*, altogether different from any thing hitherto devised by the art of man, had been invented by Mr. David Bushnell,* for *sub-*

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* David Bushnell, A. M. of Saybrook, in Connecticut, invented several other machines for the annoyance of shipping; these, from accidents, not militating against the philosophical principles on which their success depended, only partially succeeded. He destroyed a vessel in the charge of Commodore Symmonds, whose report to the Admiral was published. One of his kegs also demolished a vessel near the Long-Island shore. About Christmas, 1777, he committed to the Delaware a number of kegs, destined to fall among the British fleet at Philadelphia; but his squadron of kegs, having been separated and retarded by the ice, demolished but a single boat. This catastrophe, however, produced an alarm, unprecedented in its nature and degree; which has been so happily described in the subsequent song, by the Hon. Francis Hopkinson, that the event it celebrates will not be forgotten, so long as mankind shall continue to be delighted with works of humour and taste.

THE BATTLE OF THE KEGS:—*A Song.*

Tune, Moggy Lawder.

Gallants, attend, and hear a friend
Thrill forth harmonious ditty:
Strange things I'll tell, which late befel
In Philadelphia city.

'Twas early day, as poets say,
Just when the sun was rising,
A soldier stood on log of wood,
And saw a sight surprising.

As in a maze he stood to gaze,
The truth can't be denied, Sir,
He spied a score of kegs or more,
Come floating down the tide, Sir.

A sailor, too, in jerkin blue,
The strange appearance viewing,
First damn'd his eyes, in great surprise,
Then said—" Some mischief's brewing.

" These Kegs now hold the rebels bold,
" Pack'd up like pickled herring;
" And they're come down, t' attack the town
" In this new way of ferry'ng."

marine navigation, which was found to answer the purpose perfectly, of rowing horizontally at any given depth under water, and of rising or sinking at pleasure. To *this machine*, called

The soldier flew; the sailor too;
And, scar'd almost to death, Sir,
Wore out their shoes, to spread the news,
And ran till out of breath, Sir.

Now up and down, throughout the town,
Most frantic scenes were acted;
And some ran here, and some ran there,
Like men almost distracted.

Some fire cried, which some denied,
But said the earth had quaked:
And girls and boys, with hideous noise,
Ran through the town half naked.

Sir William* he, snug as a flea,
Lay all this time a snoring;
Nor dreamt of harm, as he lay warm
In bed with Mrs. L*r*ng.

Now in a fright, he starts upright,
Awak'd by such a clatter:
He rubs both eyes, and boldly cries,
"For God's sake, what's the matter!"

At his bed-side he then espied
Sir Erskine† at command, Sir;
Upon one foot he had one boot,
And t' other in his hand, Sir.

"Arise! arise!" Sir Erskine cries;
"The rebels—more's the pity—
"Without a boat, are all on float,
"And rang'd before the city.

"The motley crew, in vessels new,
"With Satan for their guide, Sir,
"Pack'd up in bags, or wooden kegs,
"Come driving down the tide, Sir:

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* Sir William Howe.

† Sir William Erskine.

the American Turtle, was attached *a magazine of powder*, which it was intended to be fastened under the bottom of a ship, with a driving screw, in such sort, that the same stroke which dis-

" Therefore prepare for bloody war;
" These kegs must all be routed,
" Or surely we despis'd shall be,
" And British courage doubted."

The Royal band now ready stand,
All rang'd in dread array, Sir,
With stomach's stout, to see it out,
And make a bloody day, Sir.

The cannons roar from shore to shore,
The small arms make a rattle:
Since wars began, I'm sure no man
E'er saw so strange a battle.

The rebel* vales, the rebel dales,
With rebel trees surrounded,
The distant woods, the hills and floods,
With rebel echoes sounded.

The fish below swam to and fro,
Attack'd from ev'ry quarter;
" Why sure," thought they, " the Devil's to pay
" 'Mong'st folks above the water."

The kegs, 'tis said, though strongly made
Of rebel staves and hoops, Sir,
Could not oppose their pow'rful foes,
The conqu'ring British troops, Sir.

From morn to night those men of might
Display'd amazing courage;
And when the sun was fairly down,
Retir'd to sup their porridge.

An hundred men, with each a pen,
Or more, upon my word, Sir,
It is most true, would be too few
Their valour to record, Sir.

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* The British officers were so fond of the word *rebel*, that they often applied it most absurdly.

engaged it from the machine, should put the internal clock-work in motion. This being done, the ordinary operation of a gun-lock, at the distance of half an hour, an hour, or any determinate time, would cause the powder to explode, and leave the effects to the common laws of nature. The simplicity, yet combination discovered in the mechanism of this wonderful machine, were acknowledged by those skilled in physics, and particularly hydraulics, to be not less ingenious than novel. The inventor, whose constitution was too feeble to permit him to perform the labour of rowing the Turtle, had taught his brother to manage it with perfect dexterity; but unfortunately his brother fell sick of a fever just before the arrival of the fleet. Recourse was therefore had to a sergeant in the Connecticut troops; who, having received whatever instructions could be communicated to him in a short time, went, too late in the night, with all the apparatus, under the bottom of the Eagle, a sixty-four gun ship, on board of which the British Admiral, Lord Howe, commanded. In coming up, the screw that had been calculated to perforate the copper sheathing, unluckily struck against some iron plates where the rudder is connected with the stern. This accident, added to the strength of the tide which prevailed, and the want of adequate skill in the sergeant, occasioned such delay, that the dawn began to appear, whereupon he abandoned the magazine to chance, and after gaining a proper distance, for the sake of expedition, rowed on the surface towards the town. General Putnam, who had been on the wharf anxiously expecting the result, from the first glimmering of light, beheld the machine near Governor's-Island, and sent a whale-boat to bring it on shore. In about twenty minutes afterwards the magazine exploded, and blew a vast column of water to an amazing height in the air. As the whole business had been kept an inviolable secret, he was not a little diverted with the various conjectures, whether this stupendous noise was produced by a bomb, a meteor, a water-spout, or an earthquake.

Such feats did they perform that day,
Upon those wicked kegs, Sir,
That years to come, if they get home,
They'll make their boasts and brags, Sir.

Mr. Bushnell, having been highly recommended for his talents by President Stiles, General Parsons, and some other gentlemen of science, was appointed a Captain in the corps of sappers and miners; in which capacity he continued to serve with that corps until the conclusion of the war.

Other operations of a most serious nature rapidly succeeded, and prevented a repetition of the experiment.

On the twenty-second day of August, the van of the British landed on Long-Island, and was soon followed by the whole army, except one brigade of Hessians, a small body of British, and some convalescents, left on Staten-Island. Our troops on Long-Island had been commanded during the summer by General Greene, who was now sick; and General Putnam took the command but two days before the battle of Flatbush. The instructions to him, pointing in the first place to decisive expedients for suppressing the scattering, unmeaning, and wasteful fire of our men, contained regulations for the service of the guards, the Brigadiers and the Field-officers of the day; for the appointment and encouragement of proper scouts, as well as for keeping the men constantly at their posts; for preventing the burning of buildings, except it should be necessary for military purposes, and for preserving private property from pillage and destruction. To these regulations were added, in a more diffuse, though not less spirited and professional stile, reflections on the distinction of an army from a mob; with exhortations for the soldiers to conduct themselves manfully in such a cause, and for their Commander to oppose the enemy's approach with detachments of his best troops; while he should endeavour to render their advance more difficult by constructing abbatis, and to entrap their parties by forming ambuscades. General Putnam was within the lines, when an engagement took place on the 27th, between the British army and our advanced corps, in which we lost about a thousand men in killed and missing, with the General Sullivan and Lord Stirling made prisoners. But our men, though attacked on all sides, fought with great bravery; and the enemy's loss was not light.

The unfortunate battle of Long-Island, the masterly retreat from thence, and the actual passage of part of the hostile fleet in the East-River, above the town, precluded the evacuation of New-York. A promotion of four Major-Generals, and six Brigadiers, had previously been made by Congress. After the retreat from Long-Island, the main army, consisting, for the moment, of sixty battalions, of which twenty were Continental, the residue levies and militia, was, conformably to the exigencies of the service, rather than to the rules of war, formed into fourteen brigades. Major-General Putnam commanded the right grand division of five brigades, the Majors-General Spencer and Greene the centre of six brigades, and Major-General Heath the left, which was posted near Kings-bridge, and composed of two brigades. The whole never amounted to twenty thousand effective men; while the British and German forces, under Sir William Howe, exceeded twenty-two thousand: indeed, the minister had asserted in parliament, that they would consist of more than thirty thousand. Our two centre divisions, both commanded by General Spencer, in the sickness of General Greene, moved towards Mount Washington, Harlaem Heights, and Horn's Hook, as soon as the final resolution was taken in a council of war, on the twelfth of September, to abandon the city. That event, thus circumstanced, took effect a few days after.

On Sunday, the fifteenth, the British, after sending three ships of war up the North-River, to Bloomingdale, and keeping up, for some hours, a severe cannonade on our lines, from those already in the East-River, landed in force, at Turtle Bay. Our new levies, commanded by a State Brigadier-General, fled without making resistance. Two brigades of General Putnam's division, ordered to their support, notwithstanding the exertion of their Brigadiers, and of the Commander in Chief himself, who came up at the instant, conducted themselves in the same shameful manner. His Excellency then ordered the Heights of Harlaem, a strong position, to be occupied. Thither the forces in the vicinity, as well as the fugitives, repaired. In the mean time General Putnam, with the remainder of his command, and the ordinary out-posts, was in the city. After having caused the brigades to begin their retreat by the route of Bloomingdale, in order to avoid the enemy, who were then in the possession of the main road leading to Kingsbridge, he gallopped to call off the pickets and guards. Having myself been a volunteer in his division, and acting Adjutant to the last regiment that left the city, I had frequent opportunities, that day, of beholding him, for the purpose of issuing orders, and encouraging the troops, flying, on his horse covered with foam, wherever his presence was most necessary. Without his extraordinary exertions, the guards must have been inevitably lost, and it is probable the entire corps would have been cut in pieces. When we were not far from Bloomingdale, an Aid-de-camp came from him at full speed, to inform that a column of British infantry was descending upon our right. Our rear was soon fired upon, and the Colonel of our regiment, whose order was just communicated for the front to file off to the left, was killed on the sport. With no other loss we joined the army, after dark, on the Heights of Harlaem.

Before our brigades came in, we were given up for lost by all our friends. So critical indeed was our situation, and so narrow the gap by which we escaped, that the instant we had passed the enemy closed it by extending their line from river to river. Our men, who had been fifteen hours under arms, harassed by marching and countermarching, in consequence of incessant alarms, exhausted as they were by heat and thirst, (for the day proved insupportably hot, and few or none had canteens, insomuch, that some died at the brooks where they drank) if attacked, could have made but feeble resistance.

If we take into consideration the debilitating sickness which weakened almost all our troops, the hard duty by which they were worn down in constructing numberless defences, the continual want of rest they had suffered since the enemy landed, in guarding from nocturnal surprise, the despondency infused into their minds by an insular situation, and a consciousness of inferiority to the enemy in discipline, together with the disadvantageous term upon which, in their state of separation, they might have been forced to engage; it appears highly probable that day would have presented an easy victory to the British. On the other side, the American Commander in Chief had wisely countenanced an opinion, then universally credited, that our army was three times more numerous than it was in reality. It is not a subject for astonishment, that the British, ignorant of the existing circumstances, imposed upon as to the numbers by reports, and recollecting what a few brave men, slightly entrenched, had performed at Bunker-Hill, should proceed with great circumspection. For their reproaches, that the rebels, as they affected to style us, loved digging better than fighting, and that they earthed themselves in holes like foxes, but ill concealed at the bottom of their own hearts the profound impression that action had made. Cheap and contemptible as we had once seemed in their eyes, it had taught them to hold us in some respect. This respect, in conjunction with a fixed belief, that the enthusiastic spirit of our opposition must soon subside, and that the inexhaustible resources of Britain would ultimately triumph, without leaving any thing to chance (not the avarice or treachery of the British General, as the factious of his own nation wished to insinuate), retarded their operation, and afforded us leisure to rescue from annihilation the miserable relics of an army, hastening to dissolution by the expiration of enlistments, and the country itself from irretrievable subjugation. IN TRUTH, WE ARE NOT LESS INDEBTED TO THE MATTOCK AT ONE PERIOD, THAN TO THE MUSKET AT ANOTHER, FOR OUR POLITICAL SALVATION. It required great talents to determine when one or the other was most profitably to be employed. I am aware how fashionable it has become to compare the American Commander in Chief, for the prudence displayed in those dilatory and defensive operations, so happily prosecuted in the early stages of the war, to the illustrious Roman, who acquired immortality in restoring the Commonwealth *by delay*. Advantageous and flattering as the comparison at first appears, it will be found, on examination, to stint the American Fabius to the smaller moiety of his merited fame. Did HE not, in scenes of almost unparalleled activity, discover specimens of transcendent abilities; and might it not be proved, to professional men, that boldness in council, and rapidity in execution, were, at least, equally with prudent procrastination, and the quality of not being compelled to action, attributes of his military genius? *This*, however, was an occasion, as apparent as pressing, for attaining his object *by delay*. From that he had every thing to gain, nothing to lose. Yet there were not wanting *politicians*, AT THIS VERY TIME, who querulously blamed these *Fabian* measures, and loudly clamoured that the immense labour and expense bestowed on the fortification of New-York, had been thrown away; that if we could not face the enemy *there* after so many preparations, we might as well relinquish the contest at once, for we could no where make a stand; and that if General Washington, with an army of sixty thousand men, strongly entrenched, declined fighting with Sir William Howe, who had little more than one third of that number, it was not to be expected he would find any other occasion that might induce him to engage. But General Washington, content to suffer a temporary sacrifice of personal reputation, for the sake of securing a permanent advantage to his country, and regardless of those idle clamours for which he had furnished materials, by making his countrymen, in order the more effectually to make his enemy believe his force much greater than it actually was, inflexibly pursued his system, and gloriously demonstrated how poor and pitiful, in the estimation of A GREAT MIND, are the censorious strictures of those novices in war and politics, who, with equal rashness and impudence, presume to decide dogmatically on the merit of plans they could neither originate or comprehend!

That night our soldiers, excessively fatigued by the sultry march of the day, their clothes wet by a severe shower of rain that succeeded towards the evening, their blood chilled by the cold wind that produced a sudden change in the temperature of the air, and their hearts sunk within them by the loss of baggage, artillery, and works in which they had been taught to put great confidence, lay upon their arms, covered only by the clouds of an uncomfortable sky. To retrieve our disordered affairs, and prevent the enemy from profiting by them, no exertion was relaxed, no vigilance remitted on the part of our higher officers. The regiments which had been least exposed to fatigue that day, furnished the necessary picquets to secure the army from surprise. Those whose military lives had been short and unpractised, felt enough besides lassitude of body to disquiet the tranquillity of their repose. Nor had those who were older in service, and of more experience, any subject for consolation. The warmth of enthusiasm seemed to be extinguished. The force of discipline had not sufficiently occupied its place to give men a dependence upon each other. We were apparently about to reap the bitter fruits of that jealous policy, which some leading men, with the best motives, had sown in our federal councils, when they caused the mode to be adopted, for carrying on the war by detachments of militia, from apprehension that an established Continental army, after defending the country against foreign invasion, might subvert its liberties themselves. Paradoxical as it will appear, it may be profitable to be known to posterity, that while our very existence as an independent people was in question, the patriotic jealousy for the safety of our future *freedom* had been carried to such a virtuous but dangerous excess, as well nigh to preclude the attainment of our Independence. Happily that limited and hazardous system soon gave room to one more enlightened and salutary. This may be attributed to the reiterated arguments, the open remonstrances, and the confidential communications of the Commander in Chief; who, though not apt to despair of the Republic, on this occasion, expressed himself in terms of unusual despondency. He declared, in his letters, that he found, to his utter astonishment and mortification, that no reliance could be placed on a great proportion of his present troops, and that, unless efficient measures for establishing a permanent force should be speedily pursued, we had every reason to fear the final ruin of our cause.

Next morning several parties of the enemy appeared upon the plains in our front. On receiving this intelligence, General Washington rode quickly to the out-posts, for the purpose of preparing against an attack, if the enemy should advance with that design. Lieutenant-Colonel Knowlton's rangers, a fine selection from the eastern regiments, who had been skirmishing with an advanced party, came in, and informed the General that a body of British were under cover of a small eminence at no considerable distance. His Excellency, willing to raise our men from their dejection by the splendour of some little success, ordered Lieutenant-Colonel Knowlton, with his rangers, and Major Leitch, with three companies of Weedon's regiment of Virginians, to gain their rear; while appearances should be made of an attack in front. As soon as the enemy saw the party sent to decoy them, they ran precipitately down the hill, took possession of some fences and bushes, and commenced a brisk firing at long shot. Unfortunately Knowlton and Leitch made their onset rather in flank than in rear. The enemy changed their front, and the skirmish at once became close and warm. Major Leitch* having received three balls through his side, was soon borne from the field; and Colonel Knowlton, who had distinguished himself so gallantly at the battle of Bunker-Hill, was mortally wounded immediately after. Their men, however, undaunted by these disasters, stimulated with the thirst of revenge for the loss of their leaders, and, conscious of acting under the eye of the Commander in Chief, maintained the conflict with uncommon spirit and perseverance. But the General, seeing them in need of support, advanced part of the Maryland regiments of Griffith and Richardson, together with some detachments from such eastern corps as chanced to be most contiguous to the place of action. Our troops this day, without exception, behaved with the greatest intrepidity. So bravely did they repulse the British, that Sir William Howe moved his *reserve*, with two field pieces, a battalion of Hessian grenadiers, and a company of Chasseurs, to succour his retreating troops. General Washington, not willing to draw on a general action, declined pressing the pursuit. In this engagement were the second and third battalions of light infantry, the forty-second British regiment, and the German Chasseurs, of whom eight officers, and upwards of seventy privates were wounded, and our people buried nearly twenty, who were left dead on the field. We had about forty wounded: our loss in killed, except of two valuable officers, was very inconsiderable.

An advantage,† so trivial in itself, produced, in event, a sur-

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* Major Leitch, after languishing some days, died of a locked jaw.

† A transcript from General Washington's Public Orders of the seventeenth will, better than any other document that could be adduced, show his sentiment on the conduct of the two preceding days, and how fervently he wished to foster the good dispositions discovered on the last.

" ORDERS.

" *Head-Quarters, Haerlem Heights, September* 17, 1776.

" Parole, *Leitch*. Countersign, *Virginia*.

" The General most heartily thanks the troops commanded yesterday by " Major Leitch, who first advanced upon the enemy, and the others who " so resolutely supported them. The behaviour yesterday was such a " contrast to that of some of the troops the day before, as must show " what may be done where officers and soldiers will exert themselves. " Once more, therefore, the General calls upon officers and men, to act prising and almost incredible effect upon the whole army. Amongst the troops not engaged, who, during the action, were throwing earth from the new trenches, with an alacrity that indicated a determination to defend them, every visage was seen to brighten, and to assume, instead of the gloom of despair, the glow of animation. This change, no less sudden than happy, left little room to doubt that the men, who ran the day before at the sight of an enemy, would now, to wipe away the stain of that disgrace, and to recover the confidence of their General, have conducted themselves in a very different manner. Some alteration was made in the distribution of corps to prevent the British from gaining either flank in the succeeding night. General Putnam, who commanded on the right, was directed in orders, in case the enemy should attempt to force the pass, to apply for a reinforcement to General Spencer, who commanded on the left.

General Putnam, who was too good an husbandman himself not to have a respect for the labours and improvements of others, strenuously seconded the views of the Commander in Chief in preventing the devastation of farms, and the violation of private property. For under pretext that the property in this quarter belonged to friends to the British government, as indeed it mostly did, a spirit of rapine and licentiousness began to prevail, which, unless repressed in the beginning, foreboded, besides the subversion of discipline, the disgrace and defeat of our arms.

Our new defences now becoming so strong as not to admit insult with impunity, and Sir William Howe, not choosing to place too much at risk in attacking us in front, on the 12th day of October, leaving Lord Piercy with one Hessian and two British brigades, in his lines at Haerlem, to cover New-York, embarked with the main body of his army, with an intention of landing at *Frog's Neck*, situated near the town of West-Chester, and little more than a league above the communication called King's-bridge, which connects New-York Island with the main. There was nothing to oppose him; and he effected his debarkation by nine o'clock in the morning. The same policy of keeping our army as compact as possible; the same system of avoiding being forced to action; and the same precaution to prevent the interruption of

" up to the noble cause in which they are engaged, and to support the " *honour* and *liberties* of their country.

" The gallant and brave Colonel Knowlton, who would have been an " honour to any country, having fallen yesterday, while gloriously fight- " ing, Captain Brown is to take the command of the party lately led by " Colonel Knowlton. Officers and men are to obey him accordingly."

supplies, reinforcements or retreat, that lately dictated the evacuation of New-York, now induced General Washington to move towards the strong grounds in the upper part of West-Chester county.

About the same time General Putnam was sent to the western side of the Hudson, to provide against an irruption into the Jerseys, and soon after to Philadelphia, to put that town into a posture of defence. Thither I attend him, without stooping to dilate on the subsequent incidents, that might swell a folio, though here compressed to a single paragraph; without attempting to give in detail the skilful retrograde movements of our Commander in Chief, who, after detaching a garrison for Fort Washington, by pre-occupying with extemporaneous redoubts and entrenchments, the ridges from *Mile-Square* to *White-Plains*, and by folding one brigade behind another, in rear of those ridges that run parallel with the *Sound*, brought off all his artillery, stores, and sick, in the face of a superior foe; without commenting on the partial and equivocal battle fought near the last mentioned village, or the cause why the British, then in full force, (for the last of the Hessian infantry and British light-horse had just arrived) did not more seriously endeavour to induce a general engagement; without journalizing their military manœuvres in falling back to King's-bridge, capturing Fort Washington, Fort Lee, and marching through the Jerseys; without enumerating the instances of rapine, murder, lust, and devastation, that marked their progress, and filled our bosoms with horror and indignation; without describing how a division of our dissolving army, with General Washington, was driven before them beyond the Delaware; without painting the naked and forlorn condition of these much injured men, amidst the rigours of an inclement season; and without even sketching the consternation that seized the States at this perilous period, when General Lee, in leading from the north a small reinforcement to our troops, was himself taken prisoner by surprise; when every thing seemed decidedly declining to the last extremity, and when every prospect but served to augment the depression of despair—until the genius of one man, in one day, at a single stroke, wrested from the veteran battalions of Britain and Germany the fruits acquired by the total operations of a successful campaign, and re-animated the expiring hope of a whole nation, by the glorious enterprize at Trenton.

While the hostile forces, rashly inflated with pride by a series of uninterrupted successes, and fondly dreaming that a period would soon be put to their labours, by the completion of their conquests, had been pursuing the wretched remnants of a disbanded army to the banks of the Delaware, General Putnam was diligently employed in fortifying Philadelphia, the capture of which appeared indubitably to be their principal object. Here, by authority and example, he strove to conciliate contending factions, and to excite the citizens to uncommon efforts in defence of every thing interesting to freemen. His personal industry was unparalleled. His orders,* with respect to extinguishing accidental fires, advancing the public works, as well as in regard to other important objects, were perfectly military and proper. But his health was, for a while, impaired by his unrelaxed exertions.

The Commander in Chief having, in spite of all obstacles, made good his retreat over the Delaware, wrote to General Putnam from his Camp above the Falls of Trenton, on the very day he re-crossed the river to surprise the Hessians, expressing his satisfaction at the re-establishment of that General's health, and informing, that if he had not himself been well convinced before of the enemy's intention to possess themselves of Philadelphia, as soon as the frost should form ice strong enough to transport them and their artillery across the Delaware, he had now obtained an intercepted letter which placed the matter beyond a doubt. He added, that if the citizens of Philadelphia had any regard for the town, not a moment's time was to be lost until it should be put in the best possible posture of defence; but least that should not be done, he directed the removal of all public stores, except provisions necessary for immediate use, to places of greater security. He queried whether, if a party of militia could be sent from Philadelphia to support those in the Jerseys, about Mount-Holly, it would not serve to save them from submission? At the same time he signified, as his opinion, the expediency of sending an active and influential officer to inspirit the people, to encourage them to assemble in arms, as well as to keep those already in arms from disbanding; and concluded by manifesting a wish that Colonel Forman, whom he desired to see for this purpose, might be employed on the service.

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* As a specimen, the following is preserved:

"GENERAL ORDERS.

"*Head-Quarters, Philadelphia, December* 14, 1776.

"Colonel Griffin is appointed Adjutant-General to the troops in and "about this city. All orders from the General, through him, either "written or verbal, are to be strictly attended to and punctually obeyed.

"In case of an alarm of fire, the city guards and patroles are to suffer "the inhabitants to pass, unmolested, at any hour of the night; and the "good people of Philadelphia are earnestly requested and desired to give "every assistance in their power, with engines and buckets, to extin- "guish the fire. And as the Congress have ordered the city to be de- "fended to the last extremity, the General hopes that no person will "refuse to give every assistance possible to complete the fortifications that "are to be erected in and about the city.

"ISRAEL PUTNAM."

The enemy had vainly, as incautiously, imagined that to overrun was to conquer. They had even carried their presumption on our extreme weakness, and expected submission so far as to attempt covering the country through which they had marched with an extensive chain of cantonments. That link, which the post at Trenton supplied, consisted of a Hessian brigade of infantry, a company of Chasseurs, a squadron of light dragoons, and six field pieces. At eight o'clock in the morning of the twenty-sixth of December, General Washington, with twenty-four hundred men, came upon them, after they had paraded, took one thousand prisoners, and re-passed the same day, without loss, to his encampment. As soon as the troops were recovered from their excessive fatigue, General Washington re-crossed a second time to Trenton. On the second of January, Lord Cornwallis, with the bulk of the British army, advanced upon him, cannonaded his post, and offered him battle: but the two armies being separated by the interposition of Trenton Creek, General Washington had it in his option to decline an engagement, which he did for the sake of striking the masterly stroke that he then meditated. Having kindled frequent fires around his camp, posted faithful men to keep them burning, and advanced sentinels, whose fidelity might be relied upon, he decamped silently after dark, and, by a circuitous route, reached Princeton at nine o'clock the next morning. The noise of the firing, by which he killed and captured between five and six hundred of the British brigade in that town, was the first notice Lord Cornwallis had of this stolen march. General Washington, the project successfully accomplished, instantly filed off for the mountainous grounds of Morris-Town. Meanwhile, his Lordship, who arrived, by a forced march, at Princeton, just as he had left it, finding the Americans could not be overtaken, proceeded, without halting, to Brunswick.

On the fifth of January, 1777, from Pluckemin, General Washington dispatched an account of this second success to General Putnam, and ordered him to move immediately, with all his troops, to Crosswick's, for the purpose of co-operating in recovering the Jerseys; an event which the present fortunate juncture, while the enemy were yet panic-struck, appeared to promise. The General cautioned him, however, if the enemy should still continue at Brunswick, to guard with great circumspection against a surprise; especially as they, having recently suffered by two attacks, could scarcely avoid being edged with resentment to attempt retaliation. His Excellency farther advised him to give out his strength to be twice as great as it was; to forward on all the baggage and scattering men belonging to the division destined for Morris-Town; to employ as many spies as he should think proper; to keep a number of horsemen, in the dress of the country, going constantly backwards and forwards on the same secret service; and, lastly, if he should discover any intention or motion of the enemy that could be depended upon, and might be of consequence, not to fail in conveying the intelligence, as rapidly as possible by express, to Head-Quarters. Major-General Putnam was directed soon after to take post at Princeton, where he continued until the spring. He had never with him more than a few hundred troops, though he was only at fifteen miles distance from the enemy's strong garrison of Brunswick. At one period, from a sudden diminution, occasioned by the tardiness of the militia turning out to replace those whose time of service was expired, he had fewer men for duty than he had miles of frontier to guard. Nor was the Commander in Chief in a more eligible situation. It is true, that while he had scarcely the semblance of an army, under the specious parade of a park of artillery, and the imposing appearance of his Head-Quarters, established at Morris-Town, he kept up, in the eyes of his countrymen, as well as in the opinion of his enemy, the appearance of no contemptible force. Future generations will find difficulty in conceiving how a handful of new-levied men and militia, who were necessitated to be inoculated for the small-pox in the course of the winter, could be subdivided and posted so advantageously, as effectually to protect the inhabitants, confine the enemy, curtail their forage, and beat up their quarters, without sustaining a single disaster.

In the battle of Princeton, Captain M'Pherson, of the 17th British regiment, a very worthy Scotchman, was desperately wounded in the lungs, and left with the dead. Upon General Putnam's arrival there, he found him languishing in extreme distress, without a surgeon, without a single accommodation, and without a friend to solace the sinking spirit in the gloomy hour of death. He visited, and immediately caused every possible comfort to be administered to him. Captain M'Pherson, who, contrary to all appearances, recovered, after having demonstrated to General Putnam the dignified sense of obligations which a generous mind wishes not to conceal, one day, in familiar conversation, demanded, "Pray, Sir, what countryman are you?"—"An American," answered the latter.—"Not a Yankee?" said the other.—"A full-"blooded one," replied the General. "By G—d, I am sorry for "that," rejoined M'Pherson, "I did not think there could be so "much goodness and generosity in an American, or, indeed, in "any body but a Scotchman."

While the recovery of Captain M'Pherson was doubtful, he desired that General Putnam would permit a friend in the British army at Brunswick to come and assist him in making HIS WILL. General Putnam, who had then only fifty men in his whole command, was sadly embarrassed by the proposition. On the one hand, he was not content that a British officer should have an opportunity to spy out the weakness of his post; on the other, it was scarcely in his nature to refuse complying with a dictate of humanity. He luckily bethought himself of an expedient which he hastened to put in practice. A flag of truce was dispatched with Captain M'Pherson's request, but under an injunction not to return with his friend until after dark. In the evening lights were placed in all the rooms of the College, and in every apartment of the vacant houses throughout the town. During the whole night, the fifty men, sometimes altogether, and sometimes in small detachments, were marched from different quarters by the house in which M'Pherson lay. Afterwards it was known that the officer who came on the visit, at his return, reported that General Putnam's army, upon the most moderate calculation, could not consist of less than four or five thousand men.

This winter's campaign, for our troops constantly kept the field after regaining a footing in the Jerseys, has never yet been faithfully and feelingly described. The sudden restoration of our cause from the very verge of ruin was interwoven with such a tissue of inscrutable causes and extraordinary events, that, fearful of doing the subject greater injustice, by a passing disquisition than a purposed silence, I leave it to the leisure of abler pens. The ill policy of the British doubtless contributed to accelerate this event. For the manner, impolitic as inhuman, in which they managed their temporary conquests, tended evidently to alienate the affections of their adherents, to confirm the wavering in an opposite interest, to rouse the supine into activity, to assemble the dispersed to the standard of America, and to infuse a spirit of revolt into the minds of those men who had, from necessity, submitted to their power. Their conduct in warring with fire and sword against the imbecility of youth, and the decrepitude of age; against the arts, the sciences, the curious inventions, and the elegant improvements in civilized life; against the melancholy widow, the miserable orphan, the peaceable professor of humane literature, and the sacred minister of the gospel, seemed to operate as powerfully, as if purposely intended to kindle the dormant spark of resistance into an inextinguishable flame. If we add to the black catalogue of provocations already enumerated, their insatiable rapacity in plundering friends and foes indiscriminately; their libidinous brutality in violating the chastity of the female sex; their more than Gothic rage in defacing private writings, public records, libraries of learning, dwellings of individuals, edifices for education, and temples of the Deity; together with their insufferable ferocity, unprecedented indeed among civilized nations, in murdering on the field of battle the wounded while begging for mercy, in causing their prisoners to famish with hunger and cold in prisons and prison ships, and in carrying their malice beyond death itself, by denying the decent rites of sepulture to the dead; we shall not be astonished that the yeomanry in the two Jerseys, when the first glimmering of hope began to break in upon them, rose as one man, with the unalterable resolution to perish in the generous cause, or expel their merciless invaders.

The principal officers, stationed at a variety of well-chosen, and at some almost inaccessible positions, seemed all to be actuated by the same soul, and only to vie with each other in giving proofs of vigilance, enterprise and valour. From what has been said respecting the scantiness of our aggregate force, it will be concluded, that the number of men, under the orders of each, was indeed very small. But the uncommon alertness of the troops, who were incessantly hovering round the enemy in scouts, and the constant communication they kept between the several stations most contiguous to each other, agreeably to the instructions* of the General in Chief, together with their readiness in

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* The annexed private orders to Lord Stirling will show, in a laconic and military manner, the system of service then pursued:

"To Brigadier-General Lord STIRLING.

"MY LORD,

"You are to repair to Baskenridge, and take upon you the command "of the troops now there, and such as may be sent to your care.

"You are to endeavour, as much as possible, to harass and annoy the "enemy, by keeping scouting parties constantly, or as frequently as pos-"sible, around their quarters.

"As you will be in the neighbourhood of Generals Dickenson and "Warner, I recommend it to you to keep up a correspondence with them, giving, and confidence of receiving such reciprocal aid as the exigencies might require, served to supply the defect of force.

This manner of doing duty not only put our own posts beyond the reach of sudden insult and surprise, but so exceedingly harassed and intimidated the enemy, that foragers were seldom sent out by them, and never except in very large parties. General Dickenson, who commanded on General Putnam's left, discovered, about the 20th of January, a foraging party, consisting of about four hundred men, on the opposite side of the *Mill-Stone*, two miles from Somerset court-house. As the bridge was possessed and defended by three field-pieces, so that it could not be passed, General Dickenson, at the head of four hundred militia, broke the ice, crossed the river where the water was about three feet deep, resolutely attacked, and totally defeated the foragers. Upon their abandoning the convoy, a few prisoners, forty waggons, and more than a hundred draft-horses, with a considerable booty of cattle and sheep, fell into his hands.

Nor were our operations on General Putnam's right flank less fortunate. To give countenance to the numerous friends of the British government in the county of Monmouth appears to have been a principal motive with Sir William Howe for stretching the chain of his cantonments, by his own confession,* previously to

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" and endeavour to regulate your parties by theirs, so as to have some " constantly out.

" Use every means in your power to obtain intelligence from the " enemy; which may possibly be better effected by engaging some of " those people who have obtained *Protections* to go in, under pretence of " asking advice, than by any other means.

" You will also use every means in your power to obtain and communicate the earliest accounts of the enemy's movements; and to assemble, " in the speediest manner possible, your troops either for offence or defence.

" *Given at Head-Quarters, the fourth day of February*, 1777.
" GEO. WASHINGTON."

* *Extract of a letter from General Sir* William Howe *to Lord* George Germaine, *dated New-York, December 20*, 1776.

Having mentioned the fruitless attempt of Lord Cornwallis to find boats at Corryel's ferry to pass the Delaware—he proceeds thus:

" The passage of the Delaware being thus rendered impracticable, his " Lordship took post at Pennington, in which place and Trenton the two " divisions remained until the fourteenth, when the weather having become too severe to keep the field, and the winter cantonments being " arranged, the troops marched from both places to their respective stahis disaster, rather too far. After that chain became broken, as I have already related, by the blows at Trenton and Princeton, he was obliged to collect, during the rest of the winter, the useless remains in his barracks at Brunswick. In the meantime, General Putnam was much more successful in his attempt to protect our dispersed and dispirited friends in the same district; who, environed on every side by envenomed adversaries, remained inseparably rivetted in affection to American independence. He first detached Colonel Gurney, and afterwards Major Davis,* with such parties of militia as could be spared, for their support. Several skirmishes ensued, in which our people had always the advantage. They took, at different times, many prisoners, horses and waggons from foraging parties. In effect, so well did they cover the country, as to induce some of the most respectable inhabitants to declare, that the security of the persons, as well as the salvation of the property of many friends to freedom, was owing to the spirited exertions of these two detachments; who, at the same time that they rescued the country from the tyranny of tories, afforded an opportunity for the militia to recover from their consternation, to embody themselves in warlike array, and to stand on their defence.

During this period, General Putnam having received unques-

" tions. *The chain, I own, is rather too extensive*, but I was induced to " occupy Burlington to cover the county of Monmouth, in which there " are many loyal inhabitants; and trusting to the almost general submis- " sion of the country to the southward of this chain, and to the strength " of the corps placed in the advanced posts, I conclude the troops will " be in perfect security."

* As there happened to be in my possession a copy of one of his letters to those officers, it was thought worthy of insertion here, in order to demonstrate his satisfaction with their conduct.

" To Major John Davis, of the third Battalion of Cumberland
" County Militia.

" Sir,

" I am much obliged to you for your activity, vigour, and diligence " since you have been under my command; you will, therefore, march ' your men to Philadelphia, and there discharge them; returning into " the store all the ammunition, arms and accoutrements you received " at that place.

" I am, Sir, your humble servant,
" ISRAEL PUTNAM.

" *Princeton, February 5, 1777.*"

tionable intelligence that a party of refugees, in British pay, had taken post, and were erecting a kind of redoubt at Lawrence's Neck, sent Colonel Nelson, with one hundred and fifty militia, to surprise them. That officer conducted with so much secrecy and decision as to take the whole prisoners. These refugees[*] were commanded by Major Stockton, belonging to Skinner's brigade, and amounted to sixty in number.

A short time after this event Lord Cornwallis sent out another foraging party towards Bound-Brook. General Putnam, having received notice from his emissaries, detached Major Smith, with a few riflemen, to annoy the party, and followed himself with the rest of his force. Before he could come up, Major Smith, who had formed an ambush, attacked the enemy, killed several horses, took a few prisoners and sixteen baggage-waggons, without sustaining any injury. By such operations, our hero, in the course of the winter, captured nearly a thousand prisoners.

In the latter part of February General Washington advised General Putnam, that, in consequence of a large accession of strength from New-York to the British army at Brunswick, it was to be apprehended they would soon make a forward movement towards the Delaware: in which case the latter was directed to cross the river with his actual force, to assume the command of the militia who might assemble, to secure the boats on the west side of the Delaware, and to facilitate the passage of the rest of the army. But the enemy did not remove from their winter-quarters until the season arrived when green forage could be supplied. In the intermediate period, the correspondence on the part of General Putnam with the Commander in Chief consisted principally of reports and inquiries concerning the treatment of some of the following descriptions of persons: either of those who came within our lines with flags and pretended flags, or who had taken protection from the enemy, or who had been reputed disaffected to our cause, or who were designed to be comprehended in the American Proclamation, which required that those who had taken protections should give them to the nearest American officer, or go within the British lines. The letters of his Excellency in return, generally advisory, were indicative of confidence and approbation.

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[*] *Extract of a letter from General* PUTNAM *to the Council of Safety of Pennsylvania, dated at Princeton, February* 18, 1777.

"Yesterday evening Colonel Nelson, with a hundred and fifty men, "at Lawrence's Neck, attacked sixty men of Cortlandt Skinner's Bri-"gade, commanded by the enemy's RENOWNED LAND PILOT *Major* "*Richard Stockton*, routed them, and took the whole prisoners—among "them the Major, a Captain and three subalterns, with seventy stand of "arms. *Fifty of the Bedford Pennsylvania Riflemen behaved like veterans.*"

When the spring had now so far advanced that it was obvious the enemy would soon take the field, the Commander in Chief, after desiring General Putnam to give the officer who was to relieve him at Princeton, all the information necessary for the conduct of that post, appointed that General to the command of a separate army in the Highlands of New-York.

It is scarcely decided, from any documents yet published, whether the preposterous plans prosecuted by the British Generals in the campaign of 1777, were altogether the result of their orders from home, or whether they partially originated from the contingencies of the moment. The system which, at the time, tended to puzzle all human conjecture, when developed, served also to contradict all reasonable calculation. Certain it is, the American Commander in Chief was, for a considerable time, so perplexed with contradictory appearances, that he knew not how to distribute his troops, with his usual discernment, so as to oppose the enemy with equal prospect of success in different parts. The gathering tempests menaced the northern frontiers, the posts in the Highlands, and the city of Philadelphia; but it was still doubtful where the fury of the storm would fall. At one time Sir William Howe was forcing his way by land to Philadelphia; at another, relinquishing the Jerseys; at a third, facing round to make a sudden inroad; then embarking with all the forces that could be spared from New-York; and then putting out to sea, at the very moment when General Burgoyne had reduced Ticonderoga, and seemed to require a co-operation in another quarter.

On our side, we have seen that the old Continental army expired with the year 1776; since which, invention had been tortured with expedients, and zeal with efforts to levy another: for on the success of the recruiting service depended the salvation of the country. The success was such as not to puff us up to presumption, or depress us to despair. The army in the Jerseys, under the orders of the General in Chief, consisted of all the troops raised south of the Hudson; that in the northern department, of the New-Hampshire brigade, two brigades of Massachusetts, and the brigade of New-York, together with some irregular corps; and that in the Highlands, of the remaining two brigades of Massachusetts, the Connecticut line, consisting of two brigades, the brigade of Rhode-Island, and one regiment of New-York. Upon hearing of the loss of Ticonderoga, and the progress of the British towards Albany, General Washington ordered the northern army to be reinforced with the two brigades of Massachusetts, then in the Highlands; and, upon finding the army under his immediate command out-numbered by that of Sir William Howe, which had, by the circuitous route of the Chesapeak, invaded Pennsylvania, he also called from the Highlands one of the Connecticut brigades, and that of Rhode-Island, to his own assistance.

In the neighbourhood of General Putnam there was no enemy capable of exciting alarms. The army left at New-York seemed only designed for its defence. In it were several entire corps, composed of tories, who had flocked to the British standard. There was, besides, a band of lurking miscreants, not properly enrolled, who staid chiefly at West-Chester; from whence they infested the country between the two armies, pillaged the cattle, and carried off the peaceable inhabitants. It was an unworthy policy in British generals to patronize banditti. The whig inhabitants on the edge of our lines, and still lower down, who had been plundered in a merciless manner, delayed not to strip the tories in return. People most nearly connected and allied frequently became most exasperated and inveterate in malice. Then the ties of fellowship were broken—then friendship itself being soured to enmity, the mind readily gave way to private revenge, uncontrouled retaliation, and all the deforming passions that disgrace humanity. Enormities, almost without a name, were perpetrated, at the description of which, the bosom, not frozen to apathy, must glow with a mixture of pity and indignation. To prevent the predatory incursions from below, and to cover the county of West-Chester, General Putnam detached from his Head-Quarters, at Peek's-Kill, Meigs's regiment, which, in the course of the campaign, struck several partizan strokes, and achieved the objects for which it was sent. He likewise took measures, without noise or ostentation, to secure himself from being surprised and carried within the British lines by the tories, who had formed a plan for the purpose. The information of this intended enterprise, conveyed to him through several channels, was corroborated by that obtained and transmitted by the Commander in Chief.

It was not wonderful, that many of these tories were able, undiscovered, to penetrate far into the country, and even to go with letters or messages from one British army to another. The inhabitants who were well affected to the royal cause, afforded them every possible support, and their own knowledge of the different routes gave them a farther felicity in performing their peregrinations. Sometimes the most active loyalists, as the tories wished to denominate themselves, who had gone into the British posts, and received promises of commissions upon enlisting a certain number of soldiers, came back again secretly with recruiting instructions. Sometimes these, and others who came from the enemy within the verge of our camps, were detected and condemned to death, in conformity to the usages of war. But the British generals, who had an unlimited supply of money at their command, were able to pay with so much liberality, that emissaries could always be found. Still, it is thought that the intelligence of the American Commanders was, at least, equally accurate; notwithstanding the poverty of their military chest, and the inability of rewarding mercenary agents, for secret services, in proportion to their risk and merit.

A person, by the name of Palmer, who was a lieutenant in the tory new levies, was detected in the camp at Peek's-Kill. Governor Tryon, who commanded the new levies, reclaimed him as a British officer, represented the heinous crime of condemning a man commissioned by his Majesty, and threatened vengeance in case he should be executed. General Putnam wrote the following pithy reply.

"Sir,

"Nathan Palmer, a lieutenant in your King's service, was taken "in my camp as a *Spy*—he was tried as a *Spy*—he was con-"demned as a *Spy*—and you may rest assured, Sir, he shall be "hanged as a *Spy*.

"I have the honour to be, &c.

"ISRAEL PUTNAM.

"*His Excellency Governor Tryon.*

"P. S. Afternoon. He is hanged."

Important transactions soon occurred. Not long after the two brigades had marched from Peek's-Kill to Pennsylvania, a reinforcement arrived at New-York from Europe. Appearances indicated that offensive operations would follow. General Putnam having been reduced in force to a single brigade in the field, and a single regiment in garrison at Fort Montgomery, repeatedly informed the Commander in Chief, that the posts committed to his charge must, in all probability, be lost, in case an attempt should be made upon them; and that, circumstanced as he was, he could not be responsible for the consequences. His situation was certainly to be lamented; but it was not in the power of the Commander in Chief to alter it, except by authorising him to call upon the militia for aid—an aid always precarious, and often so tardy, as, when obtained, to be of no utility.

On the fifth of October Sir Henry Clinton came up the North-River with three thousand men. After making many feints to mislead the attention, he landed, the next morning, at Stony-Point, and commenced his march over the mountains to Fort Montgomery. Governor Clinton, an active, resolute, and intelligent officer, who commanded the garrison, upon being apprised of the movement, dispatched a letter, by express, to General Putnam for succour. By the treachery of the messenger, the letter miscarried. General Putnam, astonished at hearing nothing respecting the enemy, rode, with General Parsons, and Colonel Root, his Adjutant-General, to reconnoitre them at King's Ferry. In the meantime, at five o'clock in the afternoon, Sir Henry Clinton's columns, having surmounted the obstacles and barriers of nature, descended from the Thunder-Hill, through thickets impassible but for light troops, and * attacked the different redoubts. The garrison, inspired by the conduct of their leaders, defended the works with distinguished valour. But, as the post had been designed principally to prevent the passing of ships, and as an assault in rear had not been expected, the works on the land side were incomplete and untenable. In the dusk of twilight, the British entered with their bayonets fixed. Their loss was inconsiderable. Nor was that of the garrison great. Governor Clinton, his bro-

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* The author of these Memoirs, then Major of Brigade to the first Connecticut brigade, was alone at Head-Quarters when the firing began. He hastened to Colonel Wyllys, the senior officer in camp, and advised him to dispatch all the men not on duty to Fort Montgomery, without waiting for orders. About five hundred men marched instantly under Colonel Meigs; and the author, with Dr. Beardsley, a surgeon in the brigade, rode, at full speed, through a bye-path, to let the garrison know, that a reinforcement was on its march. Notwithstanding all the haste these officers made to and over the river, the fort was so completely invested on their arrival, that it was impossible to enter. They went on board the new frigate which lay near the fortress,.and had the misfortune to be idle, though not unconcerned spectators of the storm. They saw the minutest actions distinctly when the works were carried. The frigate, after receiving several platoons, slipped her cable, and proceeded a little way up the river; but the wind and tide becoming adverse, the crew set her on fire, to prevent her falling into the hands of the enemy, whose ships were approaching. The louring darkness of the night, the profound stillness that reigned, the interrupted flashes of the flames that illuminated the waters, the long shadows of the cliffs that now and then were seen, the explosion of the cannon which were left loaded in the ship, and the reverberating echo which resounded, at intervals, between the stupendous mountains on both sides of the river, composed an awful night-piece for persons prepared by the preceding scene, to contemplate subjects of horrid sublimity.

ther General James Clinton, Colonel Dubois, and most of the officers and men effected their escape under cover of the thick smoke and darkness that suddenly prevailed. The capture of this fort by Sir Henry Clinton, together with the consequent removal of the chains and booms that obstructed the navigation, opened a passage to Albany, and seemed to favour a junction of his force with that of General Burgoyne. But the latter having been compelled to capitulate a few days after this event, and great numbers of militia having arrived from New-England, the successful army returned to New-York; yet not before a detachment from it, under the orders of General Vaughan, had burnt the defenceless town of Esopus, and several scattering buildings on the banks of the river.

Notwithstanding the army in the Highlands had been so much weakened, for the sake of strengthening the armies in other quarters, as to have occasioned the loss of Fort Montgomery, yet that loss was productive of no consequences. Our main army in Pennsylvania, after having contended with superior force in two indecisive battles, still held the enemy in check; while the splendid success which attended our arms at the northward, gave a more favourable aspect to the American affairs, at the close of this campaign, than they had ever before assumed.

When the enemy fell back to New-York by water, we followed them a part of the way by land. Colonel Meigs, with a detachment from the several regiments in General Parsons's brigade, having made a forced march from Crompond to West-Chester, surprised and broke up for a time the band of freebooters, of whom he brought off fifty, together with many cattle and horses which they had recently stolen.

Soon after this enterprise General Putnam advanced towards the British lines. As he had received intelligence that small bodies of the enemy were out, with orders from Governor Tryon to burn Wright's mills, he prevented it by detaching three parties, of one hundred men in each. One of these parties fell in with and captured thirty-five, and another forty of the new levies. But as he could not prevent a third hostile party from burning the house of Mr. Van Tassel, a noted whig and a committee-man, who was forced to go along with them, naked and barefoot, on the icy ground, in a freezing night, he, for the professed purpose of retaliation, sent Captain Buchanan, in a whale-boat, to burn the house of General Oliver Delancey on York Island. Buchanan effected his object, and by this expedition put a period, for the present, to that unmeaning and wanton species of destruction.

While General Putnam quartered at New-Rochel, a scouting party, which had been sent to West-Farms, below West-Chester, surrounded the house in which Colonel James Delancey lodged, and, notwithstanding he crept under the bed the better to be concealed, brought him to Head-Quarters before morning. This officer was exchanged by the British General without delay, and placed at the head of the cow-boys, a licentious corps of irregulars, who, in the sequel, committed unheard-of depredations and excesses.

It was distressing to see so beautiful a part of the country so barbarously wasted, and often to witness some peculiar scene of female misery: for most of the female inhabitants had been obliged to fly within the lines possessed by one army or the other. Near our quarters was an affecting instance of human vicissitude. Mr. William Sutton, of Maroneck, an inoffensive man, a merchant by profession, who lived in a decent fashion, and whose family had as happy prospects as almost any in the country, upon some imputation of toryism, went to the enemy. His wife, oppressed with grief in the disagreeable state of dereliction, did not long survive. Betsey Sutton, their eldest daughter, was a modest and lovely young woman, of about fifteen years old, when, at the death of her mother, the care of five or six younger children devolved upon her. She was discreet and provident beyond her years; but when we saw her, she looked to be feeble in health—broken in spirit—wan, melancholy, and dejected. She said "that "their last cow, which furnished milk for the children, had lately "been taken away—that they had frequently been plundered of "their wearing apparel and furniture, she believed by both par- "ties—that they had little more to lose—and that she knew not "where to procure bread for the dear little ones, who had no "father to provide for them"—*no mother*—she was going to have said—but a torrent of tears choaked articulation. In coming to that part of the country again, after some campaigns had elapsed, I found the habitation desolate, and the garden overgrown with weeds. Upon inquiry, I learnt, that as soon as we left the place, some ruffians broke into the house while she lay in bed, in the latter part of the night; and that, having been terrified by their rudeness, she ran, half-naked, into a neighbouring swamp, where she continued until the morning—there the poor girl caught a violent cold, which ended in a consumption. It finished a life without a spot—and a career of sufferings commenced and continued without a fault.

Sights of wretchedness always touched with commiseration the feelings of General Putnam, and prompted his generous soul to succour the afflicted. But the indulgence which he showed, whenever it did not militate against his duty, towards the deserted and suffering families of the tories in the State of New-York, was the cause of his becoming unpopular with no inconsiderable class of people in that State. On the other side, he had conceived an unconquerable aversion to many of the persons who were entrusted with the disposal of tory-property, because he believed them to have been guilty of peculations and other infamous practices. But although the enmity between him and the sequestrators was acrimonious as mutual, yet he lived in habits of amity with the most respectable characters in public departments, as well as in private life.

His character was also respected by the enemy. He had been acquainted with many of the principal officers in a former war. As flags frequently passed between the out-posts, during his continuance on the lines, it was a common practice to forward newspapers by them; and as those printed by Rivington, the royal printer in New-York, were infamous for the falsehoods with which they abounded, General Putnam once sent a packet to his old friend General Robertson, with this billet: "Major-General Putnam "presents his compliments to Major-General Robertson, and "sends him some American newspapers for his perusal—when "General Robertson shall have done with them, it is requested "they be given to Rivington, in order that he may print some "truth."

Late in the year we left the lines and repaired to the Highlands; for upon the loss of Fort Montgomery, the Commander in Chief determined to build another fortification for the defence of the river. His Excellency, accordingly, wrote to General Putnam to fix upon the spot. After reconnoitering all the different places proposed, and revolving in his own mind their relative advantages for offence on the water and defence on the land, he fixed upon WEST-POINT. It is no vulgar praise to say, that to him belongs the glory of having chosen this rock of our military salvation. The position for water-batteries, which might sweep the channel where the river formed a right angle, made it the most proper of any for commanding the navigation; while the rocky ridges that rose in awful sublimity behind each other, rendered it impregnable, and even incapable of being invested by less than twenty thousand men. The British, who considered this post as a sort of American Gibraltar, never attempted it but by the treachery of an American officer. All the world knows that this project failed, and that West-Point continues to be the receptacle of every thing valuable in military preparations to the present day.

In the month of January, 1778, when a snow, two feet deep, lay on the earth, General Parsons's brigade went to West-Point and broke ground. Want of covering for the troops, together with want of tools and materials for the works, made the prospect truly gloomy and discouraging. It was necessary that means should be found, though our currency was depreciated and our treasury exhausted. The estimates and requisitions of Colonel la Radiere, the engineer who laid out the works, altogether disproportioned to our circumstances, served only to put us in mind of our poverty, and, as it were, to satirize our resources. His petulant behaviour and unaccommodating disposition added further embarrassments. It was then that the patriotism of Governor Clinton shone in full lustre. His exertions to furnish supplies can never be too much commended. His influence, arising from his popularity, was unlimited: yet he hesitated not to put all his popularity at risk, whenever the federal interests demanded. Notwithstanding the impediments that opposed our progress, with his aid, before the opening of the campaign, the works were in great forwardness.

According to a resolution of Congress, an inquiry was to be made into the causes of military disasters. Major-General M'Dougall, Brigadier-General Huntington, and Colonel Wigglesworth composed the Court of Inquiry on the loss of Fort Montgomery. Upon full knowledge and mature deliberation of facts on the spot, they reported the loss to have been occasioned by want of men, and not by any fault in the Commanders.

General Putnam, who during the investigation was relieved from duty, as soon as Congress had approved the report, took command of the right wing of the grand army, under the orders of the General in Chief. This was just after the battle of Monmouth, when the three armies which had last year acted separately, joined at the White-Plains. Our effective force, in one camp, was at no other time so respectable as at this juncture. The army consisted of sixty regular regiments of foot, formed into fifteen brigades, four battalions of artillery, four regiments of horse, and several corps of State troops. But as the enemy kept close within their lines on York Island, nothing could be attempted. Towards the end of autumn we broke up the camp, and went first to Fredericksburgh, and thence to winter-quarters.

In order to cover the country adjoining to the *Sound*, and to support the garrison of *West-Point*, in case of an attack, Major-General Putnam was stationed for the winter at Reading, in Connecticut. He had under his orders the brigade of New-Hampshire, the two brigades of Connecticut, the corps of infantry commanded by Hazen, and that of cavalry by Sheldon.

The troops, who had been badly fed, badly cloathed, and worse paid, by brooding over their grievances in the leisure and inactivity of winter-quarters, began to think them intolerable. The Connecticut brigades formed the design of marching to Hartford, where the General Assembly was then in session, and of demanding redress at the point of the bayonet. Word having been brought to General Putnam, that the second brigade was under arms for this purpose, he mounted his horse, gallopped to the cantonment, and thus addressed them: " My brave lads, whither are " you going? Do you intend to desert your officers, and to invite " the enemy to follow you into the country? Whose cause have " you been fighting and suffering so long in—is it not your own? " Have you no property, no parents, wives or children? You " have behaved like men so far—all the world is full of your " praises—and posterity will stand astonished at your deeds: but " not if you spoil all at last. Don't you consider how much the " country is distressed by the war, and that your officers have not " been any better paid than yourselves? But we all expect better " times, and that the country will do us ample justice. Let us all " stand by one another, then, and fight it out like brave soldiers. " Think what a shame it would be for Connecticut men to run " away from their officers." After the several regiments had received the General as he rode along the line *with drums beating, and presented arms*, the sergeants who had then the command, brought the men *to an order*, in which position they continued while he was speaking. When he had done, he directed the acting Major of Brigade to give the word for them to shoulder, march to their regimental parades, and lodge arms; all which they executed with promptitude and apparent good humour. One soldier only, who had been the most active, was confined in the quarter-guard; from whence, at night, he attempted to make his escape. But the sentinel, who had also been in the mutiny, shot him dead on the spot, and thus the affair subsided.

About the middle of winter, while General Putnam was on a visit to his out-post at Horse-Neck, he found Governor Tryon advancing upon that town with a corps of fifteen hundred men. To oppose these General Putnam had only a picquet of one hundred and fifty men, and two iron field-pieces, without horses or drag-ropes. He, however, planted his cannon on the high ground, by the meeting-house, and retarded their approach by firing several times, until, perceiving the horse (supported by the infantry) about to charge, he ordered the picquet to provide for their safety, by retiring to a swamp inaccessible to horse, and secured his own, by plunging down the steep precipice at the church upon a full trot.

This precipice is so steep, where he descended, as to have artificial stairs, composed of nearly one hundred stone steps, for the accommodation of foot passengers. There the Dragoons, who were but a sword's length from him, stopped short; for the declivity was so abrupt, that they ventured not to follow; and, before they could gain the valley, by going round the brow of the hill in the ordinary road, he was far enough beyond their reach. He continued his route, unmolested, to Stanford; from whence, having strengthened his picquet by the junction of some militia, he came back again, and, in turn, pursued Governor Tryon in his retreat. As he rode down the precipice, one ball, of the many fired at him, went through his beaver: But Governor Tryon, by way of compensation for spoiling his hat, sent him, soon afterwards, as a present, a complete suit of clothes.

In the campaign of 1779, which terminated the career of General Putnam's services, he commanded the Maryland line, posted at Butter-milk falls, about two miles below West-Point. He was happy in possessing the friendship of the officers of that line, and in living on terms of hospitality with them. Indeed, there was no family in the army that lived better than his own. The General, his second son Major Daniel Putnam, and the writer of these memoirs, composed that family. This campaign, principally spent in strengthening the works of West-Point, was only signalised for the storm of Stony-Point by the light-infantry under the conduct of General Wayne, and the surprise of the post of Powles-Hook by the corps under the command of Colonel Henry Lee. When the army quitted the field, and marched to Morris-Town, into winter-quarters, General Putnam's family went into Connecticut for a few weeks. In December the General began his journey to Morris-Town. Upon the road between Pomfret and Hartford he felt an unusual torpor slowly pervading his right hand and foot. This heaviness crept gradually on, and until it had deprived him of the use of his limbs on that side, in a considerable degree, before he reached the house of his friend Colonel Wadsworth. Still he was unwilling to consider his disorder of the paralytic kind, and endeavoured to shake it off by exertion. Having found that impossible, a temporary dejection, disguised, however, under a veil of assumed cheerfulness, succeeded. But reason, philosophy, and religion, soon reconciled him to his fate. In that situation he has constantly remained, favoured with such a portion of bodily activity as enables him to walk and to ride moderately; and retaining, unimpaired, his relish for enjoyment, his love of pleasantry, his strength of memory, and all the faculties of his mind. As a proof that the powers of memory are not weakened, it ought to be observed, that he has lately repeated, from recollection, all the adventures of his life, which are here recorded, and which had formerly been communicated to the compiler in detached conversations.

In patient, yet fearless expectation of the approach of THE KING OF TERRORS, whom he hath full often faced in the field of blood, the Christian hero now enjoys, in domestic retirement, the fruit of his early industry. Having in youth provided a competent subsistence for old age, he was secured from the danger of penury and distress, to which so many officers and soldiers, worn out in the public service, have been reduced. To illustrate his merits the more fully, this Essay will be concluded with a copy of the last letter written to him, by General Washington, in his military character.

" *Head-Quarters*, *2d June*, 1783.

" DEAR SIR,

" Your favour of the 20th of May I received with much pleasure. For I can assure you that among the many worthy and meritorious officers with whom I have had the happiness to be connected in service through the course of this war, and from whose cheerful assistance in the various and trying vicissitudes of a complicated contest, *the name of a* PUTNAM *is not forgotten;* nor will be but with that stroke of time which shall obliterate from my mind the remembrance of all those toils and fatigues through which we have struggled for the preservation and establishment of the *Rights*, *Liberties*, and *Independence* of our *Country*.

" Your congratulations on the happy prospects of peace and independent security, with their attendant blessings to the UNITED STATES, I receive with great satisfaction; and beg that you will accept a return of my gratulations to you on this auspicious event—an event, in which, great as it is in itself, and glorious as it will probably be in its consequences, you have a right to participate largely, from the distinguished part you have contributed towards its attainment.

" But while I contemplate the greatness of the object for which we have contended, and felicitate you on the happy issue of our toils and labours, which have terminated with such general satisfaction, I lament that you should feel the ungrateful returns of a country, in whose service you have exhausted your bodily strength, and expended the vigour of a youthful constitution. I wish, however, that your expectations of returning liberality may be verified. I have a hope they may—but should they not, your case will not be a singular one. *Ingratitude has been* "*experienced in all ages*, and REPUBLICS, *in particular, have* "*ever been famed for the exercise of that unnatural and* SOR-"DID VICE.

"The SECRETARY AT WAR, who is now here, informs me "that you have ever been considered as entitled to full pay since "your absence from the field, and that you will still be considered "in that light until the close of the war; at which period you will "be equally entitled to the same emoluments of half-pay or commutation as other officers of your rank. The same opinion is "also given by the Pay-Master-General, who is now with the "army, impowered by Mr. Morris for the settlement of all their "accounts, and who will attend to your's whenever you shall think "proper to send on for the purpose, which it will probably be "best for you to do in a short time.

"I anticipate, with pleasure, the day, and that, I trust, not "far off, when I shall quit the busy scenes of a military employment, and retire to the more tranquil walks of domestic life. "In that, or whatever other situation Providence may dispose of "my future days, THE REMEMBRANCE OF THE MANY FRIENDSHIPS AND CONNECTIONS I HAVE HAD THE HAPPINESS TO "CONTRACT WITH THE GENTLEMEN OF THE ARMY, WILL "BE ONE OF MY MOST GRATEFUL REFLECTIONS. *Under this* "*contemplation, and impressed with the sentiments of benevolence and regard, I commend you, my dear Sir, my other* "*friends, and with them, the interests and happiness of our dear* "*country, to the* KEEPING AND PROTECTION OF ALMIGHTY "GOD.

"I have the honour to be, &c.

"GEORGE WASHINGTON.

"*To the Honourable Major-General* PUTNAM."

GENERAL PUTNAM died the 29th of May, 1790.

AN

ORATION

ON THE

POLITICAL SITUATION

OF THE

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

IN THE YEAR 1789.

Pronounced before the State Society of the Cincinnati of Connecticut,
at New-Haven, in Celebration of the thirteenth
Anniversary of Independence.

PUBLISHED AT THE REQUEST OF THE SOCIETY.

AN

ORATION, &c.

SINCE the last Anniversary of Independence, my dear fellow-citizens, we have been witnesses to the complete establishment of a new general government. On an event of such magnitude, the voice of congratulation has already been heard from one extreme of our land to the other. But as our felicitations can never be more grateful than at the time when we are convened to commemorate the birth of our nation, it may, perhaps, be expected, from the task I am called upon to perform this day, that I should be the organ for expressing the part we bear in this universal joy. I feel a confidence, from the sensations of my own heart, that every bosom in this assembly beats high at the thought of our country's happiness. Even the ardent eyes and the animated countenances of all who compose it, attest how sincerely they rejoice in the prospect before them. But, in the midst of our rejoicings, we ought to remember, that no occasion can be more suitable than the present for employing our reflections on our political situation. I will therefore hope for your indulgence, while I make a few observations on the American revolution; on the necessity which afterwards appeared for establishing a general government of more energy than the original confederation; on the nature of the government which has lately been carried into effect; and on the national prosperity which we may reasonably expect will result from the faithful administration of that government.

At the commencement of the late war with Great-Britain, when we thought ourselves justifiable in resisting to blood, it was known to those best acquainted with the different conditions of the combatants, and the probable cost of the prize in dispute, that the expense, in comparison with our circumstances as colonists, must be enormous—the struggle protracted, doubtful, and severe. It was known that the resources of Britain were almost inexhaustible, that her fleets covered the ocean, and that her troops had harvested laurels in every quarter of the globe. Not then organized as a nation, or known as a people on the earth, we had no preparations. Money, the nerve of war, was wanting. The sword was to be forged on the anvil of necessity; the treasury to be created from nothing. If we had a resource, unknown to our enemy, it was in the unconquerable resolution of our citizens, the conscious rectitude of our cause, and a confident trust that we should not be forsaken by heaven. The people willingly offered themselves to the battle; but the means of arming, clothing and subsisting them, as well as of providing the general implements of hostility, were only to be found in anticipations of our future wealth. Bills of credit were emitted; monies borrowed for the most pressing emergencies; and our men in the field unpaid for their services. At this time the magnanimous monarch of France reached a fostering hand to assist in rescuing us from ruin. In this manner, peace, attended with every circumstance that could gratify our reasonable desires, was at length obtained; but a load of debt was left upon us. The fluctuation of our paper currency, and the consequent frequency of speculation in it, had, in too many instances, occasioned vague ideas of property, produced licentious appetites, and corrupted the morals of men. To these immediate consequences of a fluctuating medium of commerce, may be joined a tide of circumstances, that flowed together from sources mostly opened during and after the war. The ravage of farms, the conflagration of towns, the diminution of agriculture, the extinction of trade, the embarrassment of some who were indebted to British merchants before the war, the privation in all, during its continuance, of many conveniences of life, the subsequent influx of merchandize, the tempting facility of procuring it without present payment, the growing taste for extravagance, and the habit, too soon acquired, of deferring or eluding satisfaction for just obligations, now began to overwhelm the continent with private distress, bankruptcy, and breach of faith.

From this period also our public affairs were seen to decline. I will ask your attention for a moment, while I speak of the unsatisfactory part of our old confederation, and the necessity that became apparant for instituting a different form of government. It is not a subject of wonder that the first project of a federal government, formed on the defective models of some foreign confederacies, in the midst of a war, before we had much experience in political affairs, and while, from the concurrence of external danger, and the patriotic impulse of the moment, implicit obedience was yielded to the requisitions of an advisory council, should have been imperfect. Our astonishment ought rather to be excited, that, feeble and inefficient as the government was, it not only carried us in safety through the war, but kept us from severance until another could be substituted. By the original confederation, the right to make demands on the several States for such pecuniary supplies as might be necessary for defraying the expenses of the war, and for supporting the government of the union, together with some other specific prerogatives of sovereignty, were committed to Congress. But Congress, constituted in most respects as a diplomatic body, possessed no power of carrying into execution a single resolution, however urgently dictated by prudence, policy or justice. The individual communities, knowing there existed no power of coercion, treated with neglect, whenever it suited their convenience or caprice, the most salutary measures and the most indispensable requisitions of Congress. Experience taught us, that the powers given by the members of the union to their federal head, were not sufficient to enable it to accomplish the purposes for which the body politic had been formed. We now touched on the hour of humiliation. The confederacy was found to be a government in name rather than in reality. Hence the interest due on our public debts remained unpaid. Hence many a veteran was reduced to unmerited distress. Hence we were continually liable, on our own part, to have infractions made upon treaties, which were equally honourable, advantageous and sacred. Hence we were in danger of having our faith become as proverbial as that of Carthage, and our name the scorn of the earth. Hence there was a nation, which, in some measure, excluded our vessels from its ports, burdened our commerce with intolerable impositions, introduced its ships into our carrying trade, and, because we were destitute of a retaliating power, refused to enter into a commercial treaty with us. With a debt accumulating from the necessity of obtaining repeated loans; with a credit much impaired for the want of punctuality, and apprehension of national bankruptcy; with cries for justice from the widow, the fatherless, and the soldier worn out in his country's defence, ascending to that Being who hath purer eyes than to behold iniquity with impunity, who is a God of vengeance, as well as a God of justice—whither could we turn for succour? where could we fly for refuge?

The veil that concealed this melancholy and afflicting picture was at last withdrawn. The wise and the good stood astonished at the sight; none but the ignorant or the wicked rested unconcerned. Even fearfulness seized, in many instances, upon those well-meaning politicians whose security had been produced by the scantiness of their information, and the confinement of their views to the local advantages of the States to which they belonged. Then it was that men, better informed and more conversant in civil affairs, began to dread that a free, yet efficient government, the object which animated in life, and soothed in death, those heroes who had sealed their principles with their blood, must still be lost: that the prospect of national happiness, which invigorated our arms and cheered our hearts through the perilous struggle for independence, must vanish for ever from our view: and that the hope of establishing the empire of reason, justice, philosophy, and religion, throughout the extensive regions of the new world, would be considered but the illusion of a heated imagination. And what could be more mortifying to every true patriot, than to perceive our countrymen ready to rush headlong on their ruin—ready to destroy the asylum which was just offered for suffering humanity—ready to verify the predictions of our foes, that our independence would prove a curse to its votaries—and, by frustrating the fairest opportunity ever afforded for a people to become great and happy in the enjoyment of freedom, to confirm the detestable doctrine, that mankind, unequal to the task of governing themselves, were made for a state of slavery?—Thus our old confederation seemed passing away. Our day of political probation appeared expiring. The *Republic* was about to assume, if I may be allowed the expression, a renovated body, prepared for a more permanent state of existence in bliss or woe. Life and death were in our option. The first was involved in UNION under a good general government—the last in SEPARATION into a number of miserable fragments of empire. So long as strength must be deemed preferable to weakness, harmony to confusion, peace to war, happiness to misery, and independence to subjugation, the American people, who will always judge right when they shall have the means of information, could not hesitate to prefer the former. Nor is it unworthy of remark, that, amidst the variety of opinions which prevailed respecting the system of government proper to be adopted, no man was found so hardy as to outrage the feelings of his countrymen, by openly advocating counsels of disunion. And may we not, uninfluenced by superstition, believe that heaven infused the idea into our legislatures, to convoke a national assembly, at this interesting and awful crisis!

The result is so well known, that I forbear to dilate upon it. Happily the spirit of accommodation, that influenced the Convention, has been diffused among their countrymen. The adoption of the government by so many communities, distinct in their views and interests, will be an immortal memorial of victory gained by enlightened reason over brutal force. Can we contemplate a whole people, like a nation of philosophers, discussing and agreeing on a form of government: can we contemplate a work so vast in its import, and so wonderfully effected—not by violence and bloodshed, but by deliberation and consent—without exclaiming in rapturous admiration, behold a new thing under the sun! and without uttering in grateful adoration, lo, this is indeed the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes!

Without presuming to trespass on your patience so far as to attempt to analize the Constitution, or to demonstrate its merits by logical deductions, I may, perhaps, be permitted just to observe, that it appears to be, in its formation, a government of the people, that is to say, a government in which all power is derived from, and, at stated periods, reverts to them—and that, in its operation, it is a government of laws made and executed by the fair substitutes of the people alone. The election of the different branches of Congress by the freemen, either directly or indirectly, is the pivot on which turns the first wheel of government—a wheel which communicates motion to the whole machine: at the same time, the exercise of this right of election seems to be so regulated, as to afford less opportunity for corruption and influence, and more for stability and volition, than has usually been incident to popular governments. Nor could the members of Congress exempt themselves from the consequences of any unjust or tyrannical acts which they might impose upon others: for, in a short time, they will mingle with the mass of the people. Their interests must therefore be the same, and their feelings in sympathy with those of their constituents. Besides, their re-election must always depend upon the good reputation which they shall have maintained in the judgment of their fellow citizens. Hence we may be induced to conclude, that this government is less obnoxious to well-founded objections than most which have existed in the world. And in that opinion we may be confirmed on three accounts: *First*, because every government ought to be possessed of powers adequate to the purposes for which it was instituted; *secondly*, because no other, or greater powers, appear to be delegated to this government, than are essential to attain the objects for which it was instituted, to wit, the safety and happiness of the governed; and, *thirdly*, because it is clear, that no government, before introduced among mankind, ever contained so many checks, or such efficacious restraints, to prevent it from degenerating into any species of oppression. It is unnecessary to be insisted upon, because it is well understood, that the impotence of Congress under the former confederation, and the inexpediency of trusting sufficiently ample prerogatives to a single body, gave birth to the different branches which constitute the present general government. Convinced that the balances, arising from the distribution of the Legislative, Executive, and Judicial powers in this government, are the best which have hitherto been instituted, I presume not to assert that better may not still be devised. To avoid a wanton levity of innovation on the one hand, and an unalterable practice of error on the other, are points in policy equally desirable, though, I believe, a constitutional power to effect them never before existed. Whether the mode which is pointed out in this Constitution, for procuring amendments, be not the wisest, and apparently the happiest expedient that ever has been suggested by human prudence, I leave every unprejudiced mind to determine. If, in the mean time, it was a given point, that the late federal government could not have existed much longer; if, without some speedy remedy, a dissolution of the union must have ensued; if, without adhering to the union, we could have no security against falling a prey to foreign invasion or domestic usurpation; if upon our adherence to the union depended the protection of our property at home, and the profits of our commerce abroad; if the almost unanimous agreement of the federal Convention upon this plan of government, under the local prejudices and various expectations of the States, could be deemed little short of miraculous; if there was an easy provision made for the correction of such errors as should be found, from the imbecility of human nature, to have insinuated themselves into it; and if, upon a rejection previous to amendments, there did not appear any probability that the same system could be soon enough amended, or any other substituted in its place by another Convention—surely no State* ought to have rejected it without pondering well on the consequences: because, anarchy and civil war, with an eventual government of chance or force, appeared but too probable consequences of a general rejection.

Under such circumstances it was doubtless the part of wisdom to adopt the Constitution. I pretend to no unusual foresight into futurity, and therefore cannot undertake to decide what may be its ultimate fate. If a promised good should terminate in an unexpected evil, it would not be a solitary example of disappointment. If the blessings of heaven, showered thick around us, should be spilled on the ground, or converted to curses through the fault of those for whose use they were proffered, it would not be the first instance of folly or perverseness in short-sighted mortals. The blessed religion, revealed in the word of God, will remain an eternal and awful monument to prove, that the best institutions may be abused by human depravity; and that they may even, in some instances, be made subservient to the vilest of purposes. Should, hereafter, those who are intrusted with the management of this government, incited by the lust of domination, and prompted by the supineness or venality of their constituents, break down the barriers of this Constitution, and trample on the prostrated rights of humanity, it will only serve to show that no compact among men, however provident in its construction, and sacred in its ratification, can be pronounced everlasting and inviolable; and, if I may so express myself, that no wall of words, that no mound of parchment, can be so formed as to stand against the sweeping torrent of boundless ambition on the one side, aided by the sapping current of corrupted morals on the other. But until the people of America shall have lost all virtue; until they shall have become totally insensible to the differences between liberty and slavery; until they shall have been reduced to such poverty of spirit as to be willing to sell that pre-eminent blessing of rational beings, the *birth-right of freedom;* in short, until they shall have been found incapable of governing themselves, and ripe for a master, these consequences, I should fondly hope, can never arrive.

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* At this time, the States of North-Carolina and Rhode-Island had not acceded to the general government.

I proceed now, in the order proposed, to treat of the head that was reserved for the conclusion of this discourse: I mean the national prosperity which we may reasonably expect will result from the faithful administration of this government. My chief design in mentioning a few circumstances eminently calculated to promote our happiness as a people, is to increase a disposition to make the best possible use of these circumstances. Can there be any pursuit more consonant to the dictates of reason and nature, than that whose object is the promotion of the happiness of our country? To embrace this object in its utmost limit, our imaginations must expand with the dimensions of a continent, and extend with the revolutions of futurity.

The preliminary observation, that a free government ought to be founded on the information and morals of the people, will here find its proper place. Happily our citizens are remarkably instructed by education, docile to duty, and ingenious for making improvements. More knowledge is, perhaps, at this moment diffused among them, than among any other people under heaven. The conduct and issue of the late war may be a criterion to decide, whether they are destitute of wisdom in the cabinet, or fortitude in the field. For investigation of the rights of man, for ingenuity in applying principles already discovered to works of mechanism, for inventions in useful arts, and for researches in several branches of philosophy, few have gone before them. Even for efforts of genius, in some of the finer arts, they are thought, by the best judges, scarcely to have been excelled in the present age. The world has applauded their public writings, for the good sense and manly diction by which they are distinguished. Yet it is not for us, who claim no more than to be upon a level with our fellow-men, to encourage one another in entertaining too high an opinion of ourselves. It is enough that we do not feel a degrading consciousness of belonging to that inferior class of mortals, in which some of the philosophers of Europe have had the presumption to place us. On the contrary, peculiar fields of nature and contemplation are peculiarly favourable to the expansion of the human powers. If we possess any grandeur of soul, any penetration of thought, any combination for project, the great scenes of nature with which we are surrounded, and the great political drama in which we are required to take a part, will call them into action. When we reflect upon our relative situation, we cannot consider ourselves as members of a petty community, or as beings acting for a fleeting moment. We are not, like many of the European States, limited to our present numbers. Though it should be the primary object of our rulers to promote the immediate felicity of a nation, as singular in its origin as new to political life; yet they cannot forget, that the happiness of countless millions, who are to draw their first breath in America, may depend, in a great degree, on the discipline, institutions, and examples of this generation. For certain it is, the population of our country must increase almost beyond the power of calculation. The stream of people, wave propelling wave, must, with the lapse of years, roll back to the Lake of the Woods. From our geographical position, it is not for kings and parliaments, with their assumed omnipotence, to stop those waves in their proper course. It is not for impolitic princes, vainly checking our commerce for momentary gain, to prevent us from becoming a commercial, a rich, and a powerful people. Had they really a design of accomplishing this, it would be adviseable to begin with annihilating our natural advantages, with drying up our innumerable navigable rivers, and with sterilizing the uncommon fertility of our soil.

The benign effects which, in all human probability, will be produced by the faithful administration of this government, must not be entirely passed in silence, though they can be but imperfectly noticed. Hitherto, for want of an efficient government, the felicities that were promised by our situation, and the advantages that were expected from our independence, have not equalled our hopes.

The harvest of blessings, sown in fields fattened with the blood of heroes, hath mocked our expectations. But under the present Constitution, being uncommonly protected in our persons and our acquisitions, we shall have uncommonly favourable opportunities for increasing and enjoying our natural resources. We have purchased wisdom by experience. Though mankind are believed to be averse to the coercions of government, yet no sooner had our countrymen felt the inconveniencies arising from the feebleness of our former confederation, than they seemed willing to invest a new Congress with a farther portion of their original rights, for the purpose of being more fully protected in the enjoyment of the remainder. Thus the dispositions of our countrymen have been gradually matured to receive an energetic government. Heaven be thanked that we have lived to see its wonders in our native land, not less in darkness and tempest than in sunshine and serenity! Now the clouds that obscured our political horizon are bursting away. The dawn of happiness begins to appear. We cannot refrain from experiencing the consolatory joys of futurity, in contemplating the immense deserts, yet untrodden by the foot of man, soon to become fair as the garden of God, soon to be animated by the activity of multitudes, and soon to be made vocal with the praises of the MOST HIGH. Can it be imagined that so many peculiar advantages of soil and of climate, for agriculture, for navigation, and eventually for manufactures, were lavished in vain—or that this vast continent was not created and reserved so long undiscovered, as a theatre for those glorious displays of Divine power and goodness, the salutary consequences of which will flow to another hemisphere, and extend through the interminable series of ages! Should not our souls exult in the prospect?—Though we shall not survive to perceive, with these bodily senses, but a small portion of the blessed effects which our revolution will occasion in the rest of the world; yet we may enjoy the progress of human society, and human happiness, in anticipation. We may rejoice in a belief, that intellectual light will yet illuminate the dark corners of the earth; that freedom of inquiry will produce liberality of conduct; that mankind will reverse the absurd position, that the *many* were made for the *few;* and that they will not continue slaves in one quarter of the globe, when they can become freemen in another.

With such animating prospects before us; with a spirit of industry becoming every day more prevalent; with habits of economy, first prompted by necessity, now acquiring force from fashion; with dispositions that a reverence for public and private justice should form the basis of our national character; we only wanted a good government, well administered, to establish our happiness at home, and our respectability abroad. This is the time for fixing our national character and national manners. For this purpose, the integrity, the talents, and the examples of such an assemblage of illustrious personages as those who are now employed in the general government, were highly requisite. Notwithstanding the unanimous suffrage of our countrymen in favour of the Supreme Magistrate supersedes the propriety of my mentioning the circumstances of his coming again into public life, the sentiments entertained of his character, and the benefits expected from his administration; yet I may be allowed to say, that no selection of sages, in this or any other country, ever merited the confidence of their fellow-citizens more than the members of the present Congress. If then the body of worthy citizens will co-operate with the general and state governments, in endeavours to promote the public felicity; if the ministers of religion will exert themselves in their holy functions to disseminate peace and good-will among men; if the executive officers of government will not bear the sword of justice in vain, but be a terror to evil doers and a praise to such as shall do well; we may congratulate ourselves upon having lived at so important a period, and seen the establishment of a government calculated to promote the permanent prosperity and glory of our nation.

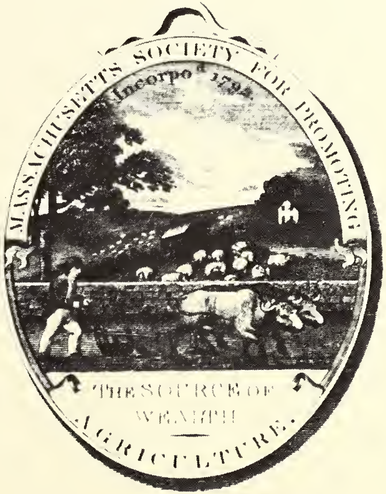
DISSERTATION

ON THE

BREED OF SPANISH SHEEP

CALLED

MERINO.


MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING
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THE SOURCE OF
WEALTH
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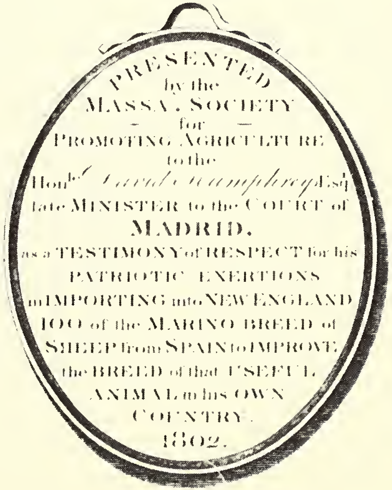
PRESENTED
by the
MASSA. SOCIETY
for
PROMOTING AGRICULTURE
to the
Hon^{ble} David Humphreys Esq^{r}
late MINISTER to the COURT of
MADRID.
as a TESTIMONY of RESPECT for his
PATRIOTIC EXERTIONS
in IMPORTING into NEW ENGLAND
100 of the MARINO BREED of
SHEEP from SPAIN to IMPROVE
the BREED of that USEFUL
ANIMAL in his OWN
COUNTRY.
1802.

DISSERTATION, &c.

Boston, August 25, 1802.

SIR,

I RECEIVE, with great satisfaction, the several publications of the Massachusetts Society for promoting Agriculture which have been presented to me; and notice, with due respect, the intimation that communications from me on the important subject of their institution would be highly acceptable to the Trustees. In consequence of this general invitation in writing, corroborated by your particular verbal request, I shall proceed to give you such an account of the breed of sheep which I brought with me from Europe to America as my recollection can furnish.

Many circumstances concurred to favour the importation, some of which may not be expected soon to unite again: the season was the best that could have been chosen for a safe and easy passage: the conclusion of a general peace rendered the transportation less exposed to embarrassments than it had been for several years; and the diminution of the freighting business made it less difficult than it otherwise would have been to engage a convenient vessel for transporting a greater number of sheep than probably ever before passed the Atlantic together. My acquaintance in the capitals of Spain and Portugal, as well as with the officers commanding on the frontiers, afforded me greater facilities for the extraction than any stranger could be supposed to possess.

The importance of meliorating the breed of sheep in our country, particularly in the article of wool, had been early and deeply impressed on my mind. In addition to the gradual process of improvement, by bestowing more care and attention on our native flocks, in feeding them well, and crossing the blood, obviously suggested by reason and experience, two modes occurred for hastening and insuring the attainment of that interesting object. The first, to introduce and propagate an entirely new race, if a more perfect one could be obtained: the second, to meliorate our stock, by producing a mixed progeny from our ordinary ewes, by rams of a better breed. Both might be tried at the same time; and various experiments in different countries encouraged me to hope that both would succeed. But before there could be sufficiently good reason for justifying the trouble and expense of transporting an adequate number across the western ocean, it was the part of wisdom to ascertain, first, whether the breed be superior, in intrinsic value, to those which already existed at the place of destination? and, in that case, secondly, whether the race contemplated to be introduced is likely, when propagated there, to retain all those qualities which constituted the original superiority of value? And here I founded my opinion in the affirmative of both questions, as applied to a particular kind of Spanish sheep, on the facts stated in some instances by respectable individuals, and in others by official reports.

In Spain two distinct species of sheep have existed for ages, the one named MERINOS, famous for their short and fine wool, peculiarly fit for carding; the other denominated CHURROS, distinguished for their long and coarse wool, more suitable for combing. The former are so precious as to be sought with eagerness by all who wish to meliorate the staple for woollen manufactory in any country of Europe; while the latter, though much larger in size, are in so little estimation as never to be procured for exportation. My statements and remarks will be confined to the MERINOS. The height of the male is about the same as that of the ordinary breed in this country; the head appears rather bigger and straighter; the ears are very small; the eyes remarkably bright; the horns curved in a spiral turn; the neck short; the chest broad; the members more compact and thick than those of our former breed of sheep; and the carcase is thought to have smaller bones, and to be more rounded in the hinder part; the body, face, and legs, are covered with a delicate fleece, which grows amazingly thick, without any mixture of coarser locks or hairs; the fleece is remarked to be much more impregnated than that of any other breed, with an oily substance, apparently exuded in perspiration. This animal is perfectly gentle, but quick, firm, and regular in all his movements. The female is considered, generally, as having the more characteristics of the pure blood, in proportion as she approximates to this description—yet the ewes are commonly destitute of horns, as is the case with those of my little flock. That flock, consisting of twenty-one rams and seventy ewes, has probably seldom, if ever, been surpassed by any extracted from the southern peninsula of Europe, for the fine, soft, silky, strong, supple, and elastic qualities of the wool. I send herewith a specimen in its natural state, for the sheep were sheared upon their arrival in this country, without having been washed.

A few well-attested facts will serve to show the value of this race. None of the superfine cloths made in England, France, and Holland can be fabricated without the mixture of a certain portion of this wool. The price is more than twice as high per pound as it is for ordinary kinds. I shall mention, in another place, the increased weight of the fleece, when this breed has been transferred from Spain to another country, upon the testimony of those concerned in their management. That the flesh is not less succulent or well-flavoured than the best English or American mutton, I have had frequent opportunities to decide for myself. It is understood that the Merinos are more easily maintained and fattened than the taller and larger breed—insomuch, that there are persons acquainted with both breeds, who calculate that two hundred of these small-boned and short-legged sheep may be kept in tolerably good condition, where twenty of the others would suffer for want. Such are some of the singularly useful properties which give a superior value to this species of sheep.

To establish a strong presumption in favour of the second point, namely, that the race then contemplated to be introduced into the United States was likely to preserve all those qualities which constituted the original superiority of value, I needed only refer to the propagation of a breed from the same stock, with fleeces augmented in quantity and undiminished in fineness, in Great-Britain, France, Holland, Switzerland, Germany, Denmark, and Sweden. In the most northern climate to which they have been carried, they have supported the cold perfectly well, and even without suffering any injury from having been, in some instances, buried for a time under the snow. At the national farm of Rambouillet, in France, they are reported, on good authority, to have not only resisted the unfavourable influence of a situation naturally too low and moist, but to have preserved their wool in all its original fineness, and to have increased the weight to an astonishing degree. Hence we perceive the unsatisfactory reasons assigned for the peculiar excellence of this breed, in the nature of the vegetables on which they feed, and the journies which the greater part of the flocks make twice a year in Spain. It is a fact confirmed by experience beyond contradiction, that the quality of the wool does not depend on the quality of the pastures in Spain, because the same pastures have maintained, from time immemorial, two different breeds, which have never assimilated; one remarkable for the shortness and fineness, the other for the length and coarseness of the wool. It is moreover equally well proved, that the quality does not depend on the journies which the greater part of the Merinos make annually, because there are other flocks of the same race which remain perpetually in the same district, whose fleeces are of the same consistency precisely as the others. The flocks that do travel, or do not travel, which are nourished with plentiful food, and taken good care of, by excluding the deformed, sick, and weak from becoming breeders, are preserved in all the purity of the original stock; while those, in either predicament, migrating or resident, which are subjected to feel the effects of scarcity and negligence, invariably degenerate.

The race of Merinos, probably first imported from Barbary to Europe, are believed to have become superior to the original stock, or at least to the sheep which now exist on the opposite coast of the Mediterranean. Climate and culture have both an influence in the formation and constitution of animals. The progeny of those which have been transferred a great distance from north to south, become frequently more feeble and coarse than their progenitors—while those in the contrary case, which have been removed from south to north, are generally better formed and finer coated. The Moors, who, when in possession of Spain, had made great proficiency in every branch of rural economy, might possibly have co-operated with the salubrity of the climate and sweetness of the pastures in the improvement of this breed of sheep. During the civil wars, this moveable treasure was more readily rescued from the depredations of invaders, than the fruits of the earth, by being more easily conveyed from the vallies, and concealed in the mountains; and might, consequently, have commanded a greater portion of care and attention. Nor did the country become altogether unfavourable for the nourishment of sheep, when, in several districts, a slovenly husbandry succeeded the expulsion of the Moors, and, by degrees, left extensive uncultivated wastes for this Tartar-like mode of subsistence. Casualty or necessity rather than forethought or reason, introduced the practice of entertaining migrating flocks. They multiplied as industry in cultivating the soil diminished. The nobles or rich individuals, who were the proprietors, found their advantage in them. The trouble and expense of keeping and nourishing was small. Accident was converted into system. Prescription gave a sanction to the proceeding; high-ways were obliged to be left wide, privileges were granted, and laws were formed for the protection of this species of property, to the detriment of the community: for, by these means, cultivation of the land was checked, and crops circumscribed in narrower limits than they otherwise would have been. This preference has long been complained of by several patriotic writers on the subjects of national industry, agriculture, and economy; and it has been asserted, that by a different encouragement and tillage, in producing artificial grasses, or other nutricious vegetables and roots, the support of a much larger number of sheep would be compatible with a vast extension of cultivation. In the mean time, while this suggestion is unadopted, the vigilance of the shepherds, in remaining day and night with their charge, in reserving the best-formed and finest-wooled only for breeding, and in knowing and attending to each individual of their flocks, has doubtless contributed much to preserve them from degenerating down to the present day.

Convinced that this race of sheep, of which I believe not one had been brought to the United States until the importation by myself, might be introduced with great benefit to our country, I contracted with a person of the most respectable character, to deliver to me, at Lisbon, one hundred, composed of twenty-five rams and seventy-five ewes, from one to two years old. They were conducted, with proper passports, across the country of Portugal by three Spanish shepherds, and escorted by a small guard of Portuguese soldiers. On the 10th of April last they were embarked in the Tagus, on board the ship Perseverance, of 250 tons, Caleb Coggeshall master. In about fifty days twenty-one rams and seventy ewes were landed at Derby, in Connecticut; they having been shifted at New-York on board of a sloop destined to that river. The nine which died were principally killed in consequence of bruises received by the violent rolling of the vessel on the banks of Newfoundland. To prevent that and other disasters as far as might be by prudent precautions, the whole space between decks was divided into four pens of twenty-five sheep each, the rams having been kept separate in one, and the least vigorous ewes in another, with convenient racks, troughs, and tubs for feeding and watering them. The change from the open air to close confinement, and from green to dry food, occasioned them to suffer less inconvenience than I had apprehended. They eat more than a pound of English hay each, together with about a gill of Indian corn, or an equivalent of bran, with salt occasionally, and drank at the rate of nearly a quart of water a day. This was double the ration which the Spanish shepherds calculated. I mention these minute incidents for the sake of those who may hereafter make importations. Some of the sheep appeared to have so voracious an appetite, that it was deemed expedient to limit the quantity of forage, for fear of their injuring themselves. A few which would not eat Indian corn, probably because their teeth had become loose, were debarked very weak, and others much fatigued. All soon recovered, by being permitted to feed freely in hilly pastures in the day, and put under cover at night, until they could be gradually accustomed to remain altogether in the field without danger to their health. To habituate them to the climate, I considered one of the most important operations. If a first experiment of a seasonable project fails of success, it leaves many more difficulties to be encountered and obstacles to be surmounted, in all future essays of a similar kind, than if the attempt had never been made.

In the eastern and middle States, all the circumstances encourage the practical farmers to increase and improve their breed of sheep. All kinds of soil except marshy, and of air except humid, are friendly to it. This breed, like most or all others, thrives best in uplands and short pastures; but it is reputed to be so singularly hardy, as to endure rain, snow, and cold, as well as any northern race; and to support itself in parched southern climates, by feeding on weeds and vegetables which most others would not taste. Without entering into the detail of enriching the land on which they graze or are folded, by their manure, especially where a rotation of crops is systematically pursued, I should not omit to mention, it has been asserted that a moderate sized farm, for example, an hundred acres, skilfully manured, may be made to maintain one hundred sheep, and moreover, to produce as much in crops as it would have done had it been employed only in cultivation, and not charged with their nourishment. For accomplishing this, it would undoubtedly be indispensable to have a competent share of knowledge of animal and vegetable nature. From all the inquiries which I have been able to make since my return to America, I have been extremely mortified to find that the breeding of sheep has been much neglected for some time past. It is but too evident a vital impulse is wanted to give new vigour to it: and I cannot but regret that it is not permitted, in the compass of a letter, to dwell more at large on the means, as well as to offer, in a more alluring manner, the motives for restoring that valuable race of animals, which seems to have been bestowed by heaven more peculiarly for the use and comfort of man, than any other, from its present state of decadence. If the limits would allow it to be done, it is believed the discussion would produce proof, approaching to demonstration, that no other branch of farming could be carried on in the eastern and middle States with so much advantage to the public, or profit to the individuals concerned, as the raising of sheep. The soil and climate being favourable, the quantity of nutriment and number of stock might be rapidly increased with a little exertion, even to such a degree as to furnish, in a few years, a great proportion of the wool necessary for our cloathing. The process is easy and sure, and does not require an uncommon share of skill or intelligence. Some general instruction, together with patience and perseverance, are alone requisite. The sheep of which I treat, in common with those long since familiarized to our seasons, are rarely liable to diseases or accidents, when proper care is taken of them.

Under the influence of such impressions, I thought I could not perform a more essential service to my country, than to endeavour to impress on the minds of my compatriots, a conviction, that the New-England and neighbouring States are singularly well calculated for raising and maintaining as valuable a race of sheep as any in the world, without incurring any risk of their growing worse. More southern climates, though equally inhabited and cultivated, might not be equally suitable for this object, on account of the immoderate heat. The wool of the best English sheep, in some parts of the West-Indies, is soon converted to a kind of hair. In the new-settled districts of our northern and western territories, wolves must for some time be a formidable enemy. On the contrary, in the before-mentioned States, not only the exemption from the beasts and men accustomed to commit depredations on unguarded fields and folds in some other places, but likewise the method of making enclosures, so that the sheep may easily have a change of pastures in the summer, and the mode of tilling the earth so that an abundance of grasses and roots may be produced for a winter supply, appear to invite the husbandman to pay the most particular attention to this most useful and profitable branch of business. No other cattle will multiply so fast, or with so little cost. The facility and certainty of making vast improvements in a very few years, provided a patriotic and persevering spirit should prevail, on account of the short period in which sheep of all descriptions arrive at maturity, is therefore a consideration which ought not to be overlooked or slighted. Although we have no national or public farms as in France, or grounds belonging to great and rich personages as in England, which are destined to essays in breeding sheep and cattle, or to experiments in useful branches of agriculture; yet we can have recourse to the results of their experience in the statements which are published, and I believe we have fewer prejudices to contend with in introducing improvements, than the cultivators of any other country. We should, however, be cautious in varying the practice in conformity to the difference of local circumstances. We have a less number of hands for labour, and a greater extent of soil to be cultivated, than most of the nations from which we can receive information or examples. This, however, it is conceived, would not be unfavourable to the particular kind of improvement in contemplation.

To make the meliorating experiments with the Merinos which I imported as complete as might be at the commencement, I have resolved to keep all the ewes together on the same farm, in order that they may be properly taken care of, and that their descendants may retain the original blood entire, until there shall be a sufficient increase for dispersing and continuing the pure race by breeding separately from them. I have concluded, in the mean time, to dispose of such proportion of the rams as can be spared, to respectable farmers, whose names will be published hereafter, and whose characters will be a pledge that a fair opportunity shall be afforded of producing an improved race by them and American ewes. That rams have been let for the season in England, for from 200 to 1000 guineas each, is a fact sufficiently known to those who are acquainted with the history of agricultural proceedings in that country, and demonstrates conclusively the wonderful passion which prevails for bettering the breed. The successful experiments in France, on the same subject, have been announced in a manner which demands credit. At Rambouillet, a farm originally appropriated for making improvements by the ancient government, which is represented not to be a very good position on account of its humidity, a pure Spanish flock has been maintained for many years, by the attention and care of the superintendants, not only in a perfectly healthy but gradually improving condition, in such sort, that the quality of the wool is as fine as that of the best Merinos actually in Spain, while the quantity is considerable more than doubled. Where large flocks are kept in the last-mentioned country, the sheep do not produce, upon an average, more than from two to three pounds. The rams at Rambouillet yield from ten to twelve, and the ewes from five to six pounds each. From this stock many small flocks, both of the pure and mixed breeds, have descended. By a separate article in the treaty of Basle, the French government stipulated with that of Spain for the right of extracting 12,000 sheep. There were, some time ago, computed to be, in the territories of the Republic, more than 50,000 of the pure race, besides a great number of the improved breed. Several intelligent authors in Europe, who have treated of the most speedy and efficacious modes of improving wool, have stated that, where the smallness of the original stock of Merinos prevents so rapid a propagation of the pure race as could be wished, a mixed breed may be produced by Spanish rams and well-chosen ewes of the country, whose descendants, in the fourth or fifth generation, will yield fleeces nearly or quite as fine as the first quality of those which are produced in Spain. In France the existing government is paying the most zealous attention to this subject, with the hope of augmenting the quantity of fine wool so much as to supersede the necessity of importations for their manufactures. The importance of an internal supply of the first articles of necessity appears to be more understood and acknowledged every day, by every civilized nation in the world. It may be asked, How long are we to continue thus like colonies dependant on a mother country? And will a period never arrive when it will be indispensable to clothe ourselves principally with our own productions and fabrics?

It is true, in the New-England and neighbouring States much has been done in families, towards providing and preparing their own clothing. No real patriot can behold, without feeling unusual emotions of pleasure, the employment of the wool cards, the spinning wheels, and the domestic looms, in those nurseries of manufactures. From the manner in which this portion of the country is filled with inhabitants, and the habits of occupation which they acquire from their infancy, I shall not perhaps be too bold in predicting that they will soon make a progress which will surpass all calculation hitherto formed. We have the materials and dispositions. Destitute of the great sources of riches, which, as it were, inundate our brethren in the south, on industry and economy, in farming, fishing, navigating and manufacturing, must we, in this part of the union, depend, under Providence, for our prosperity. Whoever, then, can add occasions and motives for the practice of industry and economy, cannot fail to be a benefactor. And need any of our farmers despair of being able to produce two fleeces of wool where one only was produced? The more unequal division of landed property in the Southern States, and the greater profits to be derived from the rich crops of wheat, rice, tobacco and cotton, will naturally tend, for some time at least, to retard the manufacturing business: yet I am happy to learn that, in the interior districts of those States, many excellent articles of clothing are fabricated in the household way.

The period of a general peace promises more than any other to promote and accelerate the establishment of manufactures. That event, by producing a stagnation in our foreign navigation, nearly closing the avenues to commercial speculations, and diminishing the external demands for our provisions, will afford a favourable opportunity to invest a part of the surplus capitals in this manner. The *price* of labour, which has been too extravagantly high to be employed in almost any kind of manufactures to advantage, will ultimately conform to *that* of the necessaries and conveniencies of life. When these shall become cheaper in this than any other country, as will probably be the case, the articles which are manufactured among ourselves cannot be dearer. It is not here the place to inquire whether any or what public encouragement should be given to one species of labour in preference to another. Nor will I trespass on your time by discussing the points, whether our conduct is to be approved or blamed for having so long postponed the establishment of general manufactories, and depending so much as we have done on foreigners for our woollen goods in particular. These questions would involve a variety of considerations, and carry my investigations beyond the subjects proposed. It may not, however, be superfluous to say, that our astonishing progress in population, agriculture, commerce, ship-building, and means of intercourse by bridges, roads, and canals, would have led an intelligent and impartial observer to have expected greater proficiency in the handy-craft arts which administer to the clothing of the human body. With the constant increase of internal resources, and the gradual accession of national wealth, this must arrive. In the interim, we shall act wisely, at least, in encouraging the domestic fabrics of homespun garments and coarser hosiery for ordinary winter use. These are not only stronger and warmer, but it is presumed they can be furnished cheaper than those which are imported. In proportion as the wool shall become more fine, the cloth fabricated from it will be finer and more fashionable. Nor will the skill of foreign workmen be wanting to its perfection. The increasing demand for the raw material will, in all events, operate as a perpetual stimulus for augmenting and improving our flocks. There is no danger that the market will ever be glutted. All the wool which can be produced in the country, will be manufactured in it. Hence the national industry will be increased with the staple, and a national saving will be made, by stopping the drain of money, which is incessantly flowing from us to pay for those imported articles that will then be created among ourselves. I do not wish it to be understood, that I am an advocate for forcing the formation of great manufacturing establishments, if more gain would accrue to the community from exporting the productions of our land to Europe, and receiving from thence the productions of the work-shops in return. But if we cannot find a market abroad for our redundant crops, and thus make remittances in payment for our importations, will it not be good policy to encourage mechanics and artificers to come and consume our provisions, under the supposition that, with the expected cheapness of living, the consequent cheapness of labour and use of machinery will enable us to be furnished with most of our wearing apparel, within the course of a very few years, more reasonably and satisfactorily in this than any other manner?

From the preceding facts and observations, I flatter myself the following conclusions may be justly deduced: 1st, that the introduction of the Spanish breed of sheep must be a valuable acquisition to the inhabitants of our country; 2dly, that this breed is far more precious than any other which has heretofore existed in Europe or America; 3dly, that the fineness of the wool in Spain does not depend on the food or travelling of the sheep, since as fine wool is produced from this identical race when transferred to other countries or stationary in the same place; 4thly, that there is no probability this breed will degenerate in those parts of the United States which are as far northward as those in Europe from whence it came; since the superior qualities of the Merinos seem to depend more on treatment than locality; 5thly, that they are hardier, and more easily maintained than most other kinds of sheep; 6thly, that the eastern and middle States appear peculiarly well adapted for propagating them; and, 7thly, that their utility is the more manifest from the existence of domestic manufactures to a considerable extent already, and a prospect that this part of the union will, at no very distant period, be distinguished for more ample and general establishments.

Relieved, as I am, from the more laborious and serious occupations of public life, I may, perhaps, employ some portion of my leisure hours in imparting to others such things as may occur in the pursuits of rural industry and economy, which, in my opinion, will have a tendency to promote the prosperity of our country. If the project of introducing this breed of sheep should be attended with the desired success, that country will be principally benefited by it. In case of failure, no one can be the sufferer but myself. The trouble and expense have been considerable for an individual to incur; but a consciousness of the patriotic motives by which I was actuated, and the anticipation that some national good might be produced by the attempt, have furnished no inconsiderable compensation. With such fruition and perspective on my part, it only remains for me to offer my ardent wishes for the promotion of the objects which claim the immediate patronage of your Society, together with the assurances of the sincere regard and esteem with which I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,

D. HUMPHREYS.

To Dr. AARON DEXTER,
One of the Vice-Presidents of the Massachusetts
Society for promoting Agriculture,

P. S. If you should obtain any accurate knowledge of the otter breed of sheep which has lately made its appearance in your State, I shall be much obliged by your communicating the facts to me. Should it be true that this is a new race, totally distinct in its formation from all others before existing on the globe, its recent origin, which can be traced, presents a phenomenon in natural history worthy of being thoroughly investigated.

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At a meeting of the Trustees of the Massachusetts Society for promoting Agriculture, August 28, 1802, a letter was read from Colonel Humphreys, late Minister at the Court of Spain, to the second Vice-President, upon the subject of the Merino breed of sheep, of which he has imported into the State of Connecticut seventy-five ewes and twenty-five rams, with a specimen of their wool, and upon the importance of propagating said breed in the northern and eastern States, &c. &c.

Voted, That the thanks of the Trustees be presented to Colonel Humphreys for his valuable and interesting communication this day made, and that the second Vice-President be requested to present the same, and furnish him with a copy of this vote.

Extract from the Minutes.

(Attest) S. PARKER, *Corresponding Sec'ry.*

A LETTER FROM THE REV. DOCTOR PARKER.

Boston, December 15, 1802.

Hon. DAVID HUMPHREYS, *Esq.*

SIR,

THE Trustees of the Massachusetts Society for promoting Agriculture, at their meeting, held October 29, 1802, voted that a Gold Medal be presented to you by said Society, for your patriotic exertions in introducing into New-England one hundred of the Spanish Merino breed of Sheep; and appointed me a Committee to procure and transmit the same to you.

It is with pleasure I have executed this commission, and now transmit to you the Medal accompanying this; and, in the name of the Trustees, request your acceptance of the same, as a small testimony of the high sense they entertain of your merit in accomplishing this arduous enterprize.

I have the honour to be,
With sentiments of the highest esteem and respect,
Your most obedient and very humble servant,
(Signed) S. PARKER, *Corresponding Sec'ry.*

THE ANSWER.

New-Haven, April 23, 1803.

The Rev. S. PARKER, *D. D.*

SIR,

UPON my arrival in this city yesterday, I received the Medal in gold, which the Trustees of the Massachusetts Society for promoting Agriculture did me the honour to present to me from that Society, in consequence of my having introduced into New-England a small flock of the Merino breed of sheep; accompanied by your highly esteemed letter, dated at Boston, on the 15th of December last.

I request you will be pleased, Sir, to express to the respectable Society of which you are the Corresponding Secretary, the great sensibility with which I accept this distinguished token of their flattering approbation.

Should our mutual hope and expectation of meliorating the breed of sheep in America, by the introduction of this race, be fulfilled, I shall consider myself peculiarly fortunate for having been instrumental in producing an event, from which I shall derive more pleasure and consolation than from any other transaction of my life. In all cases, I shall find an inexhaustible source of satisfaction in a recollection of the motives for the importation on my part, and the appreciation of them on that of your Society.

Since my return from the seat of government I have not visited my Merinos, which are about eight miles distant from this place. I propose to see them soon; and should any thing have occurred that may be interesting to your Society, I shall take the liberty of writing to you.

My friend, to whose care the Medal was addressed, did not think proper to forward it to me, while on my journey, for fear of accidents. My absence, somewhat longer than was calculated, must therefore be offered as an apology for my not having acknowledged the receipt of your letter at an earlier period. For your trouble in executing the commission, as well as for your politeness in making the communication, I beg leave, at this late hour, to tender my sincere thanks, together with the respectful assurances of the great consideration and esteem with which I have the honour to be,

Sir,
Your most devoted and most humble servant,

D. HUMPHREYS.

CONSIDERATIONS

ON THE

MEANS OF IMPROVING

THE PUBLIC DEFENCE:

IN A LETTER TO

HIS EXCELLENCY

GOVERNOR TRUMBULL.

CONSIDERATIONS, &c.

Boston, September 23, 1803.

My dear Sir,

I CALLED to pay my respects to your Excellency at your lodgings in this town the morning on which you left us, and found that you had even exceeded your usual punctuality, by anticipating the hour which was fixed for your departure. For this disappointment I then hoped to have been indemnified by the satisfaction of a meeting in New-Haven at the public Commencement;* but my regrets were still to be protracted, as some unforeseen causes prevented me from making my intended journey. Although I now promise myself the gratification of an interview during the next session of your Legislature, yet I have deemed it not amiss to recal myself to your friendly remembrance, in submitting to your judgment a few of my reflections on the best means of conciliating economy and protection, by the organization of an efficient and disposable force.

I know not what author has observed, that from the frequent hostilities between nations, one would almost be tempted to believe, a state of war, rather than peace, is natural to our species. In such a world as ours, it is impossible but that disputes will arise; and where there is no common arbiter to decide, they must often be settled by an appeal to arms. Mankind, in civil society, when under a free government, must be prepared to protect their liberty and property, or expect to lose them. We should not presume upon being exempted from the lot of humanity. Ought we not then to improve the means which heaven has placed in our hands for self-protection? A national force is indispensable. Its constitution and character are of the highest import. In our times, armies are, in a certain sense, machines—their action, reaction, momentum, and effect, subjects of calculation. Sages, ever provident, have spent much time in endeavouring to find the best projects of defence. Savages, untroubled with thought for the morrow, are pushed on to action, promiscuously or separately, by passion or revenge. Among these tribes of hunters and warriors, little that merits the name of plan can be expected. In polished societies, improved as they now are in the arts of attack and defence, there is no alternative but a *standing army* or *oganized militia.* That liberty has often been destroyed by popular leaders at the head of the *former*, has been too frequently and fully demonstrated by history to require new proofs or illustrations. A well-constituted force of the *latter kind*, without endangering the liberty of a country, may be an adequate substitute until the moment of a war shall have arrived. Even after the commencement of hostility, the enthusiasm of such troops will supply the want of habitual discipline in the field, until an army can be formed. But where a good militia does not previously exist, almost insuperable obstacles will be encountered in the advances towards a regular establishment. Nor should an army for the war be too long delayed, as it was in our revolutionary contest. Then our honest, but unexperienced rulers, were so much more alarmed at the very name of a standing army to be raised from their countrymen, than they were at the ravages of the enemy, as to neglect levying soldiers for the war until our cause was reduced to extreme danger. They long thought the country might be protected by militia, serving in rotation, or levies, enrolled on short inlistments; notwithstanding General Washington, in almost the first communication he made to Congress, foretold the fatal consequences which were likely to happen, and endeavoured, by all the means in his power, to avert them.

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* The Commencement for conferring Degrees at Yale College.

We know, by experience, the miseries of war, and therefore must have the greater relish for the blessings of peace. But we have not heretofore been left to our option. Hostility was once forced upon us. More recently, England and France sought by turns to involve us in their quarrel. Greater provocations may yet occur. If the respect for General Washington's public and private character, when he possessed the whole confidence of the United States as their President, was hardly sufficient to prevent us from being hurried into a war, may we not rationally dread that any other administration, under similar circumstances, would find a still more difficult task to maintain our neutrality? Having such an extensive navigation so imperfectly protected, and so many delicate points of contact with the present belligerent powers, as to enemy's property and blockaded ports, happy indeed shall we be, if permitted to increase our riches without interruption, amidst the desperate conflicts of rival and enraged nations. Can any thing contribute more to the attainment of this object than for us to assume a dignified attitude of defence; and, in proving our decided predilection for peace, to convince those who may dare to provoke us beyond the limits of sufferance, that we are always prepared for war? I hope we shall be so far from seeking pretexts for hostility, that we shall most sedulously strive to avoid every snare that might entangle us in it. I hope we shall never be reluctant or tardy to engage in a righteous cause, whenever it cannot be avoided but by an infamous dereliction of principle or sacrifice of honour. And, in such a crisis, I trust, by the benediction of heaven, that we shall come forward to meet our enemies with a portion of courage and unanimity which has never been surpassed in the annals of mankind. But God forbid we should ever be so infatuated as to swell the black catalogue of crimes, and augment the hereditary ills of our race, by the wanton effusion of human blood from motives of ambition, conquest, and aggrandisement.

Notwithstanding the vaunted perfectibility of human nature, we cannot conceal from ourselves, that the rage of domination still invents excuses for aggression. Lessons, on invasions of peaceable and distant States, are too distinctly printed in characters of blood, not to be legible. Addressing a person of less historical knowledge and political forecast than your Excellency, I might have adverted to the tremendous events which have lately occurred on the other side of the Atlantic. Without displaying fictitious scenes of distress, to agitate the terrified imagination, I would have said, " let us turn our eyes to the records of Holland, Italy and Switzerland! Shall we there see no awful monitions in the pages, no ghastly figures in the prints? Shall we, struck with judicial blindness, not be able to read, for our own benefit, the book of their destinies? Or rests the day in darkness ere long to dawn on our encrimsoned land, when we too, by want of military spirit and national union, shall become the vile vassals of insiduous and powerful invaders, and be comprehended in the ignominious list of those degraded States which have lost their independent rank among the nations of the earth? No; never shall mortal eye witness that sight. If we will but be faithful to ourselves; if, with one soul, we will add energy to the martial system, and, with millions of hands, cement to the federal fabric, then may we, in defence of our rights, defy a world in arms."

Who can count upon the stable enjoyment of peace, in the convulsed situation of Europe? While the English government is so seriously preparing to repel an invasion which threatens its very existence; while the inhabitants of the British Islands are induced to make unprecedented sacrifices in time and money for defence; while France presents such a colossial force as appears to overawe the old world; and while the fate of nations depends more than at any former epocha on their dastardly and ignorant, or bold and skilful use of arms; shall we, who, under the fostering smiles of an indulgent Providence, have nobly defended our rights and vindicated our independence by jeoparding our lives in the field, suffer that spark of heroism to expire? Though smothered, it shall brighten. The sons of such sires, whenever their country shall be in danger, will feel this inextinguishable heat more ardently rekindled in their glowing breasts. But however highly excited, unless skilfully managed and directed, will it accomplish the desired end? To render the heroic ardour really useful, discipline must be united with courage. When a nation, like ours, is peculiarly favoured by heaven with the fruition of freedom and happiness, it becomes one of its highest obligations, to discover and put in execution the best measures for their preservation. To despise this precaution would be madness.

What then is to be done? A wise policy requires no regular troops with us, in time of peace, but garrisons for our posts, forts, and arsenals. We shall not be necessitated to have any description of men detached or distinct from the rest of the community in their interests or feelings. This felicity results from our local position, surrounded by water and wilderness, and so remote from the warlike powers of Europe, that no expedition could approach us without our having timely notice. The case is far different with them, since the system of standing armies has been introduced in modern times, each is obliged to incur the expense of such an establishment, as a defence against the sudden aggressions of its neighbours. Instead of adopting the Lacedæmonian mode of forming a whole people to arms by education, the military profession has been confined, and the safety of the State committed to mercenaries, conscripts, substitutes, and volunteers. In the present peculiar state of Europe, it is true, armed nations appear to be becoming once more the order of the day. Our youths, born under other circumstances, and brought up to different occupations, need not be nourished by the Spartan black broth to harden their constitutions, or be tutored to martial exercise as a business for life. Standing armies live upon the fruits of the labour of others, and contribute little to the subsistence, wealth, or embellishment of their country. The courage and industry of bees present a distinguished pattern for imitation: like them, with us all should be employed in defending the commonwealth and collecting substance for the common stock. With us, all should be soldiers as well as citizens. Not indeed in that ridiculous acceptation of the terms, which supposes the character of the former so naturally connected with the character of the latter, that nothing farther is necessary than proudly calling them by these significant names. When it was proposed that certain classes of the militia, between given ages, should be encamped some weeks annually, for the purpose of acquiring a knowledge of tactics and manœuvres from practice, the proposal was rejected, principally on account of the loss of time to the individuals, and the cost of maintenance to the States. It was moreover objected to the plan, that the youths, collected together at a gay season of life, and exposed to licentious amusements at the intervals of duty, might be in danger of contracting habits of indolence and dissipation. These difficulties will not be easily overcome. Yet, without opportunity and practice, it is impossible to learn the first rudiments of the art of war. An armed crowd, insubordinate and undisciplined, is but a mob on which no dependence can be placed. If we will not have an *efficacious force* of a better description, we shall have a *standing army*. An ill-timed saving, which should prevent the militia from becoming that *efficacious force*, would be the worst sort of prodigality, and would be utterly incompatible with those true principles of frugality by which our State has always been governed. General Washington, dreading the disasters of supineness, had few projects nearer to his heart, than that of providing a safe and competent defence, in time of peace, for the security of the country in time of war. Your Excellency has frequently heard him express the most fervent wishes that this might be effected before the knowledge obtained in our revolutionary war should be lost with the lives of those who served in it. Happily his advice has been of some avail in the formation of the outlines of our general militia establishment. To the improvement of this system we must look for our principal protection.

The Legislatures of the several States will undertake this task with eagerness or reluctance, according as they shall consider it of greater or smaller importance. To recommend the policy to ours, little need be said. The State which shall have the best militia will not be the least respected by its neighbours or foreigners. Negligence in making a suitable provision for that purpose, may not improbably be followed by repentance. No territory furnishes better subjects for military service than Connecticut. Its compact and populous settlement in towns offers some facility for their exercising under arms. Few troops are distinguished by more favourable dispositions and capacities for acquiring a knowledge of the profession. Our citizens, among whom property is more equally divided than among any other people in the world, have more of the comforts of life to make them robust, and fewer luxuries to render them effeminate, than most others. Competence is universal—superfluity rare. This is the natural course of things in a State where the greater part of the inhabitants are employed in cultivating the soil which belongs to themselves; and where the rest, chiefly composed of mechanics, merchants, and professional men, likewise gain an honest livelihood by their own labour. Thus industrious and hardy by education and habit, they will experience little inconveniency in becoming practical soldiers; since from docility, sobriety, and energy of character, they have always been found, when brought to the trial, apt for enterprize, patient of fatigue, and undaunted in danger.

The general government has judiciously adopted a uniform plan for organizing, arming, and disciplining the militia of the several States. On their separate governments has devolved the duty of giving effect to the system. It is not for me to relate the different degrees of success with which their measures have been attended in the various districts of the union. Bodies of militia are every where to be seen. But of what utility to the public defence are such bodies, unless animated by a *military SPIRIT?* Without it, they are cadaverous and languid—with it, florid and vigorous.

In my judgment, militia are treated by officers of regular armies, and particularly by French officers, with a degree of contempt they do not deserve. I have heard some of the latter, most conversant in the theory and practice of war, assert, that no possible multitude of militia could oppose a successful resistance to even a small number of veterans. When the victories of their countrymen, at the commencement of their revolution, were objected in confutation of the maxim, they remarked that the national guards had such an abundance of engineers, artillerists, officers, and privates from the ancient royal army mixed in their composition, as to constitute them, in a qualified sense, disciplined forces. It is certain there is an immense difference between disciplined and undisciplined militia. Your Excellency will readily understand that I entertain no good opinion of an *armed nation*, destitute of order and skill. Whenever such a nation should be made to rise *en masse*, instead of furnishing the expected support, it would, like every other enormous structure raised on rotten foundations, be crushed by its own weight. It is precisely to avoid the risk of such a catastrophe, that our militia, who are to be relied upon for the defence of the government of their own choice, for the defence of their institutions and laws, their temples and dwellings, their wives and children, every thing dear and sacred, should not only be long and well accustomed to the use of fire arms, by shooting at marks, but should also be trained to such short yet systematic manœuvres and evolutions as would enable them to meet, upon equal terms, their foes in the field.

I believe our ELITE, if I may so call it, consisting of the cavalry, artillery, grenadier and light-infantry companies, with small improvement by practice, if put in competition with regular troops, would not suffer by the comparison. The composition of these corps, as to officers and privates, could scarcely be better. They are completely armed, equipped, and clothed; and the dragoons are as well mounted as the dragoons in most services in Europe. Your Excellency will recollect with me, how useful our old militia troopers were, in the early stages of our revolution, before the establishment of a regular cavalry. Since that time our resources for obtaining supplies, as well as our manufacture of arms and breed of horses, have been almost infinitely improved. The rapid movement of the before mentioned corps, if they should be previously formed together for that object, would, at the commencement of an invasion, gain time for the rest of the force of the country to rally for its defence.

Every prudent government should study to make every preparation that is practicable before a war shall take place, for the purpose of preventing that delay of march, waste of stores, and confusion in action, which would otherwise be inevitable. No longer ago than the last session of Congress, the consideration of this important subject of ameliorating the public force was resumed; and, in consequence of their deliberations, the President, in his circular communication to the executives of the respective States, recommended it, with cogent arguments, to prompt attention. At a time so pregnant with events, it is hoped that an object so prominent in itself, and which possesses the uncommon advantage of uniting all parties in its favour, will not be neglected. It is even hoped that there will be no opposition to making such farther provision, not burdensome to the State or its citizens, for annual reviews, uniform clothing, and exercising days, as cannot fail to have an influence in perfecting the system of national defence.

To have great bodies of troops more frequently under arms, in presence of numerous and respectable spectators, reviewed by officers of high rank and reputation, who will compare their appearance, equipments, and manœuvres, must furnish new motives for exciting them to excel. The desire of being approved, for conscious excellence, by those whose characters we respect, is inherent in every breast not callous to all the feelings of honour and shame. Most men have a natural fondness for the splendid show and grand parade of military reviews. Here private recreation may be turned to public advantage. In general, no people appear more sensible to merited applause than the Americans. This passion is a powerful stimulus to improvement. In addition to the advantages resulting from the ordinary trainings and inspections as now practised, the passing of reviews in a more imposing manner would have the happiest effect. Some States, I understand, have considerably expensive establishments of inspection. With us no Inspector-General has been appointed, apparently from an objection to the expense. If, then, the services could be performed without charge to the State, the objection would cease. The States, having the regulation of their staff, have always, I believe, constituted their Governors Captains-General and Commanders in Chief; and the Lieutenant-Governors have frequently been invested with the rank of Lieutenants-General. They would doubtless have the faculty of passing their troops in review. But it will sometimes happen that neither of them have been military men. Nor, if they were professionally competent, might it be convenient for them annually to visit all parts of the State where the regiments, brigades, and divisions could be most easily assembled. Might not a new arrangement into large departments facilitate the accomplishment of the same purpose, by other means, with less inconveniency? If your four divisions should be formed into two wings; and your eight regiments of cavalry, with the artillery, grenadier and light-infantry companies, into one corps; the two first under the command of two officers, and the last under the command of one officer, of superior grades, as Lieutenants to the Captain-General and inspectors *ex officio*, might not great benefits be expected from their inspections and reviews, without any expense to the State? These officers to receive their orders and instructions from the Captain-General. And would not the celerity, regularity, and efficiency of operations be promoted by adopting an arrangement for commands similar to those which exist, according to the best of my knowledge, in every foreign state which has a military force, even inferior to our own?

With such motives for emulation as would then be offered, and with a little indirect aid to assist in purchasing clothing, it is to be presumed that the whole body of militia, well armed and equipped, might be got into full uniform in the course of one or two years. Those who have not witnessed the contrast between uniformed troops and motley militia, will not readily appreciate the astonishing consequence which is attached to the article of dress. There are, perhaps, visionary theorists who have spent their days in their closets, and honest husbandmen who have scarcely moved from their farms, who will demand, in all the assurance of triumph, whether real patriots cannot shoot as directly at the enemy, and fight as well for their country under one garb as another? We must recur for the decision, in its general result, from speculation and prejudice to experience and fact. The practice of all civilized nations gives their answer. Yet, by deciding generally in the negative, it should not be denied there may be particular moments of enthusiasm which form an exception. But wise men calculate less, in a long struggle, upon momentary impulse than permanent principle. We must judge from what has been, what will be. Human nature should be taken as a basis of calculation as it exists, not as presented through the medium of distorting imaginations.

There appears to be a species of factitious as well as of natural courage. Some brilliant distinctions, such as are furnished by standards and uniforms, have, in all modern times, tended to create an *esprit du corps;* whence emanates a moral that augments the physical force. Thus individuals recognize, with pleasure, the members, as it were, identified with the body. And while they contribute their joint efforts in a common cause, they feel themselves mightily strengthened by mutual dependence. Seamen and soldiers, of any nation, who in their aggregate character believe themselves invincible, have gained a great point towards becoming so in reality. What can equal the confidence of the English at sea, or the French on land, but their success? Where there is no discrimination in apparel, each will entertain as good an opinion of himself as of his companions, and rush boldly to the performance of gallant exploits, in hopes of sharing in the common glory. Men, naturally of weak nerves, by an artificial association of ideas, may be made mechanically brave. It is certain, appearance sometimes influences opinion. A decent yeomanry in uniform will feel more self-respect, than a dissolute rabble in rags.

The preference generally given to such of our corps as are dressed in uniform, is principally attributable to their dress. All the others would probably soon be clothed in uniform, upon being exempted from the poll-tax, in consequence of their procuring such clothing. At the last October session of your Legislature, I was surprised to observe a clause to this effect, after it had passed in the house of representatives, upon re-consideration, rescinded. I could not conjecture why this negative encouragement should be withheld. It was conceded, that this measure would have been greatly instrumental in giving a soldier-like appearance to the whole body of militia; and that the State was not extremely in want of this pittance, since so far from being in debt, it had a considerable sum of money in its treasury. Besides, this policy must have been satisfactory to a great majority of their constituents, because it would have been altogether favourable to the middling and poorer classes of people.

The inhabitants of Connecticut are probably more economical of time, than those of any other State. I shall not propose any thing which might encroach largely upon it. They allow themselves no holidays, and few amusements. The excess in the first article is a vast disadvantage in some countries. Yet reasonable relaxation from the fatigue of business is necessary to all mankind. Perhaps a few days set apart among us, and celebrated by military exhibitions, in commemoration of national events, would be rather beneficial than detrimental. To claim this distinction, three anniversaries have particularly presented themselves as having a reference to our ancestors, ourselves, and our posterity. These are, the 22d of December, the day of the landing of the first settlers in New-England—the 19th of April, the day of the battle of Lexington—and the 4th of July, the day of the Declaration of Independence. If any more interesting should occur in lieu of these, they might be adopted. Any objection which might be made on account of the diminution of labour, would be too contemptible to be entitled to a serious reply. No trade or profession can be learned without an allowance of time for learning it. The military art, I mean that part of it which is necessary to be known by soldiers, is not so simple and easy as to come instinctively without practice, or so complicated and difficult as to present any notable discouragements in its acquisition. But no one acquainted with the subject will pretend that a few more days are not necessary than are at present appropriated by law. If liberty be worth enjoying, it is worth defending. And if it be demonstrable, liberty cannot, in any other way, be so well defended as by an organized and disciplined force, safe by its constitution, and efficacious by its capacity, like the militia in contemplation; dull of comprehension must he be indeed, a miser in soul, and an idiot in policy, who should begrudge the moderate means requisite for the perfection of such a force.

In all ages men have been dexterous and indefatigable in systematizing the science of mischief. Human ingenuity has been put to the torture to invent expeditious modes of destruction: so eager are short-lived mortals to abbreviate the work of death. Why should not the machinations intended for the annoyance of mankind be as dexterously turned to their protection? Whether the discovery of the stupendous powers and murderous uses of gun-powder has caused engagements to be sooner decided and less sanguinary or not, it has at least been instrumental in altering the management of warfare and the conduct of campaigns. Strength and weakness, as physical qualities in man, have been reduced in their operations nearly to a level. From a distance, the dwarf can overthrow the giant. Prowess has often less to do in gaining victories than evolution. It has been said, the French Generals, young in years, old in conquests, despised the tactics of their enemies, and vanquished by prodigies of valour. On the contrary, those Generals, more than others, calculated on, and profited by, the discipline of mind as well as body. Different impulses prevailed in actuating the soldiery at different periods of the revolution—first the spring of enthusiasm—next the reign of terror—and, last, the name of the great nation. And, moreover, the French troops, in the rapidity of their marches, and the exactness of their co-operations, as it were, multiplied their numbers, by presenting themselves at various points of attack almost at the identical moment, and contributed to the triumph of their arms not less by the precision of their manœuvres than the impetuosity of their assaults.

From the preceding observations result three suggestions: 1st, Whether it would not be useful to form the four divisions into two wings, and the cavalry, together with the companies before mentioned, into one corps, (this corps to remain attached to their regiments and brigades, unless otherwise ordered by the Captain-General) to be reviewed by officers of superior grades, named for the purpose: 2dly, To exempt from poll-taxes all who shall produce certificates of their being completely equipped and clothed in uniform: and, 3dly, To appropriate a few additional days for military exercise.

The wonderful effect of warlike sounds in animating the courage of soldiers is universally acknowledged. By their modulation and unison, signals may be given and movements regulated. In martial music we are far inferior to the Europeans. I never heard a good band in America. If I did not apprehend the success to be almost hopeless, I would urge, in the strongest terms, the expediency of procuring and maintaining, by the fines for delinquency, or in such other manner as shall be judged best, at least one good band of music for each military division. Without a general provision by the Legislature, the partial efforts of officers can never accomplish this object. If lotteries be ever admissable, this occasion seems to invite a supply from that popular mode of contribution. Besides raising a fund for the last mentioned object, might not the scheme be so contrived as that the low prizes should be paid to the proprietors of fortunate tickets, in handsome uniforms, at a cheap rate, if preferred to cash?

Thus have I attempted to show how armed citizens, without being torn from their occupations in time of peace, and without disappointing the public expectations at the commencement of a war, may be made really capable of defending their country until another force can be substituted. A militia without energy is a satire on its friends, and a mockery to its foes. A people so abandoned to avarice and apostate from patriotism, as to refuse making those few preparatory sacrifices in time and money, which may be necessary for their defence, are unworthy of independence.

Notwithstanding all we have heard of new doctrines, we have been taught, and we have believed, that in the proper use of human means, our highest help and last reliance is on the *God of battles*. In him our forefathers, when few in numbers, and feeble in resources, trusted, and were not deceived. What can be more glorious than heroic achievements in a just cause? A war in such a cause may be waged under the auspices of heaven itself. The *Holy One, who inhabits Eternity*, has not disdained to style himself the *Lord of Hosts*, or to go forth to battle with the armies of his people. Invoking his name, confiding in his strength, and marching under the banners of independence, in the day of difficulty will we resort to his Sanctuary. I am afraid we have not been grateful enough to that *Almighty Protector* who has caused us to dwell in tranquillity, while so many nations have been grievously afflicted with the calamities of war. A nation without religion and morals, is always ripening fast for that state of corruption which often precedes decay, and terminates in ruin. Under a due conviction of our relations, dependencies, and duties, may we never neglect to avail ourselves of all those means which the experience of mankind and our own reason point out as best calculated for the preservation of our inestimable civil and religious privileges!

Persuaded that your Excellency will receive with indulgence this prolix letter, from an ancient and intimate associate in arms, on a subject so analogous to our former employment, I conclude, without farther apology, in repeating the professions of the unalterable attachment and perfect consideration with which I have the honour to be,

Your sincere friend and humble servant,
D. HUMPHREYS.

A

MEMORIAL

OF THE

SOCIETY OF THE CINCINNATI

IN CONNECTICUT.

To the Honourable the General Assembly of the State of Connecticut, to be holden at New-Haven, on the second Thursday of October, A. D. 1803.

THE undersigned memorialists, authorised on the part of the Society of Cincinnati in said State, to solicit that the Legislature would be pleased to pass an act of incorporation in their favour, so far only as relates to the security of their fund for the purposes originally intended, beg leave respectfully to represent, That at the conclusion of the long and arduous contest which terminated so gloriously in the acknowledgment of the independence of the United States, the Society of which your memorialists are, on this occasion, the organ, was formed by the voluntary association of the officers of the Connecticut line, in the army, from motives of friendship and charity:

That they were particularly induced to form this union by a desire to cultivate, in the tranquillity of peace, those friendly dispositions which had been produced under a participation of common sufferings and dangers in the midst of the troubles of war; and of furnishing, from a fund to be created for the purpose, such pecuniary aids as the pressing necessities of any of the associates or their families might require:

That for the sake of giving effect to the first mentioned object, viz. cultivating the friendships thus contracted, they agreed to celebrate their festival on the anniversary of independence; at which time they have been in the habit of assembling: and that for the more effectual accomplishment of the second mentioned object, viz. assisting with pecuniary aids their necessitous associates and families, all the members contributed one month's pay of their respective grades.

All the world knows that the army was disbanded under peculiar circumstances of hardship and distress, on account of the arrears of wages due to them at the time; and that the anticipations of many meritorious officers, in regard to future scenes of indigence, have been but too fully realized. It was then wise in the officers to have joined in creating a fund for the relief of those who might be, from untoward accidents, reduced to inevitable misfortunes. This resource may, without wounding their feelings, be shared by those unfortunate individuals whose high notions of honour, fostered by long military service, would rather leave them to starve, perish, and be forgotten, than to beg their bread through a country their valour had been exerted to save: and such there are, on whom the heavy hand of poverty would have fallen with insupportable weight, had not the pressure been alleviated by the cheering help of that very Society which now seeks Legislative protection for the fund from whence it proceeds. A part of the interest of that fund is annually appropriated to the use of some decayed or superannuated officers of your line, who having been thrown out of their ordinary pursuits of business by the war, were afterwards unable to gain a livelihood by new occupations, either on account of their age or infirmity, and for whose declining days no particular provision was made by their country. Dutiful and industrious daughters have been aided in maintaining an aged and debilitated father. Desolated widows have received a support, and helpless orphans an education: and, in more than one instance, some comfort has been attempted to be administered to the hoary veteran. deprived of reason by the awful visitation of heaven. Delicacy forbids a public specification of names; but the archives of the Society, which are open to inspection, attest the facts. Another charitable fund, equal to such effects, would not be easily established; *that* in question, if destroyed, would not be replaced; and certainly the contemplation of its destruction could afford no satisfaction to any feeling breast.

More than twenty years have elapsed since the Society of Cincinnati has existed. The associates humbly conceive they have not belied, by their actions, the avowed motives of their institution. If proofs of the rectitude of their intentions were wanting, they might, perhaps, without arrogance, refer to their conduct as citizens as well as soldiers. In war, in peace, they have found safety in relying on each other. They ask no guarantee for that branch of their social institution in which their amity is alone concerned. The purity with which their fund has hitherto been managed, is calculated to inspire a confidence in the future application of that precious pledge of reciprocal affection. But their original members are diminished by death. Changes not favourable to responsibility for property committed in trust, sometimes take place from unforeseen failures and disappointments. And no one is ignorant that such adverse contingencies may happen in process of time, with respect to any joint property not regulated and secured by law, as to render its tenure extremely precarious. Nothing selfish will, we trust, be imputed to the Society. And it is hardly to be believed, that an act of incorporation, merely calculated to give consistency and duration to so amiable and useful a charity, will ultimately be refused, at the same time that such acts are so liberally extended to societies for establishing banks, insurance companies, turnpike roads, toll bridges, &c.

Your memorialists, however, think it would not be consistent with their duty to suppress one further fact. A number of the members of the Society, apprehending, from past unsuccessful efforts, that insuperable difficulties might be encountered in endeavouring to obtain a charter of incorporation, and presuming that the fund could not much longer be kept with propriety in its present situation, did, at the last annual meeting, propose a dissolution of the Society, and a division of the fund. This measure was not then adopted, upon the principle that it would be premature to make such an irrevocable decision, until one more humble address should be preferred to the Honourable Legislature for an act of incorporation.

Charged as your memorialists are with bringing that respectful supplication before your honourable body, at the time, and in the way they shall deem most likely to be efficacious for obtaining the wishes of the Society, they now hope for its indulgent reception, while they express their entire persuasion, that the existence or annihilation of the Society and its fund must be involved in the determination of the present question. They therefore most earnestly solicit, in the name and behalf of the Society of the Cincinnati in Connecticut, that the Honourable Legislature will take the premises into their wise deliberation, and grant such an act of incorporation for the purpose before mentioned as to their wisdom shall seem meet; and they as in duty bound will ever pray.

Dated at New-Haven, October 10th, A. D. 1803.

D. HUMPHREYS, } *Committee.*
JOHN MIX, }

A
SPEECH,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE GOVERNOR AND COUNCIL, IN SUPPORT OF THE PRECEDING MEMORIAL, NOVEMBER 2, 1803.

May it please your Excellency,

TO induce this Honourable Board to grant the prayer of the memorial which has just been presented on the part of the Society of the Cincinnati, we flatter ourselves little more will be necessary than a simple statement of facts, in illustration of those which have already been stated in that memorial.

The Society of the Cincinnati was formed, at the close of our revolutionary war, in this manner. The officers in the cantonment of New-Windsor anticipated that the signature of that very peace which gave independence to their country, was the signal for them to part for ever. They had long been connected as a band of brothers. They had contracted friendships which they wished might not be dissolved. It was natural that men, who had passed so much of their best time together, mostly in the morning of life, when the mind is peculiarly susceptible of new and durable impressions, for the attainment of so important an object, and who had shared together the toils, hardships, sufferings, and dangers of so long a war, which were often not of an ordinary nature, should have felt strong attachments for each other. The moment of separation, when, in all human probability, few of them would ever meet again, was approaching. They thought it would be a rational gratification to see one another sometimes, during the short continuance of their lives, even if it were but once in a year.

Under these circumstances the Society was instituted. The General Orders for separation were issued. Perhaps few more solemn and impressive scenes have ever been exhibited. An army, victorious in the field, and triumphant in the best of causes, quietly disbanded and mingled in the mass with their fellow-citizens! It was a patriotic lesson for mankind. I remember well that day—nor can it be effaced from the memory of your Excellency. I have seen those veterans, (for, whatever their age, such they were after more than eight years service) without uttering one word, the tears secretly stealing from their eyes, grasping each others' hands at parting; and only consoled by the idea, I should rather say by the fond hope, that they might, perchance, meet on some future anniversary of independence. I must acknowledge my own feelings were never so much affected on any other occasion. And your Excellency, who was present with me at the Head-Quarters of the army, and who was one of the last and most intimate of the friends who took leave of the Commander in Chief, can bear ample testimony to this interesting and affecting scene.

But, may it please your Excellency, there was another object which equally engaged our attention at that memorable period. A number of the officers, after having spent their best days in the public service, without having received scarcely any compensation to that time, destitute of money, without friends, with few resources, unable to go with advantage into the employments and occupations for which they had been destined, had to bear up against many misfortunes and discouragements, especially when they were burdened with the maintenance of large families. So embarrassed were some of them, that they had barely wherewithal to face their most necessary expenses, and to quit the cantonment without leaving debts behind them. To provide a fund for the relief of the most necessitous, it was agreed by all, that one month's pay should be reserved, whenever their accounts should be finally settled. At the origin of the Society all subscribed, and afterwards, upon the settlement of their claims upon the United States, contributed in proportion to their rank. A fund was thus created. If any of our old companions, now worn out with years and infirmities, have been enabled to pass the evening of life in a more comfortable manner than they would otherwise have done, and the names of such will be seen in the minutes of our proceedings; or if the widows and orphans of others have been essentially assisted, and we can there point to several of the former who have been greatly aided in educating the latter, even from our scanty supply—we applaud not ourselves, but we rejoice that Providence has crowned our designs with success.

For the faithful application of that fund we appeal to our records. In them you will find no history of fictitious poverty and misery, but a relation of sums given to relieve real distress. There is no instance of the distribution of this charity, alluded to in our memorial, which, we presume, cannot be confirmed by the personal knowledge of some of the members of one or other house of the Legislature.

The contingencies and casualties arising from deaths, failures by bankruptcies, and other disappointments, which may endanger the loss of that fund, are too obvious to be insisted upon. Without enlarging on the reasons which are set forth in the memorial, to show the insecure tenure of joint property, held in trust, unprotected by law, I will only say, " I feel a serious conviction, that a refusal to grant the prayer of the memorial must be attended with the destruction of the charitable part of our institution." And the motion made, as it were, in despair, at the last annual meeting, in this very council chamber, for the dissolution of the Society and the division of the fund, will probably produce the same conviction in every mind.

May it please your Excellency, I have thus endeavoured to comprise the few things I had to say in as narrow limits as possible. They may be comprehended under four heads, as they related, 1st, To the circumstances under which the Society was formed: 2d, The objects for which it was instituted: 3d, The manner in which those objects have been accomplished: and, 4thly, What I am convinced must be the result if the prayer of this memorial should not be granted.

It will doubtless be remembered by your Excellency and your Honours, that, soon after the formation of this Society, attempts were made, and not without some degree of success, to render it unpopular, by pretending it originated in motives of ambition, and was designed to imitate the privileged orders of Europe. But I humbly conceive, what I have said respecting its origin and objects would be sufficient to confute any such attempts, if they needed confutation at this late period. More than twenty years have elapsed, and not one fact has occurred to countenance these jealous insinuations. No person, Sir, could be more opposed to this dreaded innovation, to this pretended project for introducing privileged orders, than myself. But every person who has the slightest acquaintance with the subject, does know that there is not the remotest analogy between the societies. And would General Washington, and a host of patriots who might be mentioned, have sacrificed their principles, and sullied their glory, by giving their sanction to such a scheme? Let every candid inquirer judge for himself. Nay, let the whole impartial world decide, whether our actions have not accorded with our professions. Whatever prejudices might have partially existed, we believe they exist no more; for we know there is not the smallest pretext for them. We believe that the sentiments of the community at large, if they could be known, would be strongly in our favour, that is to say, in favour of a charter of incorporation for the purpose proposed. And we cannot but hope, that your Excellency and your Honours will manifest the same sentiments, by adopting the only possible measure for preventing this source of beneficence from being for ever dried up.

May it please your Excellency, it remains to be decided whether our request is reasonable or unreasonable. What do we ask? We ask nothing but protection for a charity, devoted to the unfortunate, under peculiar circumstances and relations as to our feelings. Yes, may it please your Excellency, suffer me to repeat it with emphasis, *we ask* NOTHING *but* PROTECTION *for a* CHARITY; *and will* THAT *be refused? Will you* REFUSE *that* PROTECTION, *in this case, which you have granted to societies for establishing banks, insurance companies, turnpike-roads, toll-bridges*, as well as for *several other purposes* supposed to be *useful to some portion of the commonwealth?* Are we a description of citizens less favoured than others? And have we forfeited the good opinion of our country by fighting for its independence? Divest our institution of the formidable name of Cincinnati (if there be a magic in the name that can make it so), and what will there be but a friendly and charitable society, to which you could have no difficulty in granting what is now solicited! As a society, we are neither numerous, or rich, or powerful, or, perhaps, more united in political sentiments than the rest of the inhabitants of the State. As individuals, we are much the greater part of us so far removed from indigence as never to expect any benefit for ourselves or our families from the fund during our lives. Sir, we can then have little interest in the object of our request, so far as it respects us personally: for, after a few more years shall have revolved, not one of us who served through the revolutionary war will be left alive. But, in the hour of death, it would afford a consolation to hope, that, if we have done some little good in our day, it might be made to survive us.

⁂ Leave was given in the House of Representatives, by a large majority, to bring in a bill in form on the subject of the memorial. But it was negatived in the other house. And, consequently, the request of the society was not granted.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

LETTER I.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, *President of the United States of America, to* DAVID HUMPHREYS, *Minister of the United States of America, at Lisbon.*

Philadelphia, March 16*th*, 1791.

MY DEAR SIR,

AS this letter is wholly of a private nature, I refer you to Mr. Jefferson's official communications for every thing relative to your appointment at the Court of Lisbon, &c. and shall confine myself to acknowledging your two letters, viz. one from London, of October 31, and the other from Lisbon, of November 30, 1790; and to such general observations as may occur in the course of my writing.*

* * * * * * * * *

Congress finished their session the 3d inst. in the course of which they received and granted the applications of Kentucky and Vermont for admission into the union; the former after August, 1792, and the latter immediately. They made provision for the interest on the national debt, by laying a higher duty than that which heretofore existed on spirituous liquors imported or manufactured. They established a national bank. They passed a law for certain measures to be taken towards establishing a mint; and finished much other business of less importance; conducting, on all occasions, with great harmony and cordiality. In some few instances, particularly in passing the law for higher duties mentioned above, and more especially on the subject of the bank, the line between the Eastern and Southern interest appeared more strongly marked than could have been wished: the former in favour of, and the latter against those measures. But the debates were conducted with temper and candour.

The convention between Spain and England seems once more to have composed the European powers, except the Empress and the Turks: and the Emperor appears to have settled matters pretty thoroughly in his dominions. Of the state of things in France we can form no just idea, so various and contradictory are our accounts from thence; but we most devoutly wish a speedy and happy termination of the struggle which has for some time past convulsed that kingdom.

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* The original letters will be deposited where they may be seen by the public. It is probable that the few lines now omitted will be published hereafter.

Peace and tranquillity pervade the territory of the United States, except on the north-west side of the Ohio, where the frequent depredations of the Indians made it necessary to form an expedition against them last fall; but that has not been productive of the consequences which were expected from it. The Indians still continue their hostilities, and measures are now taking to convince them, if they do not see the folly of their way before they can be carried into effect, that the arm of the United States is as much to be dreaded as their friendship is to be desired.

Our public credit is restored; our resources are increasing; and the general appearance of things at least equals the most sanguine expectation that was formed of the effects of the present government.

I am about to set out, to-morrow or next day, on a tour through the Southern States. I am under the necessity of commencing my journey with very bad roads, in order that I may take such advantages of the season as to be leaving the southern extremity before the travelling shall be rendered disagreeable, and perhaps dangerous, by the heat.

I expect to return to this city in the latter part of June or early in July. Since the rising of Congress I have been, and shall be till my departure, very busily engaged in making such arrangements with the several departments as will enable me to be absent for several months without interrupting public business. And if I have not said every thing in this letter that I intended, or that you might expect, it must be imputed to the hurry of the moment. But at any rate, there is one thing I must not omit, which is to tell you that I am very sincerely,

Your affectionate friend,

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

P. S. Mrs. Washington and all the family cordially unite with me in best wishes for you.

LETTER II.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, *President of the United States of America,* to DAVID HUMPHREYS, *Minister of the United States of America at Lisbon.*

Philadelphia, July 20, 1791.

MY DEAR SIR,

I HAVE received your letters of the 16th of February and 3d of May, and am much obliged by your observations on the situation, manners, customs, and disposition of the Spanish nation. *

* * * * * * * * * * *

In my last I mentioned my intention of visiting the Southern States, which I have since accomplished; and have the satisfaction to inform you, that I performed a journey of 1887 miles without meeting with any interruption by sickness, bad weather, or any untoward accident. Indeed, so highly were we favoured, that we arrived at each place where I proposed to make any halt on the very day I had fixed upon before we set out. The same horses performed the whole tour, and although much reduced in flesh, kept up their spirits to the last day.

I am much pleased that I have taken this journey, as it has enabled me to see, with my own eyes, the situation of the country through which we travelled, and to learn more accurately the disposition of the people than I could have done by any information. The country appears to be in a very improving state, and industry and frugality are becoming much more fashionable than they have hitherto been there. Tranquillity reigns among the people, with that disposition towards the general government which is likely to preserve it. They begin to feel the good effect of equal laws and equal protection. The farmer finds a ready market for his produce, and the merchant calculates with more certainty on his payments. Manufactures have, as yet, made but little progress in that part of the country, and it will, probably, be long before they are brought to that state to which they have already arrived in the middle and eastern parts of the union.

Each day's experience of the government of the United States seems to confirm its establishment, and render it more popular. A ready acquiescence in the laws made under it shows, in a strong light, the confidence which the people have in their representatives, and in the upright views of those who administer the government. At the time of passing a law imposing a duty on home-made spirits, it was vehemently affirmed by many, that such a law could never be executed in the Southern States, particularly in Virginia and North-Carolina. As this law came into force only on the first day of this month, little can be said of its effects from experience; but from the best information I could get on my journey respecting its operation on the minds of the people (and I took some pains to obtain information on this point), there remains no doubt but it will be carried into effect, not only without opposition, but with very general approbation in those very parts where it was foretold that it would never be submitted to by any one.

It is possible, however, and perhaps not improbable, that some demagogue may start up—produce, and get signed some resolutions declaratory of their disapprobation of the measure.

Our public credit stands on that ground which, three years ago, it would have been considered as a species of insanity to have foretold. The astonishing rapidity with which the newly-instituted Bank was filled, gives an unexampled proof (here) of the resources of our countrymen, and their confidence in public measures. On the first day of opening the subscriptions, the whole number of shares (25,000, including the 5000 subscribed on account of the United States) were taken up in one hour, and application made for upwards of 4,000 shares more than were granted by the institution, besides many others that were coming in from different quarters.

For sometime past the western frontiers have been alarmed by depredations committed by some hostile tribes of Indians. Such measures are now in train as will, I presume, either bring them to sue for peace before a stroke is struck at them, or make them feel the effects of an enmity too sensibly to provoke it again unnecessarily; unless * * * * * * * *

* * * * * * * * * *

Though I must, at the same time, confess I cannot see much prospect of living in tranquillity with them so long as a spirit of land-jobbing prevails; and our frontier settlers entertain the opinion that there is not the same crime, or indeed no crime at all, in killing an Indian as in killing a white person.

You have been informed of the spot fixed upon for the seat of government on the Potowmack, and I am now happy to add, that all matters between the proprietors of the soil and the public are settled to the mutual satisfaction of the parties; and that the business of laying out the city, the grounds for public buildings, walks, &c. is progressing under the inspection of Major L'Enfant with pleasing prospects.

Thus much for our American affairs. I wish I could say as much in favour of circumstances in Europe. But our accounts from thence do not paint the situation of the inhabitants in very pleasing colours. One part exhibits war and devastation; another, preparations for war; a third, commotions; a fourth, direful apprehensions of commotions; and, indeed, there seems to be scarcely a nation enjoying uninterrupted or unapprehensive tranquillity.

The example of France will undoubtedly have its effects on other kingdoms. Poland, by the public papers, appears to have made large and unexpected strides towards liberty; which, if true, reflect great honour on the present King, who seems to have been the principal promoter of the business. By the bye, I have never received any letter from Mr. Littlepage, or from the King of Poland, which you say Mr. Carmichael informed you were sent to me last summer.

I yesterday had Don Jaudenes (who was in this country with Mr. Gardoqui, and is now come over in a public character,) presented to me, for the first time, by Mr. Jefferson. Colonel Ternant is expected here every day as Minister from France.

I am glad to learn that the air of Lisbon agrees so well with you. I sincerely hope that you may long—very long enjoy the blessings of health, accompanied with such other blessings as may contribute to your happiness. I have been in the enjoyment of very good health during my journey, and have rather gained flesh upon it. Mrs. Washington desires her best wishes may be presented to you: you are always assured of those of,

My dear Sir,
Your sincere and affectionate friend,
GEO. WASHINGTON.

LETTER III.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, *President of the United States of America,* to DAVID HUMPHREYS, *Minister of the United States of America at Lisbon.*

Philadelphia, March 23, 1793.

MY DEAR SIR,

CLOSELY engaged in the business incident to my office during the session of Congress, and as closely employed since, in making arrangements for carrying into effect the laws then passed, and in discharging other duties, I have not, till this moment, found myself enough at leisure to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 23d of July; and being now on the eve of setting out for Mount-Vernon, I shall be able to do little more than barely acknowledge the receipt of it, and of your favours of the 23d of January and 8th of February, both of which have reached my hands within these few days.

* * * * * * * * * *

I shall therefore content myself at present, my dear Sir, with making a few general observations on the existing state of things, and rely upon your being assured, that however concise my letter may be, it does not become so from any diminution of my regard for you.

If it can be esteemed a happiness to live in an age productive of great and interesting events, we of the present age are very highly favoured.

The rapidity of national revolutions appears no less astonishing than their magnitude; and the consequences of them seem to baffle every calculation. In what they will terminate is known only to the Great Ruler of events; and confiding in his wisdom and goodness, we may safely trust the issue to him, without perplexing ourselves to seek for that which is beyond the human ken, only taking care to perform the parts assigned us in a way that reason and our own consciences approve of.

All our late accounts from Europe hold up the expectation of a general war in that quarter. For the sake of humanity I hope such an event will not take place: but if it should, I trust that we shall have too just a sense of our own interest to originate any cause that may involve us in it—and I ardently wish we may not be forced into it by the conduct of other nations. If we are permitted to improve, without interruption, the great advantages which nature and circumstances have placed within our reach, many years will not revolve before we may be ranked not only among the most respectable, but among the happiest people on this globe.

Our advances to these points are more rapid than the most sanguine among us ever predicted. A spirit of improvement displays itself in every quarter, and principally in objects of the greatest public utility; such as opening the inland navigation, which is extensive and various beyond conception; improving the old roads, and opening new ones; building bridges and houses; and, in short, pursuing those things which seem eminently calculated to promote the advantage and accommodation of the people at large. Besides these, the enterprizes of individuals show at once what are the happy effects of personal exertions in a country where equal laws and equal rights prevail.

For myself, you see me again entering upon the arduous duties of an important office,* to which the unanimous voice of my country has once more called me. To you, who know my love of retirement and domestic life, it is unnecessary to say, that in accepting this re-appointment, I relinquish those personal enjoyments to which I am peculiarly attached. The motives which induced my acceptance are the same which have ever ruled my decision when the public desire, or, as my countrymen are pleased to denominate it, good, was placed in the scale against my personal enjoyment or interest; the latter I have ever considered as subservient to the former; and, perhaps in no instance of my life have I ever been more sensible of the sacrifice than in the present; for, at my age, the love of retirement grows every day more and more powerful; and the death of my nephew, the poor Major, will, I apprehend, cause my private concerns to suffer very much. This melancholy event took place on the 5th of last month, at Colonel Bassett's, where he had gone, hoping to benefit from a change of air and situation. Although it had been long expected, and, indeed, to me, of late, appeared inevitable, yet I have felt it very keenly.

You will receive from Mr. Jefferson every official communication necessary for your conduct, together with the laws, public papers, &c. He will also inform you, that the steps which you took, in consequence of Mr. Barclay's death, met my entire approbation.

I set out with intimating that my letter would be very short; but, upon looking back, I find it can hardly be said to have that fault; but least it should partake of another at least as bad, I shall close it, with assuring you, that you have the best wishes for your health and happiness of your sincere friend and affectionate servant,

GEO. WASHINGTON.

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* Elected President of the United States a second time.

LETTER IV.

George Washington, *President of the United States of America, to* David Humphreys, *Minister of the United States of America at Lisbon.*

Philadelphia, 12*th June*, 1796.

My dear Humphreys,

I COULD not suffer Captain O'Brien to return without carrying along with him a testimony of my continued friendship and regard for you, in a few lines; in the diction of which I must be concise; for a long and interesting session of Congress, which only closed on the first instant, and many laws which require immediate attention and execution, added to a preparation for a journey to Mount-Vernon (to-morrow), for a little relaxation from the unpleasant scenes which have been, and are continually presenting themselves to my view, will not, however well disposed I might otherwise be, permit me to be profuse in my declaration.

From the Office of State you will receive every thing that relates to public concerns; and the gazettes, which I presume will accompany the dispatches, will give you a pretty good idea of the state of politics and parties in this country; and will show you, at the same time, (if Bache's Aurora is among them) in what manner I am attacked for persevering steadily in measures which to me appear necessary to preserve us (during the conflicts of the belligerent powers) in a state of tranquillity. But these attacks, unjust and as unpleasant as they are, will occasion no change in my conduct; nor will they produce any other effect in my mind than to increase the solicitude which long since has taken fast hold of my breast, to enjoy, in the shades of retirement, the consolation of believing that I have rendered my country every service to which my abilities were competent—not from pecuniary or ambitious motives, nor for a desire to provide for *any* one farther than their intrinsic merit entitled them to; and surely not with a view to bring any of my own relations into office.

Malignity, therefore, may dart its shafts; but no earthly power can deprive me of the consolation of *knowing*, that I have not, in the whole course of my administration, however numerous they may have been, committed an *intentional* error.

Whenever you shall think, with the poet or philosopher, " that the post of honour is a private station," and may be disposed to enjoy yourself in my shades—I do not mean the shades below, where, if you put it off long, I may be reclining, I can only repeat, that you will meet with the same cordial reception at Mount-Vernon that you have always found at that place; and that I am, and always shall be,

Your sincere friend,
And affectionate servant,
GEO. WASHINGTON.

P. S. Mrs. Washington, who keeps her health as well as usual, presents her best wishes to you. Betsy Custis is married to Mr. Law (who was, I believe, in this country when you were here last), an English gentleman, but last from the East-Indies, of considerable fortune, and lives in the federal city. Patty you know was married ere you left us, to Mr. Peters. Nelly has spent the last winter with her mother. Washington grows fast; and we have just heard that all Dr. Stuart's family are well.

LETTER V.

George Washington, *President of the United States of America, to* David Humphreys, *Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States of America in Spain.*

Mount-Vernon, 26th June, 1797.

My dear Humphreys,

SINCE I did myself the pleasure of writing to you by Captain O'Brien, I have been favoured with your letters of the 1st of January and 18th of February. The last in date was the first received; but neither came to hand until long after I had left the chair of government, and was seated in the shade of my own vine and fig-tree.

The testimony of your politeness and friendship to Mrs. Washington and myself, which accompanied the latter, are accepted with the same cordiality and cheerfulness with which I am sure they were presented. Presents, however, to me are of all things the most painful; but, when I am so well satisfied of the motives which dictated your's, my scruples are removed; and I receive the buckles (which are indeed very elegant) as a token of your regard and attachment, and will keep, and wear them occasionally, for your sake.

As the gazettes of this country are transmitted from the Department of State to all our diplomatic characters abroad, you will, of course, have perceived that the measure advised by you, relative to the disavowal of the forged letters, attempted to be imposed on the public as written by me in 1776, had been previously adopted, without any of the accompanyments contained in your draughts, which was received long after the publication of it.

I am clearly in sentiment with you, that every man who is in the vigour of life, ought to serve his country in whatsoever line it requires, and he is fit for; it was not my intention, therefore, to persuade you to withdraw your services, whilst inclination and the calls of your country demanded your services; but the desire of a companion, in my latter days, in whom I could confide, might have induced me to express myself too strongly on the occasion. The change, however, which I presume has ere this taken place in your domestic concerns, would of itself have annihilated every hope of having you as an inmate, if the circumstance had been known at the time.

On this event, which I persuade myself will be fortunate and happy for you, I offer my congratulations with all the sincerity and warmth you can desire; and if ever you should bring Mrs. Humphreys to the United States, no roof will afford her and you a more welcome reception than this, while we are the inhabitants of it.

To the Department of State, and the gazettes which will be transmitted from thence, I shall refer you for the political state of our affairs; but in one word I might have added, that nothing short of a general peace in Europe will produce tranquillity in this country, for reasons which are obvious to every well-informed or observant man among us.

I have a confidence, however, in that Providence which has shielded the United States from the evils which have threatened them hitherto; and as I believe the major part of the people of this country are well affected to the constitution and government of it, I rest satisfied, that if ever a crisis should arise to call forth the sense of the community, it will be strong in support of the honour and dignity of the nation. Therefore, however much I regret the opposition which has for its object the embarrassment of the administration, I shall view things in the "calm light of mild philosophy," and endeavour to finish my course in retirement and ease.

An absence from home of eight years, except short occasional visits to it, which allowed no time to investigate or look into the real state of my private concerns, has very much deranged them, and occasioned such depredations upon buildings, and all things around them, as to make the expense of repairs almost as great, and the employment of attending to workmen almost as much, as if I had commenced an entire new establishment.

The public buildings in the Federal city go on well. One wing of the Capitol (with which Congress might make a very good shift) and the President's house will be covered in this autumn; or, to speak more correctly, perhaps the latter is *now* receiving its cover, and the former will be ready for it by that epoch. An elegant bridge is thrown over the Potowmack at the Little Falls, and the navigation of the river above it will be completed, nearly, this season; through which an immensity of produce must flow to the shipping ports thereon. Alexandria you would scarcely know, so much has it increased since you was there; two entire streets, where shallops then laded and unladed, are extended into the river, and some of the best buildings in the town erected on them. What were the commons are now all enclosed, and many good houses placed on them. As my circle is *now small*, my information will be, of course, contracted, as Alexandria and the Federal City will probably be the extent of my perambulations. If you have entered the matrimonial list, I pray you to present me in respectful terms to your lady, and at all times, and under all circumstances, that you would believe me to be, as I really am,

My dear Sir,
Your most obedient and affectionate servant,
GEO. WASHINGTON.

P. S. The seal of this letter being black, is occasioned by the death of my *only* sister, Mrs. Lewis, late of Fredericksburgh.

◆

CONSULATE.

Order of the day for the Consular Guard and all the Troops of the Republic.

WASHINGTON is no more. That great man fought against tyranny. He firmly established the liberty of his country. His memory will be ever dear to the French people, as it must be to every friend of freedom in the two worlds; and especially to the French soldiers, who, like him and the Americans, bravely fight for liberty.

The First Consul, in consequence, orders, that for ten days black crapes shall be suspended from all the standards and flags of the Republic.

Paris, 23d Pluviose.

By the United States in Congress assembled, Nov. 7th, 1781.

RESOLVED, that an elegant sword be presented, in the name of the United States in Congress assembled, to Colonel Humphreys, Aid-de-Camp to General Washington, to whose care the standards, taken under the capitulation of York, were committed, as a testimony of their opinion of his fidelity and ability; and that the Board of War take order therein.

Extract from the Minutes.

CHA. THOMPSON, *Secretary.*

THE END.

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DIRECTIONS TO THE BINDER.

Likeness of Col. Humphreys to face the title-page.
Plate representing the Medal to face page 357.

ERRATA.

Page 9, line 100, for " award" read *ward.*
13, 257, for " fire" read *sire.*
25, 3, for " happienss" read *happiness.*
28, 42, for " the" read *to.*
32, 215, for " array'd" read *untried.*
38, 450, for " wrapt" read *rapt.*
65, 572, for " wrapt" read *rapt.*
71, 35 to 40, for two inverted commas, thus (" "), there should be a single one, thus (' ')
71, 40, for " proceed" read *proceeded.*
110, 522, for " in" read *of.*
111, 549, for " ear-tinkling" read *ear-tingling.*
112, 609, for " sleepy" read *sleepless.*
135, 331, for " has" read *hast.*
166, 119, dele (') at the end.
169, 220, for " whirl" read *whirls.*
192, 11, in a part of the impression, for " vongeance" read *vengeance.*
196, 12 from the bottom, for " number" read *numbers.*
234, 8 of Sonnet V. for " the" read *thee.*
235, 11 of Sonnet VI. for " has" read *hast.*

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